

EDWARD LEAR'S INDIAN JOURNAL



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*Watercolours and extracts
from the diary of Edward Lear (1873-1875)*

Edited by
RAY MURPHY



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EDITOR'S NOTE

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R. M.

INTRODUCTION

Edward Lear has been called the Laureate of nonsense. He would never have claimed this title for the plain reason that it is pompous without being funny. And to Lear, a lumbering, dowdy, bumble-bee of a man, self-conscious and self-critical, any voluntary expression of ego had to be camouflaged with humour.

Lear's own suggestion for a title to fit his flair for nonsense in verse, prose, and sketch was "Grand Peripatetic Ass and Bosh-producing Luminary." He once requested a friend to "write to Lord Palmerston to ask him to ask the Queen to ask the King of Greece to give him a place specially created, the title to be Lord High Bosh and Nonsense Producer . . . with permission to wear a fool's cap (or mitre)—three pounds of butter yearly and a little pig—and a small donkey to ride on."

The essentially gentle, timid soul of Lear felt obliged to anticipate the world's (possible) criticism of his face, figure and achievement. If there was any debunking to be done—and Lear feared that there would be—he was determined to set such an example of self-defacement that there would be little left for malicious outsiders.

All this argues lack of faith—though certainly not lack of conceit. But it is not my intention at this stage to attempt to analyse that most magnificently complex mass of contradictions which was the man called Edward Lear.

The wide and lasting fame of Lear is founded on the nonsensical limericks, alphabets and sketches he first set down to please the children of his rich patrons. In his own life-time he enjoyed the pleasant notoriety of being Mr. Lear, the Nonsense Poet. This had its irritating side, especially when he was trying to sell his serious paintings and his studios were cluttered with "vulgarian unknowns" who came, not to purchase, but to stare at the author of the Nonsense Books.

In his heart he really wanted to be recognised as the greatest landscape painter of his age. He pursued this ambition with inexhaustible energy, determination and alternating moods of faith and fear. He won the respect of the painters and critics of his day. He was regularly hung at the Royal Academy and he was paid hundreds of pounds for his pictures. His merits as a draughtsman and as a painter in oil and water colour are recognised

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by the discerning today. But if his claim to immortality were based on this alone the name of Lear would already be forgotten.

To enjoy waking up one morning and finding yourself famous is human—and Edward Lear was almost pathetically human. He enjoyed being famous, even though nonsense was not the vehicle he himself would have chosen to carry him to the heights. Lear was vain. He loved making caricatures of himself. Until he was old and irritable he liked to be pointed out and lionised as the great, amusing Mr. Lear. And, as he bore no ill-will to anybody, and had very little of the malicious in his make-up, he wore the jester's cap with a certain amount of pride. "It is queer," he wrote to his friend Fortescue, after the instant success of *More Nonsense* (published in 1871), "(and you would say so if you saw me) that I am the man as is making some three or four thousand people laugh in England all at one time." There can be no doubt that making thousands of people laugh gave him great—if not complete—satisfaction.

The irony of the Lear story is that what he regarded as a mere diversion, a whimsy designed to catch the fancy of children, should have kept his name burnished, whereas the hearty-Victorian appreciation of his industrious and efficient painting, his true life's work, should have dwindled to a faint chorus of praise by a few modern connoisseurs. Even before his death his rank as a painter had been forgotten by the cognoscenti—if it had ever been recognised. In 1883, when he wrote to Ruskin thanking him "for having, by your books, caused me to use my own eyes in looking at landscape from a period dating many years back," the infirm critic scribbled on the top of the letter the query, "Is this the Nonsense man?"

Lear's lust for landscape emboldened him to be a traveller, not just a tourist on the well-beaten paths, but an explorer of Greece and Italy, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, India and Ceylon. For a man who had a horror of horses, a terror of dogs and a violent dislike for ships and the sea, Lear showed an indomitable courage in undertaking these journeys. His endurance as a bulky and sickly man subject to asthma, bronchitis and epilepsy, on long journeys on foot and on horseback—and by camel and elephant—was even more astounding.

The flesh may have been weak but the spirit was steel. Lear set out with the zeal of a crusader and rarely let accident or illness swerve him from his set course. His disciplined calmness came to his rescue in moments of peril—as in the dangerous occurrence at the rose-red city of Petra—and his sense of humour, cultivated as a defence mechanism from childhood, cushioned him against the peculiar bedevilments of his life.

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It may be said that nonsense was his escape from afflictions of mind and body. As other men have taken to alcohol or opium, cross-word puzzles or stamp-collecting, Lear took to letting his fancy roam in metre and line. And, in so doing, he stimulated the growth of carefree, uninhibited literature which has become one of the compensations of life in the atomic age. With his nonsense verses and drawings Lear did much towards liberating and stimulating the imagination of Victorian England, the age which gave us Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert and a host of writers—and comic artists—both English and American.

Charles Dickens, who was born three months before Edward Lear, might have used the artist's early life as the skeletal structure of one of his more melodramatic novels—if previous reconstructions of his childhood are completely to be believed. According to one biographer, Lear's background was one of solid, respectable affluence which burst overnight like a South Sea Bubble. At one moment he was a sensitive, timorous boy (though a minor character) on a crowded stage, expensively set and lighted and the next he was an orphan of a Stock Exchange storm.

My own researches make me feel that this drama has been somewhat overwritten. But we can agree that Edward Lear was born on May 12, 1812, almost in Highgate, that Northern suburb of London rich in association with the names of Dick Whittington, Andrew Marvell, Hogarth, Coleridge and, more recently, A. E. Housman and the comic artist W. Heath Robinson.

Even now Highgate, especially Highgate Village, perched on the top of a hill from which, on a clear day, one can see St. Paul's and the great jumble of stone and bricks-and-mortar which is London, is a place of open spaces, leafy woods and clear air. Its inns, mostly rebuilt, strive to retain their "olde worlde" character and some of them keep the bull's horns and the old ceremony of "Swearing In on the Horns," a hangover from the days when drovers, bringing their herds along the Great North Road, went through the Village.

History clings to the Village in the roof-lines of the Georgian houses, in the name-plate which tells that Andrew Marvell died there, in Cromwell House and Lauderdale House, where Nell Gwynne lived, in the crypt of Highgate School (founded in 1565) where Coleridge is buried. In the Bull Inn, Morland the animal painter lived and painted, selling his wet pictures for food and drink. Ken (or Caen) Wood, where Gordon rioters tried to burn the house of the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of England, is a perfect piece of undulating English countryside which

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joins the city's playground, Hampstead Heath. Then there are Highgate Woods and Waterlow Park and the dreary but historic acres of Highgate Cemetery, where Rosetti, Faraday—and Karl Marx—are interred.

I say it is an open, airy suburb now, but in Lear's childhood it was an isolated village. It has been said that Lear was born in a mansion called "Bowmans Lodge," a monument to enterprise in the City of London, which stood in its own grounds somewhere on the flanks of the hill leading up to Highgate Village.

But recent examination of the Islington Rate books indicates that he was almost certainly born in a place in lowly Holloway, near Highgate. Certainly a Lear (no initial given) occupied a house "on the east side," of what is now Holloway Road in 1806. His rent was eighty pounds a year and he was assessed one pound, six shillings and eight pence in rates. It was a substantial two-storey house, according to an engraving, with four upstairs windows in front, two on either side of a small, pillared portico, at the corner of Seven Sisters Road and Holloway Road. At the corner of these two roads today is the entrance to Bowmans Mews. The house, which stood in its own grounds, is not mentioned as Bowmans Lodge in the Rates Books until 1851, and the first mention in print is in the *History and Topography of the Parish of St. Mary's, Islington* (1843) which records "At the corner of Seven Sisters Road stands Bowmans Lodge, the residence of Charles Mann, so called for its occupying the site of an archery-house of Elizabethan times."

It seems that Edward's father, Jeremiah, was a prosperous stock-broker of Danish descent, his name having been Anglicised from Lor. He lived in some style but, in view of my researches, I am inclined to doubt whether he kept twelve carriages and the necessary horses for the family's use. Jeremiah spent his working days in his City office, but on Sundays he had an individual diversion; he worked in a blacksmith's forge installed in the house.

Edward was apparently English on his mother's side. She was born Ann Skerrit, daughter of a sea captain from Durham. When she was a girl of nineteen she and Jeremiah eloped and were married in Essex. It was a fruitful marriage; she bore him twenty-one children in twenty-five years, a feat which even the prolific nineteenth century must have considered no mean achievement in childbearing. Of these twenty-one children, thirteen of them daughters, six are said to have died in infancy.

Dinner for the huge family, or rather for the older members, was a formal occasion. Little Edward, who was born when his father was fifty-

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five, was first allowed to see the array of his sisters in white frocks and his brothers in evening dress on his eighth birthday. He usually had supper in the nursery with his younger sister.

His earliest memory was of being wrapped in a blanket and shown the illuminations in celebration of the victory of Waterloo. He was a queer fellow, this little boy with the big nose and the myopic eyes. His interest in nature study had been stimulated by books and walks in Highgate country lanes, and he was already trying his hand at sketching and painting.

Epilepsy seems first to have attacked him when he was seven and in his affliction he turned, not to his mother, but to his sister, Ann, the oldest of the family. This disability kept him away from the boisterous pursuits of the normal boy. It is not known what exact form this epilepsy took. Lear, in his diaries, calls it "the Demon" or, "the terrible Demon." Angus Davidson in his biography of Lear writes, "It was probably the type known as 'petit mal'; that its attacks were frequent—sometimes as many as eighteen in a month, and generally in the early morning or late evening—is shown by crosses with numbers which he used in his diaries to indicate them."

It has been suggested that the whole structure of life at the Lears' mansion was demolished at one blow of fate, that Jeremiah's speculations went awry, that his fortune was swept away and that he was put into King's Bench Prison. It would, indeed, have been in keeping with the conventions of melodrama if servants, carriages and furniture had to go and Mrs. Lear and her fifteen children had to find poor lodgings near the prison. The picture of the faithful wife taking the incarcerated head of the family six-course dinners but managing to make other economies so that she could settle every claim against the estate is good enough for Hollywood. And the film ending is that Jeremiah, at last released from prison, lived with his wife at Gravesend until his death four years later.

But something is wrong with the story. My sifting of the records indicates that the giving up of the house, the losing of the entire fortune and the scattering of the family is exaggerated. Jeremiah Lear was a member of the London Stock Exchange from 1802 until 1828, according to the Membership records. There is also a record that he was bankrupt about 1816. This date derives from a payment made in July of that year into Lear account by a W. Smith Jr. of £269 5s. 5d. which enabled Lear to pay his creditors 2s. 6d. in the £1. He had failed for the sum of £2,150 11s. 1d., a big amount in those days.

Lear did not leave the Exchange after his bankruptcy. The Register of

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Defaulters in the Office of the Official Assignee shows Jeremiah as a creditor in various bankruptcies up to 1827, when one, John Patient failed owing him £133 15s.

The really mystifying thing is that I can find no record of any Lear, let alone a Jeremiah, having been in King's Bench Prison during the period when he should have been manfully coping with those six-course dinners taken to him by his wife. The musty and voluminous Prison Records in the Public Record Office, London, from 17 September, 1823 to 7 August, 1828 reveal no sign of a Lear. The original Discharge Dockets for prisoners freed from King's Bench during the years 1829 and 1830 contain no Lear. And, if as has been stated, Edward was twelve or thirteen years of age when his father went to gaol, Jeremiah should be there. The Fleet Prison Records from 1819 to the end of 1822 are blank, as far as the Lears are concerned.

Where, then, was Jeremiah incarcerated, in the Clink or the New Gaol, Southwark, or Milbank Penitentiary—or the Marshalsea? For these I cannot answer.

From this avenue of research I am driven back to the Islington Rate Books and the house in Holloway. A Lear was in occupation there from the Michaelmas term of 1806. This is presumably Jeremiah and he was in occupation until 1822. From that year until 1826 a Josiah Lear was the tenant and there is a strong suggestion that, during those four years, part of the grounds or house was sub-let to a Mrs. Lintott. This is the only evidence that I have found to corroborate the story that Jeremiah was missing from home—and possibly in prison—for four years.

But in 1826 we find a bold entry in the Rate Book indicating that Jeremiah Lear is back in possession, paying £64 rent and £3 4s. rates, the big figure for rates being explained that it is for "Lamp, Watch, Highways and Chapel Rates." In 1829 he was still there (rent £70, rates £2 18s. 4d.) but there is no more mention of him at that address.

The final entry for Jeremiah is in the Burial Register of Milton Parish Church, near Gravesend. It was supposed that he had been buried in the churchyard of St. George's Parish Church, Gravesend, where the Red Indian maid, Pocohontas, lies, but this proved to be false. The Milton Parish Burial Register entry states that, "Jeremiah Lear, abode Parrock Place, Milton, was buried there on 5 September, 1833, aged seventy-six," the officiating minister being—strange coincidence—the curate "Jno. Bowman." There is no Parrock Place today but there are Parrock Road, Parrock Street, Parrock Avenue and Parrock Manor, all appertaining to

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the estate of the Parrock family. There is also an attractive Georgian house which used to be called Parrock Hall. Perhaps this was the Parrock Place of 1833. More probably it is a mis-entry for Park Place.

One of the conclusions which might be drawn from my collection of evidence is that Jeremiah never went properly to prison. If he had been imprisoned during the four-year gap between 1822-1826 he would have been a man in his middle sixties and the foul and pestilential restraint would have probably killed him. This argument has even more force if it suggested that he went to gaol in 1829, when he was more than seventy.

I am inclined to think, then, that although there were obvious crises in the Lear finances there was no sudden drop from affluence to poverty to increase young Edward's sense of insecurity, which had its beginnings in his weak eyesight and the illness which was to stalk him all his life.

His sisters and brothers had to go out and fend for themselves and the girls suffered most; four of them died in service as governesses and companions within a few months. Three of them married. Eleanor made the best match, with a director of the Bank of England. Two sons emigrated to America, where they found wives and fathered children but had little financial success. Another went to West Africa as a medical missionary and married a native girl.

Edward was saved from the unkindness of a world, which had dealt so harshly with some of his sisters, by dear sister, Ann, his second mother. Twenty-one years older than he, too plain to attract suitors, she was in one way the luckiest of the family. She had been left an allowance of £300 a year by her grandmother. She had looked after Edward from earliest childhood and taken him to Margate for long periods to get relief from his illnesses. Ann was his tutor, since he had little schooling, and she guided and encouraged him in writing, drawing and the study of natural history.

Ann gave Edward the affection which in happier circumstances she would have given to her own children. In return Edward gave her his lifelong devotion, one of the outward signs of which was the letters he sent her regularly when he was away on his travels. They are affectionate, gossipy letters, lit with humour, carefully designed to ease her anxieties about his welfare. At least once a fortnight he wrote to her until she died. Their relationship was described by Lear in a letter to Lady Tennyson: "She brought me up from the leastest childhood and when she goes, my whole life will change utterly."

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Such was Lear's background, the inevitable background of a sick and delicate child; with many comforts and much love, but also with those inadequacies inherent in such circumstances. For the greater part of his life he bore the dire affliction of epilepsy, and recurrent asthma and bronchitis, with commendable fortitude. There is little doubt that the attention of his devoted sister, Ann, produced the Lear we know today. On the one hand her decision not to subject the boy to the harsh school life of the early nineteenth century permitted and encouraged him to develop along his own lines and inclinations. On the other we can only guess how much his sickness was fostered by a sister whose sense of being needed—whose self-importance was fed by the necessity of caring for young Edward. Sick children are more often the result and not the cause of an indulgent upbringing.

Methodical and painstaking in his introspection, Lear was aware of the gaps in his education, both mental and physical. He complained in later life that he had had no chance of "manly movements or exercise" because he had been "brought up by women—and badly besides—and ill always."

Tempted at times to complain of his lack of grounding in education he could write, when he was forty-seven, "I am always thanking God that I was never educated for it seems to me that 999 of those who are so, expensively and laboriously, have lost all before they arrive at my age—and remain like Swift's Strulbruggs—cut and dry for life."

But out of his feeling of inferiority about his education came a thirst for knowledge and a beaver-like industry. By his own efforts he not only equipped himself technically as an artist, illustrator and painter, but accumulated considerable learning. In his well-known self-portrait in verse, "How pleasant to know Mr. Lear" he sums up his linguistic attainments in one line, "He reads but he cannot speak Spanish." This is an understatement: he could write and talk in six or seven languages, including Greek and Albanian.

Lear had considerably more right to the title of "self-made man" than most Victorian industrialists or American trading millionaires.

The Artist

Modern appreciation of Lear as an artist is based on two achievements which he regarded as sidelines. He gave a new idiom to humorous drawing. That deceptively simple line based on a child's view of an absurd adult world set in a style which has infected most modern comic artists

and can be found in the current issue of *Punch* or the *New Yorker*.

The courtesy and kindness of the present Lord Derby enables me to make a point here of some considerable interest. It demonstrates, if demonstration be necessary, that Art is long and never-ending. Through the friendly co-operation of Captain McKinney (Lord Derby's Comptroller), and Miss Dorothy Povey (the Librarian at Knowsley Hall) I am now in possession of certain data which seems to substantiate a theory held by Miss Povey for some time. She believes that Lear found his ideas for the nonsense drawings in one of the ancient books in the Library at Knowsley. Recent expert opinion has stated that "this work, in whatever edition, is best referred to as *Hortus Sanitatis*. It was printed by Johann Prüss at Strassburg, not after 21 October, 1497." It is in Latin. (There is a copy in the British Museum, London, under the press mark IB. 1682.) Lear's nonsense drawings bear a strong family resemblance to a number of the woodcuts displayed in this ancient work, and especially so to some of those in the sections dealing with Plants, with Animals and with Birds. If Lear ever used this work he certainly made no reference to it to his patrons at Knowsley: Miss Povey (in correspondence) has written "... if he had, I am sure there would have been a tradition about it in this house, and the book specially cared for—which has certainly not been the case. I think he is more likely to have hidden it from the children. . . ." Whether Lear, in his warm desire to please the Stanley children, had recourse to this book can never be definitely established: on the face of it we can say no more than it is likely that he saw it and perhaps (unconsciously) drew his inspiration from that ancient source.¹

His other lasting claim to consideration is based on his water-colour sketches, which were incidental to his landscapes in oils. These "roughs," which he drew on the spot in various parts of the world as guides to the ambitious (and almost forgotten) oils, combine a sense of urgency, a freedom of expression and a technical skill. Lear, to our eyes, is at his best when he is not trying too hard to achieve the appreciation of the staid Royal Academy—or the plaudits of his friends, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

From the age of fifteen he was earning money as a commercial artist. "I began to draw for bread and cheese about 1827," he wrote, "but only did uncommon queer shop-sketches—selling them for prices varying

¹Since the above was written my attention has been drawn to "The Art of Botanical Illustration" by Wilfred Blunt with the assistance of William T. Stearn, Collins, London, 1950. Mr. Blunt, quite independently, seems to sense the similarity between the Lear nonsense drawings and these woodcuts. See pp. 38-41 in his book.

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from ninepence to four shillings; colouring prints, screens, fans, awhile making morbid disease drawings for hospitals and certain doctors of physic."

He was then living with his sister, Ann, in London, but sometimes he stayed with Sarah, a married sister at Arundel, where he had the opportunity to draw flowers, insects and birds from life. As his interest in natural history had been early awakened, his short-sighted eyes, now assisted by spectacles, loved to peer at the brightness of butterfly and bird, and copy their details with painstaking care.

At eighteen he was sufficiently competent—and confident—to take pupils. His gentle manners and earnest regard for art evidently made him a good master. Years later, in 1846, he was to have the honour of being art master to Queen Victoria. She sent for him to give her a course of twelve drawing lessons and these took place at Osborne and Buckingham Palace.

Apart from a misunderstanding with a servant (who at first refused to admit the untidy, bearded man proclaiming that he had "come to see the Queene,") the lessons went off very well. The Queen recorded the visits in her diary: "15 July. Osborne. Had drawing lesson from Mr. Lear, who sketched before me and teaches remarkably well." Lear sketched the new wing of Osborne House and the Queen was so pleased with it that she sent him an engraving of the drawing.

Although he was well versed in the properties to be observed in the presence and in the homes of his aristocratic friends, he made one *faux pas* before the Queen. She was showing him a collection of miniatures and Lear, absent-minded in his enthusiasm, exclaimed, "Oh, where did you get all these beautiful things?" The Queen replied with dignity, "I inherited them, Mr. Lear."

But Royal patronage was not to come until twenty years after Lear first set out to be an artist. The first worthwhile job to which he could apply his skill and industry was drawing parrots in the Zoo in Regent's Park. This commission was obtained, as so much of his work was to be, through his flair for making friends. Children liked him instinctively and adults, once their attention was drawn to his many qualities, found him good company. His work among the parrots was published in colour in a volume called *Illustrations of the Family Psittacidae* containing fifty-three lithographic plates. Anatomical accuracy, coupled with a sense of decoration and minute attention to detail, established him as a draughtsman in the field of natural history.

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Indeed, his drawings of parrots, and in fact, of all animals, are remarkable for the insight they show into the unique character of the bird or animal depicted. Almost invariably animals and birds painted by artists look as if they were stuffed, but Lear drew them instinct with life and individuality. His lithographs of parrots make the later works of Audubon look, by comparison, hard, mechanical and superficial.

Dr. John Gray of the British Museum employed him to make the plates for a book on Tortoises, Terrapins and Turtles, and John Gould, ornithologist, took him travelling in Europe to make drawings of pheasants and toucans. He found himself in demand.

The thirteenth Earl of Derby, who had collected a private zoo at his seat, Knowsley Hall, near Liverpool, watched him making his parrot drawings and commissioned him to draw the menagerie. Lear went to Knowsley, beginning an association with the Stanley family which was to last all his life; four Earls of Derby were to be his patrons. He spent the next four years on the estate, not only drawing the birds and animals but becoming a friend of the family.

After first charming the Earl's grandsons he was invited to dine with the Earl. From then on he was accepted as a guest rather than an employee, and he met "half the fine people of the day," as the Stanleys dispensed hospitality in the grand style. Many of those he met were to be his firm friends and willing helpers.

His work there was published in "Gleanings from the Menagerie and Aviary at Knowsley Hall," privately printed in 1846, ten years after he had left the place. But this was to be the least important result of his stay. He had time to exercise his talent for amusing the young. His jests and verses and funny drawings won their first appreciation in the nurseries.

In his introduction to *More Nonsense* (1872) Lear writes: "Long years ago, in days when much of my time was passed in a country house where children and mirth abounded, the lines beginning 'There was an Old Man of Tobago' were suggested to me by a valued friend as a form of verse lending itself to infinite variety for rhymes and pictures; and thenceforth the greater part of the original drawings and verses for the first *Book of Nonsense* were struck off with a pen, no assistance ever having been given me in any way but that of uproarious delight and welcome at the appearance of every new absurdity."

"The Old Man of Tobago" was an early example of the limerick and it was taken from an illustrated pamphlet for children called *Anecdotes and Adventures of Fifteen Gentlemen*, published about 1820.

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Lear's *Book of Nonsense* was not published until 1846 when it was dedicated to the Knowsley children who had inspired it.

Apart from making friends with children (and influential people) Lear, while at Knowsley improved his knowledge of art, broadened his outlook and laid the foundation of two of his great enthusiasms, landscape and travel. He made expeditions to the Lake District and, in company with Arthur Stanley, later to be the fashionable Dean of Westminster, he explored the Wicklow Mountains.

The hills and the waters awakened in him the desire to be a painter of "topographical landscape" and, at twenty-three, he decided this was to be his life's work. This decision, however, was not made entirely by the zeal of an artist's discovery of his medium and his subject. The problem of how to make a living had already begun to harry him and, being a shrewd fellow, he saw that there was more hope of reward for labour in scenery than in beast and fowl, in oils than in coloured drawings. Also, his health having been affected by English winters, he knew that he must seek warmer climates.

Hard work was his rule—his industry was that of a man driven by devils—but dreadful little doubts crept in and out of his mind about his ability. Most great artists, and poets and craftsmen (and not a few mediocre ones), have had a sublime faith in the immortal value of their works. Lear worked hard, but without complete faith. Oil-painting, his chosen medium was, therefore, "always painful and disagreeable work." He told a friend, "Yes, I certainly do hate the act of painting, and although day after day I go steadily on, it is like grinding my nose off."

Whether he was being perfectly truthful in these outbursts of self-criticism or not is open to doubt. It has to be remembered that hyperbole was his favourite manner of speech. He loved to exaggerate, especially for humorous effect. And when he says, "I am aware of my peculiar incapacities for art, mental and physical. . . . The great secret of my constant hard work is to prevent my going back, or at best standing still," it may have sprung from a fit of depression to which he was subject, or from momentary exasperation. Or perhaps he was fishing for the metaphorical slap on the back which he often required from his friends. Unless Lear had some faith—not complete faith—in his ability he would undoubtedly have tossed his canvas and paints away to become a parasite on his rich friends, who found his company delightful.

But he chose to roam and record landscape. In the summer of 1837 he set out on his first ambitious travels, going to Italy by way of Germany

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and Luxemburg. Colour and warmth, the Alps and the Lakes of Lugano and Como made him write excited, ecstatic letters to his sister Ann, and his sketch-books filled up. He visited Milan and Florence and wintered in Rome, then the popular resort for the wealthy English.

Italy was to be his home for the next three years; he filled his summers with sketching trips and his winters in giving art lessons and in finishing his drawings or paintings or lithographs. Having enough material for a book he returned to England to prepare "Views in Rome and its Environs" for publication. This contained twenty-four plates which have been praised as adding a freshness and delicacy to the conventional landscape-drawing of the nineteenth century.

The next few years treated Lear well; he seems to have been without money troubles and he enjoyed the company of well-to-do friends while enjoying himself in the preparation of more books. The year 1846 was a most important one for him. He brought out *Illustrated Excursions in Italy* in two volumes. The first volume, a guide to the Abruzzi of the Kingdom of Naples, contained more lithographs and also an account of the journeys with notes of architecture, history and scenery. This was directly responsible for his brief appointment as Queen Victoria's drawing master.

The detailed natural history he had done in the Knowsley menagerie was also brought out that year. But, though he did not realise it at the time, he staked out his main claim to immortality by the publication in that year, of *A Book of Nonsense*. This collection of limericks and sketches, beginning with the "Old Man with a Beard" and ending with "The Young Lady of Clare" (who was sadly pursued by a bear) was an immediate success, but full credit was not given to Lear for several years. Rumour said that it was the work of Lord Derby. Lear described a railway journey, from London to Guildford, during which a know-all stranger declared that there was no such person as Edward Lear. The author stood it as long as he could and then flashed his hat, handkerchief and stock, all marked with his name, and several letters addressed to himself before his "would-be extinguisher."

No form of art dates more quickly than comic drawing. If you care to glance through old volumes of a humorous magazine such as *Punch* you will find that most of what was considered uproariously funny fifty years ago is now bleak and pointless. But Lear's drawings are surprisingly fresh a hundred years after they were first printed. They sprung from an unsullied source; he was trying to amuse his small friends. His draughts-

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manship and his uninhibited gaiety combined to find an original form of illustration which has immense vitality and staying power. The limerick form he used in his early verses is now hackneyed but the illustrations are still delightful.

His publications allowed him to lay by "a whole £100" and he sold several pictures and earned money by teaching art. In fact at this time (about 1847) he was enjoying one of his unusual periods of prosperity. But when he had money he got rid of it very easily by helping poor relations and charities.

His chosen profession of landscape painter next took him to Southern Calabria. On this tour he overheard a conversation between two young Englishmen about himself. One said, "I say, Dick, do you know what that fellow is we were talking to last night?"—"No?"—"Why he's nothing but a d——d dirty landscape painter."

The sensitive Lear decided to make a joke of this and he began calling himself, "Edward Lear, Dirty Landscape-Painter" as his travels became longer and wider. After sketching and sight-seeing tours which took him to Corfu, Greece, Albania, Malta and Egypt he came back to England to prepare his next "Journal" for publication. He had been conscious for some time that he lacked instruction in figure drawing. So, convinced that the only way to remedy this defect was "hard study," he became a student at the Royal Academy Schools, passing his entrance examination; as he writes, "I tried with fifty-one little boys and nineteen of us were admitted. And now I go with a large book and a piece of chalk to school every day like a good little boy."

Despite this instruction he never learned to draw the academically human figure. In his serious pictures, as in the illustrations for his nonsense verses, the human figure is drawn as a bundle of limbs and clothing, never as an integrated unit. One cannot depict what one cannot understand, and Lear never understood grown people. He saw them as would a child—superficially—with one dominant expression. His lack of insight into human beings and so his lack of ability to draw them, is more striking when it is compared to his uncanny ability to draw birds, which, as I have said, he rendered not only with enormous accuracy and truth but with remarkable insight.

The first of his oil paintings to be exhibited at the Royal Academy was "Claude Lorrain's House on the Tiber," which was hung there in 1850. But Lear was not satisfied with his work; his sense of inferiority always ready to attack him and make him despair about his lack of

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ability—"my peculiar incapacity for art"—needed outside help to keep it under control. And, in his search for guidance, he fell in with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, then considered violent rebels in art.

William Holman Hunt, a young but prominent member of the Brotherhood, came to Lear's studio to see his "numberless drawings" and ended by agreeing to be his adviser. Hunt suggested that Lear might like to join him in painting near Hastings and this was the beginning of a long association. Though Hunt was fifteen years his junior, Lear accepted him as master and even called him "Daddy." They painted the Sussex cliffs together and, gathering confidence, Lear then started to make an oil painting from one of his drawings, "Quarries of Syracuse," which had been held up for detail which he now added from English limestone. Millais came to visit them and the enthusiasm of the Pre-Raphaelites was just the tonic that Lear needed. When he had finished his "Quarries" it received the Art Union Prize at the Royal Academy and was bought by Earl Beauchamp for £250.

As far as Lear's art was concerned, there could have been no greater calamity than his falling under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites. Landscape painting in England had reached a new peak in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries under such men as Cozens, father and son, Turner, Constable, Girtin and Cotman. These men looked at nature's face and saw their own emotions reflected in its changing aspects. This, without affectation, they painted. But after the 1830's (with the exception of Turner who belongs outside of this time) much of the poetry implicit in this early work evaporated and was replaced by a sickly blight of strained effects, search for novelty, interest in what was merely picturesque, and false sentimentality. Although they condemned the work of their less enlightened contemporaries, the Pre-Raphaelites were guilty of all the faults current in the art of their day; for free beauty they substituted photographic exactness in delineation in their paintings, and for sentiment they substituted sentimentality.

The work that Lear did under the influence of Hunt is hard, mechanical and dull. Every rock, every leaf, is portrayed with microscopic exactness and the result, to modern eyes, is devoid of beauty. Luckily Lear was influenced by Hunt only in oil painting and he fortunately remained himself in his water-colours, self-schooled by copying topographical aquatints printed around the turn of the century. Paradoxically enough, although his water-colours belong to this early topographic tradition they are completely modern in feeling, and they have a brilliance

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and individuality which are certainly as valid a passport to fame as his nonsense verses.

Apart from the Pre-Raphaelites another strong influence in his work was Tennyson, whose poetry he had long admired. "Alfred Tennyson's poetry with regard to scenes is as real and exquisite as it is relatively to higher and deeper matters," Lear wrote. "His descriptions of certain spots are as positively true as if drawn from the places themselves." The idea of illustrating Tennyson's verses came to him on his Sussex expedition. With typical industry and determination he went ahead with this great project for the rest of his life. He worked out the scheme in detail, 124 illustrations which were to be married to the poet's complete works. The Poet Laureate gave his permission and Lear began. But he was never to see the realisation of this dream; his illustrated Tennyson was not published until the year after his death.

Lear's admiration for the poet took another form; he set some poems to music and often sang them at dinner parties. His voice was described as "little" but he sang with intense feeling and individuality to his own piano accompaniment, drawing tears from the audience . . . and eulogies from Tennyson himself. Four of his settings, dedicated to Emily Tennyson, were published in 1853.

Winter, rough weather and ill-health drove him out of England after four fairly happy years and he went to Egypt, returning to finish his pictures in the following spring. Again he was hung at the Royal Academy and one of his pictures, "Bassae," was afterwards sold to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

From 1858 Lear lived mostly in Corfu, where his old friend, Franklin Lushington, was one of the two English judges. There he first engaged Giorgio Kokali as his personal servant. For the next thirty years, Kokali, an Albanian by heritage though he had been born in Corfu, was to be his faithful retainer and companion on all of his travels. In 1858 he went back to Rome, where the most distinguished English residents were the Brownings. The big event of the time was the visit of the young Prince of Wales, then travelling with his tutor in Italy for the improvement of his mind. "One of the nicest lads you could ever see," as Lear calls him, came to see his drawings, stayed an hour and five minutes.

He went back to Corfu for a time, settled down in Cannes in 1867, and made San Remo his home from 1871 until 1888. His life was haunted by a sense of inferiority and failure but he had the satisfaction of reading in the *Pall Mall Magazine* the praise of Ruskin, who wrote, "Surely the most

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beneficent and innocent of all books yet produced is the *Book of Nonsense*, with its corollary carols—inimitable and refreshing, and perfect rhythm. I really don't know any author to whom I am half so grateful, for my idle self, as Edward Lear. I shall put him first of my 'hundred authors'." By looking at his water-colours (which were largely executed for his own amusement) we today realise that his genius was not limited to his nonsense verses. Any study of these water-colours cannot help but produce the conviction that Lear fills an important though isolated place in the history of British art. They represent an unique achievement—the adaptation of a form that was virtually archaic in terms of the taste of his period to a talent which rendered it at once a highly personal means of expression and a century in advance of the prevailing artistic conventions of his time.

Almost a Lover

Lear never married. There is evidence that he was attracted to women, but it is unlikely that he ever fell in love, that is, he was never swept with passion for a particular female. Holbrook Jackson, in his introduction to *The Complete Nonsense of Edward Lear*, remarks that Lear's works, literary and graphic, are as sexless as the artistic efforts of a child. (But long before puberty most children are at least curious about sex.)

Holbrook Jackson's theory is that Lear was an example of the eternal adolescent. He writes, "On one side Lear was as old as the rocks he painted, on another as young as the children he loved or the child he awoke in the adults who loved him. This plump, bewhiskered man with high-domed brow, small, spectacled eyes and loose-fitting clothes was ineradically childlike, although he must have looked what he would have called, 'an old cove' nearly all his life. But in spite of that there was something in him that would not grow up; his Peter Pantheism was no pose. There was an unusual material manifestation of this fortunate anomaly of prolonged adolescence. At the age of forty-one . . . the year in which the idea of marriage began to puzzle him, he 'cut two new teeth,' and after the attendant discomforts of the physical disturbance, at first thought to be mumps, there was a renewal of health and spirits which he attributed to the belated infantile phenomenon."

When he was in his early twenties and staying at Knowsley he seems to have shown a normal response to a certain beautiful Miss Hornby, to whom he makes gallant allusions in his letters. The Hornbys, relations of the Stanleys, remained friends for many years. In Corfu, in 1855, he met Helen Cortazzi, whose mother was a Hornby, and became tenderly

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attached to her. He wrote to Emily Tennyson, "I believe I have found myself wishing sometimes that I was twenty years younger, and had, I won't say 'more' but 'any' money." This young woman had intellectual and artistic attainments; she spoke Italian, French and Greek, knew Tennyson's poems by heart and was enthusiastically musical.

When he returned the next year the Cortazzi family had left Corfu and Lear wrote, "If Helen Cortazzi had been here, it would have been useless to think of avoiding asking her to marry me, even had I never so little trust in the wisdom of such a step." Lear had reasons, as well as the natural reluctance of the normal man, to 'give up his freedom'; he believed that he was too ugly to attract women, he was usually in financial difficulties and he suffered from epilepsy. But even stronger reasons than these would have gone by the board if his passion had been alight.

Helen was living in England later but there is no evidence that he saw her, though there is an entry in his diary,

"To go to Brighton? To see H. C. . . ."

At Corfu, too, he had been attracted to a native girl and allowed himself the playful wish that he were "married to a clever, good, nice, fat little Greek girl—and had twenty-five olive trees, some goats and a house." The affair, probably entirely of the imagination, was ended abruptly: "The above girl, happily for herself, likes somebody else."

The woman about whom he thought often and long was Augusta ("Gussie") Bethell, daughter of a former Lord Chancellor, Lord Westbury, with whom he often stayed. Although Lear had known Augusta for many years it was not until he was fifty-four and spending the summer in England that he seriously thought of marriage. Even then he could not make up his mind to ask her to marry him. Her visits to his studio delighted him and he admired and respected her.

Gussie married a paralytic called Parker and was widowed some years later. She went to see Lear at San Remo and prompted him to write, "I wish I were not so damn old." When she left he wrote, "I miss her horribly. So ends the very last chance of changing my life." He wrote and asked her to come and see him again before he died. And when she arrived, he was still uncertain whether to speak to her: "I am perplexed as to if I shall or shall not ask G—— to marry me. . . . Once or twice the crisis nearly came off, yet she went at five and nothing occurred beyond her decidedly showing me how much she cared for me. . . ."

Lear himself referred to thoughts of matrimony as his "marriage fantasy." When it first came to him he checked it by telling himself, in

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writing, that it would damage his painting—he was convinced that he would “paint less and less well.” He felt that he had plenty of time, “If I attain to the age of sixty-five and have an ‘establishment’ with lots of spoons, etc., to offer—I *may* chain myself—but surely not before. And alas! and seriously—when I look around my acquaintances—and few men have more, or know more intimately, do I see a majority of happy pairs? No I don’t. Single—I may have few pleasures—but married—many risks and miseries are semi-certainly in waiting—nor till the plot is played out can it be said that evils are not at hand.”

His nature was affectionate and his intimate friendships with men almost suggest a tinge of homosexuality. On his deathbed he told his last thoughts were of his friends and relations, “especially the Judge and Lord Northbrook and Lord Carlingford.”

The Judge was Franklin Lushington whom Lear had met in Malta. He was twenty-seven, ten years the younger of the two. They liked each other immediately and within a week they had started out on a tour of Greece. Lushington was in many ways a typical Englishman, taciturn and reserved. Lear wrote of his travelling companion “Anyone—it is certain—more quiet and good and full of all sorts of intelligences and knowledges than Lushington a man could not travel with.”

But the undemonstrative quiet of the man was to fret Lear considerably when he went to stay with Lushington, then a Judge in Corfu. “The greatest sadness I have is that I shall hardly see anything of my friend. . . . I am wholly alone and sit at home all day, almost unable to paint from very dejection.” On Lear’s side his emotion had an almost feminine element of possession and his demands on Lushington’s company were to be frustrated then and for most of his life.

A much happier association was with Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Lord Carlingford. He had just left Oxford and was twenty-two when Lear, then thirty-three years old, met him in Rome. It was sudden friendship but it lasted for the rest of Lear’s life. “Lear is a delightful companion, full of nonsense, puns, riddles, everything in the shape of fun, and brimming with intense appreciation of nature as well as history,” Fortescue wrote in his diary. “I don’t know when I have met anyone to whom I took so great a liking.”

Fortescue was an amateur artist and they made expeditions together in Italy and later in Ireland. Then Fortescue was caught up in politics and his services to the Liberal Party brought him a peerage in 1874. They did not meet after but they corresponded for more than forty years.

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It was in the winter of 1847-8, in Rome, that Lear made his third great and perhaps most important friendship. This was with the young Thomas George Baring, to whom he had been introduced by Chichester Fortescue. Baring, who later became the first Earl of Northbrook, remained his valued friend and generous patron all his life.

There is only one conclusion to be drawn from Lear's curious sex life in which it was impossible for him to play other than a passive role with either man or woman. It is that his emotional existence was dominated always by his older sister, Ann, who had made his childhood happy and secure. During the formative years before and during puberty she had supplied everything he needed in the way of love, attention, approbation, and care. As he grew older he realised he needed more, yet he wondered whether the world was prepared to give it and this question threw him into a dilemma he never dared to face.

If one has ever known the happiness of a perfect love in which there has been complete satisfaction it is difficult if not impossible to efface this memory by another experience which may not be as gratifying or as fulfilling. In furnishing the shrine of the soul with another image one feels one may be doing it at a dangerous cost to himself. In desecrating this shrine one may also desecrate oneself. So Lear could never bring himself to yield Ann's place in his memory to any other person of either sex. His fixations on men were possible stronger than on women, because they did not threaten this place, but even these were of a superficial nature, rather like a schoolgirl crush on the games mistress.

His whole personality was arrested at the moment in his development when Ann took him off to live with her after the mysterious dispersal of the family from Bowman's Lodge. When he wished to please it was as a child wishes to please, with babble and high spirits. When he drew he drew largely as Ann had taught him to, with a pen line containing liquid colour washes. True, as the years passed he became more skilled but his art is still fundamentally static and shows little sign of development. When he wrote poetry it was either in the form of the early ode he had written to commemorate the exodus from Bowman's Lodge.

In dreary silence down the bustling road
The Lears, with all their goods and chattels, rode:
With grief heart-rending then, these mournful folk
Thrice sighed, thrice wiped their eyes, as thus they spoke;
"Sad was the hour—and luckless was the day
When first from Bowman's Lodge we bent our way."

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or in the form of a limerick, an essentially childish type of versification, particularly with the reiterated last line. When he depicted men and women of his nonsense verses they were not dressed in the contemporary style but in the fashion of his childhood. Moreover, for him words had not only the primary symbolic significance which they have for the adult but also the strange significance they have for a child. For this reason he responds to the sounds of words, writing P-cox for peacocks and 4escue for Fortescue.

His love for Ann, his dread of maturity, his inability to sacrifice his memory of her, exacted heavy toll from the grown Lear. There can be little doubt that his epilepsy was a rage reaction from the frustration caused by his compulsion always to play the child. How sick he must have grown of play, but he knew no other way to attract the interest and attention of his audience. Also there can be little doubt that he resented the call this love made on him, such as when he insisted that he was not a man but a landscape painter, when he railed against his education, saying he was brought up by women and badly besides. And there can be little doubt that the greatest penalty, his inability to reach maturity and escape from subjection to Ann's love, was his constant compulsion to travel. Thwarted in his attempts to become a man, thrown back on childish things, he sought through travel to find the fulfilment of maturity that had been promised him in childhood, symbolised in a perfect relationship with another human being. Travelling for him was at once an escape from his inadequacy in relating himself to others and a search for some person who could bring him to a mature happiness at last.

The Traveller

"Dogs of all kinds, small and especially great, were his terror by day and night," wrote William Holman Hunt of Lear. And, if you glance through the *Nonsense Books*, you will find that Lear drew his dogs as fearsome creatures. The pup that snapt up the Old Man of Leghorn is a vicious brute, and the small dog which had no owner in Ancona is a Bill Sikes of the canine world.

There is ample evidence that he was no intrepid traveller with a lust for the adventures of the road. His fear of dogs was one of his many phobias. Yet he was not a small man. Delicate in health, he certainly was, but there was little to indicate that in his appearance. He was nearly six feet tall "with shoulders in width equal to those of Odysseus," black-bearded, a man that strangers might consider formidable.

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"He was uncombative as a tender girl," Hunt wrote, "while at the same time the most indomitable being in encountering danger and hardship. Nothing daunted him, and yet no one could be more fearful than he of certain difficulties he had to face as the fixed conditions of travelling. He would rather be killed than fire a pistol or gun; horses he regarded as savage griffons; revolutionists, who were plentiful just then, he looked upon as demons and the Customs Officers were of the army of Beelzebub."

His timidity, as might be expected, extended to ships and the sea. When he was living in Corfu he occasionally braved the ordeal of sailing with his friend Lushington in his yacht. Lushington wrote to Mrs. Tennyson, "Lear is unluckily one of those people who have a natural hatred for being on board a boat of any kind—and though on one or two occasions he has tried with excessive amiability to like it, it is always pain and grief to him."

Few travellers can have been worse equipped, mentally and physically, for the ardours of travelling. And it has to be remembered that when Lear set out to see and paint the world, transport was rough and ready and there was no man from Cook's to ease the friction. The first journey he made from Florence to Rome, for instance, was in a slow carriage. "A sadly weary journey of five mortal days—from three or four in the morning till five at night," is the way Lear describes it. And there were rumours of cholera and highway robbers.

But the next summer he set off on foot from Rome to Naples, a place which he disliked intensely because of the rowdy population. . . . "It is reputed to be the noisiest city in the world . . . judge how I, who hate noise, must like it! One can hardly believe the whole population are not stark mad . . . raving."

He travelled mostly on horseback on his tour of the Abruzzi, a remote and inaccessible part of Italy, finding the squalor of the country inns disgusting. A great asset, his sense of humour, constantly came to his rescue. He could see the fun in being arrested near Aquila by a policeman who thought he was Lord Palmerston (his passport was signed by Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, who was officially disliked because of his Liberal ideas) and almost gaoled.

When he went to Calabria the province was on the brink of revolution but with his usual thoroughness he stuck to his fixed route until he found himself in a minor upheaval in Reggio and Messina.

From the base of Corfu he first of all made trips to the islands of

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Zante, Ithaca and Cephalonia; braving the sea in his new-found enthusiasm for Greece he found time to study modern Greek and became a proficient scholar. An expedition from Athens began with a mishap. He was thrown by a falling horse and his shoulder was injured. Though this painful strain prevented his riding and sleeping he pushed on to Marathon and Thermopylae, sketching as best he could. "A centipede or some such horror" bit him on the leg, increasing his discomfort. And, finally, according to Lear's account, he forgot his umbrella and "the sun finished me."

When he reached Thebes he was dangerously ill and in a high fever. And he was brought back to Athens by "four horses on an indiarubber bed," his body broken but his spirit still willing.

He had been invited to visit Constantinople by the British Ambassador to Turkey, Sir Stratford Canning, and Lady Canning. When he had recovered he sailed from Athens only to be brought down by another attack of fever combined with erysipelas, with the result that he had to be put in a sedan chair and carried off the ship.

The influence of the Cannings allowed him to witness the ceremony of the "foot-kissing" of the Sultan. . . . "I never saw so grand a spectacle for novelty and magnificence" . . . but he was determined to press on. Arriving in Salonika he found the place stricken by cholera so he changed his plan to visit Mount Athos and set out across Macedonia to Monastir and Albania, taking as his guide-cook, a Bulgarian who could speak seven languages.

Their way was across wild mountains. The inhabitants were Muslim and hostile to Christians. When Lear was sketching at Monastir the population menaced him with cries of "Shaitan!" (Devil) and the local Pasha provided him with a bodyguard armed with a whip. In the Albanian town, Ochrida, the people stoned him and, in self protection, he wore a fez. The Albanians regarded his drawing as black magic.

His account of the incident at Elbassan describes how the population watched in silence until they recognised the buildings in his sketches. Then they yelled "Shaitan!" and "put their fingers into their mouths and whistled furiously, after the manner of butcher boys in England." This tickled Lear's sense of humour and he was convulsed with laughter. His mirth caught the crowd and they were laughing too, until a Dervish in a green turban came up and yelled, "The DEVIL draws," and snatched the sketch book. So Lear fled under a shower of stones.

But once he had started on a journey it took more than stones and

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sticks and names and discomforts to stop him. In the Khimara province he became the first Englishman to penetrate the Promontory of Akro-keraunium and he claimed that he "lived on rugs and ate with gipsies and unclean persons and performed frightful discrepancies for eight days."

After Albania he went to Malta and then, trying to overtake his friend, Charles Church, he went on to Cairo which astonished and delighted him. Of course he had to visit the pyramids . . . "the biggest of all possible things . . . and as for the Sphinx, oh, dear me! what a size! and the world of sand! I really am so surprised I don't know what to do." With Church he set out for Mount Sinai, taking the overland route from Cairo to Suez on a camel.

He found the camel a fairly comfortable carrier but "all attempts at making friends are useless." They spent three days in a monastery at Mount Sinai and, on the return, Lear, in spite of his precautions of green-lined hat, double umbrella, green gauze veil and Arab cloak, fell a victim to fever and had to forgo an expedition to Palestine.

Greece still beckoned and we find him roughing it on a bad passage from Malta to Patras . . . "pitching and rolling; utterly disabled. . . . In bed all day . . . very ill." Another bout of fever and he was off braving fleas and dogs and rain and primitive accommodation. On this trip he was with his friend, Franklin Lushington, then a young barrister, who, years later, wrote, "I remember one night in Greece when, after scrambling for fifteen hours on horseback over the roughest mountain paths, we had dismounted and were waiting in black darkness for our guide to find among a few huts, a tolerably weather-tight shelter for us to sleep in. Lear, who was thoroughly tired, sat down on what he supposed to be a bank; but an instant grunt and heave convinced him of error as a dark bovine quadruped suddenly rose up under him and tilted him into the mud. As Lear regained his feet he cheerily burst into song:

"There was an old man who said, Now
I'll sit on the horns of that cow."

Lear did Greece thoroughly; in two years of touring he covered the whole of the Greek Peninsula. He made his postponed trip to Mount Athos with his retainer, Giorgio Kokali, spending two months on the mountain, enjoying the scenery but detesting the food and filth and disapproving of the monasteries . . . "so gloomy, so shockingly unnatural,

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so lonely, so lying, so unattractably odious to me all the atmosphere of such monkery."

Alliteration was always part of his word-play. He let himself go on Mount Athos; "These muttering, miserable, mutton-hating, man-avoiding, misogynic, morose and merriment-marring, monotoning, many-mule-making, mournful, minced-fish and marmalade masticating Monks."

Palestine was his next objective and, having planned the trip with his usual thoroughness—he even took lessons from Lushington in revolver-shooting—he set out for Cairo, caught the Jaffa boat and found himself in Jerusalem "in a most odious state of suffocation and crowding." The Holy City did not impress him well. "If I wished to prevent a Turk, Hebrew or Heathen from turning Christian, I would send him straight to Jerusalem."

His most adventurous journey was to the ancient city of Petras. The trek from Hebron was made difficult by stubborn camels and by the Arabs who, under a Sheikh, provided an escort. Petras itself enchanted Lear but its architecture and "the wildest extravagances of nature" made him despair afresh of his ability to draw. Then came trouble. Local Arabs arrived in force and were insistent on getting money. Lear slipped out to visit the rose-coloured temple Khasme again and he wrote his name on the wall, thinking that, in view of the situation, it might be his last act.

In the ensuing fracas he suffered considerable violence; his clothes were torn, his beard pulled, his ears and arms pinched and his pockets emptied. He had decided on a policy of "indifference to the violence one could not resist." The party of travellers were at last allowed to escape, their last penny paid out to the unruly tribesmen. In 1867 Lear undertook another Egyptian tour to make drawings of the Upper Nile and Nubia (which delighted him . . . "sad, stern uncompromising landscape") and returned to Palestine to find Jerusalem "as filthy and odious as ever." Fever stopped his going to Galilee, Nazareth, Tyre, Sidon, Lebanon and Palmyra and he came back to London with a thousand drawings.

His thoroughness as a tourist and as an artist is shown by the fact that in two months (in 1868) he covered the island of Corsica, visiting most of its towns, exploring its mountains and forests, and making more than three hundred drawings which formed the basis of his "Journal of a Landscape Painter in Corsica."

He had always wanted to visit India and Ceylon. His opportunity came in 1872, when he was living in San Remo. More than thirty years before a young man called Thomas George Baring, an amateur draughts-

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man, had met Lear in Rome and they went on sketching trips in the Campagna. "He is an extremely luminous and amiable brick," Lear wrote of him. It was the same man I mentioned earlier as being one of his three most intimate friends.

Baring became the Earl of Northbrook and was appointed Viceroy of India in 1872. Soon afterwards he wrote to the artist inviting him to go out to India in the viceregal suite and so to stay for a year, all expenses to be paid by Lear's painting one or two Indian landscapes. Lear jibbed at travelling in state and there were other considerations which made him postpone the visit; he had a new villa and he was sixty years old and suffering, not only from his old complaints, but from heart trouble.

His indecision lasted until the summer when he and Giorgio set out for the East, but they did not get any farther than Suez because of lack of accommodation in the ships going to India. Back they came to San Remo and they did not get passage to India until the autumn of 1873, the voyage from Naples to Bombay lasting twenty-seven days.

Lear was in his sixty-second year when he arrived in India on 22 November, 1873. He remained there until 11 January, 1885 and was travelling more or less continually. His health had never been good and the climate affected him, but though his journal refers constantly to ailments of one sort or another, and particularly to acute depression occasioned by the weather and attendant discomforts, he is still able to comment toward the end of the journey on "so little suffering." Bright sunlight troubles his right eye and finally there are suggestions of a heart affection.

Throughout his journey, his moods are mercurial: often he is so fed-up that he talks of cutting the rest of the journey and going home. But a successful fragment of drawing lifts him from despondency to heights of enthusiasm; indeed, enthusiasm is never long absent. Although he is very conscious of his limitations as an artist, his curiosity is unbounded and his observation of detail untiring.

His energy was tremendous: besides drawing incessantly, he poured forth a never-ending stream of letters. Such entries as these are typical:

- 20 Jan. I make a list of twenty-two letters to be written at Darjeeling.
- 12 April. Then I wrote a very long letter, twelve pages, to Northbrook.
- 14 April. Wrote long letters, a duty but not a pleasure.

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Besides this he kept an almost minute-by-minute diary which was written up in journal form almost every night.

As a personal friend of the Viceroy, he was given wide "facilities" of which he made full use, but he avoided fuss and formality whenever he could. Travelling with a European servant occasioned endless difficulties which he accepted as unavoidable. This, and not a cantankerous nature, was the reason he preferred to arrange for his own accommodations rather than accept private hospitality. He had the highest regard for Giorgio. They exchanged hot words at times, and Lear blew off steam, but when Giorgio had dysentery in Kandy, Lear looked after him like a father while painting and practically everything else went by the board.

Lear liked food and describes practically every meal; he drank everything he could get but is concerned occasionally by the amount consumed, exclaiming in his journal on one occasion, "O that were possible to drink less!"

The journal is filled with passages that only an artist and poet could have written:

So very remarkable an Oriental view I have never seen or even imagined; for, although the infinite lines of the low hills and higher mountains are all quite a la Claude Lorrain distance, yet the texture of coco-nuttery is something quite unlike what can be seen except in this and other, extended tropical coast scenery; myriads of small, white flashes and as many myriads of deep, shady dots, caused by the light and shade of the great, innumerable palm fronds. The rivers in this view are wonderfully beautiful while the sun is low; and all the colour-changes of gray and misty-lilac and palest opal shade, (not opal though, for that is clear, whereas here all is misty and damp) makes a world of divinely exquisite beauty. The hills too, are elegant in form, and in truth, the whole scene is a perfectly magnificent specimen of eastern landscape, most difficult to reproduce on paper, but wonderful to contemplate.

A wood of palmyra palms, their crisp, hard fans rattling in any breeze, and their ringed, broad, columnar trunks rising from an undergrowth of young coco-trees. Beyond the village all is green until it gradually becomes sandy to the sea-shore where the ancient pagoda stands in complete loneliness above the fretting waves.

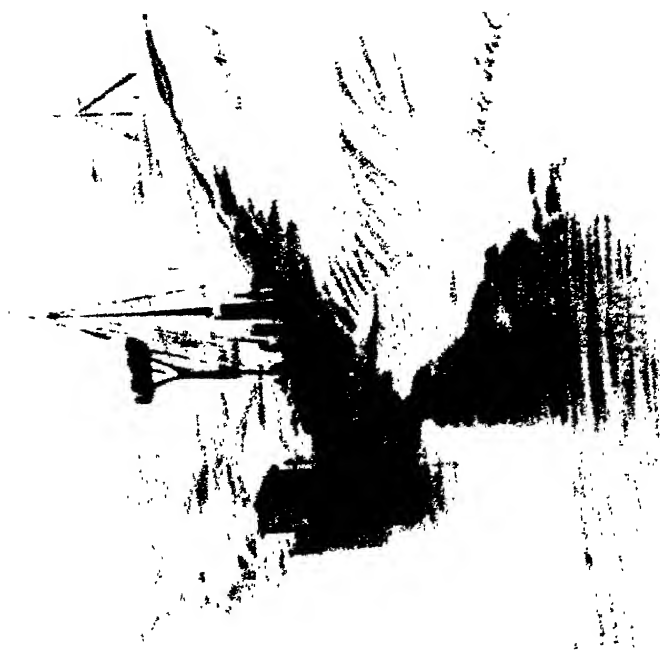
As one reads Lear's journal, one realises how little the general scene

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has changed: the colour and the dirt, the glory of the mountains, the wearisome discomforts of late trains and *garrys* that never arrive. The interest in food is unflagging and the "peg" still keeps a man alive through the miseries of the monsoon.

Lear's tour of India was the last of his great expeditions. He visited England for the last time in 1880, making himself miserable at the constant leave-taking of old friends.

He died at San Remo on 29 January, 1888, after he had finished his projected oils and water-colors of India but before he had edited this, the journal of his last tour for publication.



1944

SUEZ CANAL—November 3, 1873

CHAPTER ONE

November 22, 1873—January 8, 1874

1873

November 22

Extreme beauty of Bombay harbour! At seven leave the "India" in a steam tug. No trouble anywhere. Violent and amazing delight at the wonderful variety of life and dress here. Exquisite novelties, flowers, trees. Walk out with Giorgio, then in a phaeton to Breech Kandy and left cards for Mr. Justice Melville. The way thither left me nearly mad from sheer beauty and wonder of foliage! O new palms! O flowers! O creatures! O beasts! Anything more overpoweringly amazing cannot be conceived. Colours and costumes and myriadism of impossible picturesqueness. These hours are worth what you will.

November 24

Off in railway to Jubbulpore (very shady, fussy station). Toddy trees and coconuts, beautiful verdure; buffali. *What* trees, hedges by the roadside, exquisite forms of mountain, wonderful costumes. Dinner (ate little) and bottle beer—cost 5 Rs. all but 4 annas. Three Hindoos get out so that I got a better bench to lie on. Later, got some water, and a spoonful of cognac for sixpence ($\frac{1}{4}$ R.). Terrible suffering from indigestion and sleeplessness, and so more or less discomfort all night.

November 25

Jubbulpore! Bungalows all low, with high gray roofs. Very broad roads, trees, flowers. Hotel, only one room left, and one for Giorgio. First beginnings of lingo—*Rusta ke hai?* Squirrels; blue jays; mynas. See our first elephant. Giorgio's wonder. Wander about. Camels; camp; tents; sepoy; extensive space; far view, but not over beautiful,

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tombs or temples everywhere; distant rocky low hills. Go through a wood of trees just like oaks; ground gray-yellow, scene like Marlboro's forest. A lake, or marshy piece of water exquisitely reflects rocky hills and border of trees. All this formerly jungle. Did wrong in not putting on extra coat; chilly feeling, fear of fever. Decided to get in a boat and did so. Anything so powerfully and wonderfully beautiful in rock scenery I never saw; sublimely beautiful both as to colour and form and brilliancy. No end of monkeys, bouncing and jumping about, or sitting on tree branches high up above the rocks and river; black storks also. The monkeys were a delight. Such a loveliness of marbleism one never dreamed of. Falls of the Nerbudda, like first cataract of Nile, but valley very close and narrow. Fine bit of waterfall, rocks, foam. Sketch; very hot, tigers said to be about. Couldn't get to the proper place for drawing without a good deal of help from Giorgio. Later I sate and drew a bit: the pagoda and the native houses, and old woman with lots of goats and two parrots and what not. The interest of these people is endless, yet they seem to wonder that I take any at all about them. Certainly we don't 'do unto others'. At 7, a capital dinner was afoot; fowl, potatoes, first-rate curry and two bottles of beer. Very pleasant evening after a mixed day. Two bedsteads, or charpoys, in each room, and Giorgio made up mine with cloaks and a clean nightshirt round a pillow. No knowledge then of carrying mattresses everywhere in India.

November 29

At 7.15, in the boat again; the river scenery is truly delightful. More monkeys, calmly sitting unconcernedly on high rocks. Got several drawings, which may or may not be of some use some day. Boatmen very careful and good. Infinite loveliness of the spot. At 11 a capital breakfast, and later, payment, 13 Rs. 8 annas—awful lots of money go here! Much pleased with my stay at Bheraghat.

November 30

Jackals at night. Rose 6.30 and packed for Cawnpore. Many people coming and great confusion as to luggage. Vast group of squatting natives round about baggage. Doctors, wives and children. One chicken-pox little boy takes great fancy to Giorgio. What parrot coloured people and dresses! Later, impossibility of sleep and more or less misery till 5 a.m. when we reached Cawnpore.

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December 1

Immense confusion; no luggage. Supposed all right as booked and labelled at Jubbulpore, but here there is not a bit to be found! Extreme disgust and dismay. In hopes of its having been left at Allahabad, a telegram is sent, and at 5.45 I came to Germany's Hotel, not far from the station. After a wash, set off with Giorgio along a horrid straight road, and by and by see the real holy Jumna, and pass it by a bridge of boats. Immense picturesqueness of people, though they dress very much in white here. Pleasant people at breakfast, which was good, but attendance vile. Afterwards went to railway station: telegram, "No luggage at Allahabad". No end of disgust. Then walked all about the vast cantonments, trying to find where Lord Northbrook is to come to. Heat great; feet weary; body and soul miserable. Go into gardens and see two cemeteries, with the Well monument to the poor women of the 1857 massacre; Marochetti's statue, etc. Flowers lovely; all beautiful but dreadfully sad. This part of Cawnpore is magnificently wide; broad, fine roads, like Hyde Park on a big scale. Back to hotel, quite done up, and slept. Waked for dinner but could not eat at first. Pleasant party of new folk. When nearly done ADC came and took me first to railway station, about luggage—none heard of—and then to see Lord Northbrook, the same as ever. Upset in chair. Col. Earle, Military Secretary, lent me shirts and socks. Back to Germany's in carriage, but fearfully cold! Got some bread and cheese and beer.

December 2

Slept only middling. Went with Giorgio to railway station—no luggage. Some difficulty in getting self and Giorgio recognized for special train and had to show letters. I believe Viceregal life will bore me to death. No interest in journey; flat. Arrive before 3 at Lucknow. Evelyn Baring gives up his ticket for an elephant to me, but as I find that Giorgio can't go, I decide not to go alone on that beast. Vexed to find old Giorgio can't see the procession, but he has to go off to camp. I am to go in Miss Baring's carriage, so I go. Great crowds line road. We go to Pavilion, I more or less miserable, being chilly and without proper clothes. Passage of troops; a slow and long affair, then 60 to 63 elephants; magnificent. To carriage again, and drive to 2nd Pavilion in garden by ruined Residency. There vast numbers of people, immensely fine spectacle, astonishing elephants. Quite the finest thing of the sort I ever saw. Away in carriage; a vexatious drive, cold and dust, and being obliged to talk.

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Arrive at great camp, and by degrees find tent. Giorgio there. I am ill and miserable and quite unable to go out to dinner.

December 3

Nothing to be done but to wait here; no luggage. I go and borrow various things of Evelyn Baring, at Viceroy's tent. Walk about and listen to band. Then breakfast bothered by crosslights, and darkness; unwell, blinded, and miserable. Looked at the V's and Miss Baring's drawings. At 11.20, elephants being in order, a Durbar, members of ex-royal family of Oude, curious sight, splendid dresses; astonishing. Grumped and slept till 3; tent and discontent. Then in a carriage and four with Miss Baring to the old Residency. (Emma Jane Baring is just what she always was, so nice and simple; Lord Northbrook also is as ever.) He came on horseback with Sir George Couper and others to the Residency and we saw all the points of interest. The gardens are lovely and the views from the top tower delightfully fine. I have decided to come here tomorrow in a carriage and to stay all day drawing. Capital light dinner. Wrote, while dining, to Evelyn Baring, begging him to remember the carriage tomorrow, and lo! before cheese came to pass, he wrote back, saying, everything was ordered.

December 4

Slept very well; no end of thick blankets. At 6.30 they brought coffee, eggs and toast; they are so blessed viceregal. Then there was a delay, a carriage being visible t'other side of camp, but on going there one could only elicit, "Capt. Jackson Sahib", and it was 7 before we could get into it and start. Reach Residency but found tower view impossible at that hour. Drew another view, then wandered to find the spot of the elephant procession. The cemetery here is very beautiful and affecting. After excellent lunch drew again at one or two places, but my right eye grew bad, and I became altogether wretched and demoralized. So I drove back and went clean to bed in a rage.

December 5

Great review going on, and no end of 'thunder'. Can't tell what to do, in all this miserable hullabaloo, and luggagelessness. Breakfast in the Viceroy's tent. Sate between Evelyn and Miss Baring; pleasant, she is just as nice and natural as at ten years old. Evelyn has a telegram saying my luggage is found, and may come tonight or tomorrow.

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December 6

Slept well. Off, 6.45, in carriage to fort. Most surprisingly magnificent place of mosques, 10,000 pictures on all sides, perfectly wonderful. Assuredly India is a place to see. Left, having merely tried to sketch, and came to Residency where the flowers are stupendous; what oleanders, pomegranates, roses, and creepers! Also yellow poinsettia, uncommon. At 12, turkey, ham, and mutton sandwiches; other dishes sent but useless; sherry and soda water. No such lunches have existed of late days, and all in the shade, with kites above, and no end of parrots and squirrels around. Flies hardly any, flowers in myriads, bright sun and a lovely shady turf. Drew thereafter all about the tower, but not at all satisfied. Then back to tent, but, as I expected, found no luggage. Whereon, drove back to railway station, and thereafter being carried to and fro to vans, warehouses, and goods' stations, heard from everyone and on all sides that no luggage at all had arrived. Back to tent in a fearful rage, and vowed to go back to Bombay and Genoa, till Giorgio came and said, "Master! here is all the luggage", and there it was sure enough, having been kept till now at one of the ADC's or elsewhere. It is a blessing to have got this luggage again. Dressed for dinner, a huge affair of 54 or 56; but grew dreadfully tired of the lights and fuss. Lord Northbrook talked to me a good deal, and just as of old. Very cold in tent.

December 7, Sunday

Giorgio unwell at night; he is better this morning, but I wish he would be more careful than he is. Breakfast and 'dawdling' which drives me mad, though everyone is very kind. At 11 to cantonment church; Viceroy and two in one carriage and four, and I, Mrs. Earle and Mr. Barnett in second ditto. Short and good service; very: Lord Napier of Magdala, and Général Swellom! Tiffin at two, whereat I grew rather weary. I have pretty well resolved to go to a hotel from here.

December 8

Giorgio well again. Cold! Sepoy camp, bullock carts, elephants, bazaars, fortresses by 7. Walk over bridge, view vastly like that from Richmond. Up to Artillery Quarters, where drew till 11; wonderfully beautiful scene. Then drew by the mosques, brilliant white plaster, and reddish. Artillery practice going on above. Food spread on ground in sunshine; too cold to sit in shade of wall. Lunch cold mutton, duck and sandwiches, all supremely good. What long lantern-like

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minarets ! Fife-like squeals of kites. Just now the shade is pleasant and not too cold. Beautiful effect of this courtyard, trees and mosques, yet wanting in the sublime, mysterious qualities of Egyptian scenes, especially as there are vulgar cannon-balls everywhere. Came away from the fort about noon, and to the elephant river, where drew off and on till three or so. Reach camp walking and took leave of Lord Northbrook and all the rest, a departing glory ! Had some sherry and soda water, being athirst, along of ham sandwiches, then packed a lot of packings. Cold. Cold. Too cold !

December 9

The whole camp scene is utterly vanishing, vanished. Immense confusion at station—"Railway accident last night". Pleasant Madras Presidency man in carriage, and another, a youth of 'polished deportment' who told me of the ghat massacre scene at Cawnpore as good to sketch. Reach Cawnpore at 11. Very little trouble about luggage. To Germany's Hotel where good breakfast, but miserable servants. Afterwards, suddenly ill with the old attack and slept till nearly 2.30. Then in a coach with Giorgio to the ghat, very pretty; and thence to the memorial well and drew, a quiet and beautiful scene, the flowers lovely, and a sort of melancholy grandeur in that sad space and among those walks and trees.

December 10

To massacre ghat and work there; too much in shade for a morning view; no remedy. Quiet scene, drew till 9.30; beautiful broken ground and parky trees, squirrels, parrots, wild flowers, figs, lantana, oleanders, in abundance. Horrid memories of the Nana Sahib massacre. Morning not so cold as at Lucknow. Made a wandering excursion to the ghat pagoda, and all about, also going some way to find some mosques I had seen afar, but could not. So I returned to where the whole scene was like a beautiful English home park in a dry late summer, no fern it is true, but trees exactly like oak and ash, and altogether as unlike my previous ideas of India as possible. Drew till 11, and then joined Giorgio below a tree, but having neglected to place a cloak beneath me while drawing, my trousers were full of little needle-sharp bits of a dreadful sort of grass, destructive to peace. So I had to sit without them until Giorgio picked out a lot of the needles. The beauty of this Cawnpore scene, with its Campagna-like levels and its broken hollows and banks, ain't to be told. So we lunched in the broad shade of a great neem-tree; excellent leg of mutton,

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guinea-fowl eggs, and cheese, besides sherry and water. Afterwards, wander about; nowhere have I seen more superb motive for middle-distances and foregrounds than here, such trees, such *mouvements de terre*. Returned to Giorgio and went to a bit of ground where I drew Pous-sinesque landscape, and again, a small tomb or mosque. Then back to the ghat pagoda and drew until 4, when we made our way along the riverside, by villages full of extreme beauty and interest. On reaching the hotel, I collapsed on finding I had lost all my keys. Fruitless search everywhere, and consequent disgust. Later, Giorgio came in and said calmly "Here are the keys." They had been found at the bottom of the carriage of this morning's drive; great relief.

December 11

Got two second class tickets for Allahabad. "I ticket babu, Sir, luggage babu not yet come." Fat brown man buying endless sweet-meats for his children; quite flat plain, yellow brown, or with crops, green or yellow, and all spotty with mimosa trees. The feathery lightness and greenness of the mimosa is lovely. Glittering blue jays or rollers and one of two kingfishers, I think. Arrived at Allahabad at 4.25 and got luggage. Refreshment room; disagreeable-mannered man. Got some dinner for self and Giorgio very good and a bottle of claret. Afterwards walk about, nothing to see. Disagreeable man, by way of apology, says he had just got at that moment a telegram announcing the death of head refreshment room man at Jubbulpore. Wander up and down platform, and got nearly killed by a punkah, end on, against which my head would have been split had it not been for my hat. 7.30 cup of coffee, in a fit of great weariness of all Indian travel. Get tickets to Benares. Frightful fuss-tickets-baggage-bother and tumult.

December 12

Irritation and misery of night travel, yet less than usual. Cold odious; Clark's Hotel was only reached at 4.45 a.m. Two rooms got, but miserably furnished. Giorgio, however, who never grumbles, made my bed up as well as it could be. Some tea and toast were brought, so I got to sleep, barring horrid cramps at times. Owing to distance from hence to the city, it will evidently be impossible to do much at Benares, and I am half wild when I think of my folly in coming to India at all. The only thing now is to make the best of a miserable mistake, even if I stay here for a week. Distressed and irritated by the prospect of doing



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nothing at Benares. Breakfast very good. Order carriage, and take guide. Long drive; great cantonments, church, college, suburbs of Benares, unutterably picturesque, all Hindu and Brahminical. Gardens; palmyra palms, no end of monkeys, ape-temple, highly pagan and queer. Didn't like the fanatics at all, at all. Come away to river ghats; intensely fine city view. Vast, and strange and beautiful architecture. Statue-like, painted Yogi. Carriage again to entrance of narrow lanes, somewhat like Cairo scenes, but these people are far more various in costume and manners. Went into three temples—particularly the Golden; wreaths of flowers. Perplexed by the multitudinousness around, and also having forgotten my pencils, resolved to go away tomorrow, but later, half decided to stay one day more at least. Drive back, tired and sleepy. This hotel is clean, and good in many ways. Had some *tiffin* and afterwards slept a bit. Woke more savage than before and set out to try and draw, but came back still angrier.

December 13

No end of carriage expense here; to the big ghat, where drew pretty well, yet it seems to me hardly possible subject for Lord Aberdare's view. Nevertheless, the jumble of colour and architecture are a real marvel. The washings and bathings. No bother from people, but it would not have done to have been without a native guide. Later, tried to make some jottings, but the sun and crowd forbade. Two dead bodies, one without cover. Next, coasted the city eastward, and came to still finer palaces, and temples. Very hotly bit of Ganges; saints and sinners, place of burning bodies. Another big saint, quite naked, and all painted gray, red and yellow. Old woman with floral offerings. So queer a slice of Indian life I never thought to see and how could a Viceroy, or even a Mr. Collector see, polished up as it would be for them? Then through narrow streets to carriage, and hotel. New bedroom, opening on verandah: man with snakes, 'orrid to see! Repose. No *tiffin*; off again and drew till 3.45, then gave it up—cruel folly! Nothing short of a moving opera scene, can give any idea of the intense and wonderful colour and detail of these Benares river banks. And nothing is more impossible than to represent them by the pencil.

December 14

Got a boat, a large one, for no one can have the least idea of this Indian city's splendour without this arrangement. Utterly wonder-

ful is the rainbow-like edging of the water with thousands of bathers reflected in the river. Then the colour of the temples, the strangeness of the huge umbrellas and the inexpressibly multitudinous detail of architecture, costume, etc. Drew, more or less, as I was slowly row'd up and down the river, yet doubt if I can ever work out any satisfactory result after all. How well I remember the views of Benares by Daniell, R.A.; pallid, gray, sad, solemn. I had always supposed this place a melancholy, or at least a staid and soberly-coloured spot, a gray record of bygone days. Instead, I find it one of the most abundantly *bruyant*, and startlingly radiant of places full of bustle and movement. Constantinople or Naples are simply dull and quiet by comparison. Drew till 11.30, and then had the boat moored, and came below, where I and Giorgio had a bad lunch, with sherry and water *qua* consolation. It seems queer that people who charge five rupees a day, should send out uneatable mutton and fowl for breakfast! Happily, there are also eggs and bread. About 1.30 or 2, after having sate in the boat doubled up to avoid the hot sun, and gazing at the wondrous world of bathers, huddled close together, or shewing themselves singly to the devout multitude of Benares, I began a drawing of the temples which I had vainly tried yesterday, and managed to get what, should photographs be obtainable, may one day prove more or less useful. The mealy man of meditation came to the surface, and stood for a time wildly acting, and apparently intending a header, but he subsided into squatting and lute-playing; today he sports a feeble bit of string as dress. Many corpses are carried to burn at these steps. Some buffali and human corpses are thrown into the water; big black vultures congregate thereon, with no end of black crows. The pretty myna birds are numerous everywhere; pigeons by the 10,000,000. At 3, finished my last Benares drawing, and am truly glad to have seen this wonderful place. Then paid the boatman 2 rs., and came to the garry. Near the temple, apes abound, crawling all over the walls, and along the road, and up the trees, no end of brutes! Drew till 4.10, then off, leaving the babu guide, who is really a good one, and being set down near the college. Near there, while trying to draw a roadside pagoda, a drunken native came and bothered me, and followed us when we left for 25 minutes or so; nor was there a policeman in sight. I could have done nothing today without George; also the guide. Dinner solo: soup good, and a boiled fowl with rice just tolerable. Nothing else, however, at all eatable, mutton quite raw, stewed ducks hard. I may except, though, a bread and butter pudding. Very queer places are these Indian hotels, and this the queerest I have yet seen.

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December 15

Giorgio telling me that coffee and carriage are ready decides me to go to Sarnath. Giorgio says lots of jackals about last night. Song-cry of jackal, "Away! Away!" Isolated eminences with some lumpy ruins, all hideous and utterly unbearable, however valuable to archaeological minds; a fearful take in. Happily my temper is not very horrid today, so I came away comparatively calm. Packed finally and got tickets for Dinapore. Off at 4.15, country all flat as usual but golden—beautiful now in sunset. Before passing the great Soane bridge, I entered into conversation with a cove recently come into the carriage, who said he knew Dr. Coombe, and that he lived close to the railway station, being the surgeon of the railway company. Dr. Coombe is at present away from Dinapore, but any friend of his going to any place but the doctor's house, would be a dreadful shock to propriety. "But," I said, "I have a European servant." "Rooms are plentiful" was the reply. So I came to Sydney Coombe's house.

December 16

Slept very tolerably; rising at 3 to arrange drawings and clothes and now, after a cup of tea, don't know what to do. Set out to walk with Giorgio to Dinapore, but turned back. Long dusty avenue, three miles. Mooned about alone, much disgusted at not knowing if Sydney Coombe will come, nor if I have done right in staying here. Climate very lovely today: gnats though! 11.30 breakfast of the most complete description; fish, Irish stew, curry, with such peas and cauliflower. Giorgio breakfasted with me, as no one else was there, and I thought it would save trouble for there seems no other place. Ordering a garry, set off with Giorgio for Dinapore town (this place being really Khagaul), by a horridly dusty road between two lines of trees, for four miles. Then (paid one rupee), we walked on towards the river, by vast barracks, all apparently tenantless, and with a dreary, weary, decayed look about all. Some old ramparts, and a long bit of *passeggiata*, with an immense extent of river Ganges, partly dried sand, and some queer, Chinese-like fishing boats. This was all we saw, except one bit of a pagoda, and a lot of shore boats; but no mortal could make a picture out of any part of it. So I came away, staying only to draw some elephants, one a tiny dear little beast, not so large as a small calf. To avoid the deep dust, we walked below the road, in a track none the pleasanter for elephants' footsteps therein. Heat really great and perspiration abundant. I hope

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Sydney Coombe will really come tomorrow. Dinner served in great magnificence of silver and really well arranged objects. The doctor's servants seem good, and his cook ultra-so: soup, boiled beef and turnips, curry and so forth, all first class. Giorgio dined with me, always well-bred and quiet. Two bottles of beer bedrunken were, but they ain't large. How is one to acknowledge to Sydney Coombe all this luxury and comfort, Parisian cook, and all?

December 17

This Dinapore land seems to me the first place in India where I find no wind. Walked out a bit, hardly knowing what to do. Then resolved to go in a garry to near Dinapore and walk back. So set off to the beginning of the suburban town, and there made a tolerable drawing of big palmyra palms, and the fine plain, a subject quite makeable into a picture. Heat considerable but not disagreeable. Worked at another palm scene, also good in its way; from this, walked to the elephants and drew variously, but slightly, especially the dear little elephant, reaching home by 5.15. There was Sydney Coombe, the same kindly fellow one might have expected, no end of pleasant converse.

December 18

From the verandah, the early morning and brightness of trees is exactly like a lovely autumn, or even June, morning in England; zinnias, balsams, and roses, included. In speaking of giving me a letter to intimate friends, Sydney said: "You know, perhaps, that travelling with a European servant is quite exceptional in India." "Of course I do," I told him. "And, moreover, I don't mean to trouble a single hospitable house while in this country if I can avoid doing so."

December 19

Rose before daylight, and soon off to the village in a garry, a broken and *dibatchi* carriage. Walked to the pagoda temple and drew there. The dull green water and bathing devotees; what trees! *Mem.* No more private houses for either self or servant.

December 20

Rose by 5, in a fuss about being in time for train. Got some tea, and came to station, where took two 2nd class tickets for Ranigunje. Much picturesque scenery, increasing variety of foliage, very luxuriant

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vegetation. Arrived there 4.40, no trouble in getting luggage and, to my surprise, Williams Hotel is close by, and to all outward appearance, a tolerably nice and comfortable one. (Anticipations since fully confirmed by fact.) Two good rooms were got, and put in order. At 6.30 dinner, before which I played on a piano to two small children. Giorgio dined solo. Party, at dinner, female, possibly wife, with the half-English speech, and queer ways of East Indians. The gent was intelligent and agreeable, and we talked no end.

December 21

Walk out with Giorgio. Tank; fishers; drinking cattle; ducks; people; placid hour. Sunbeams through clouds or light mist. Hotel keeper, Mr. Williams, born below Snowdon. Flowers. (Send him some zinnia seeds from Calcutta.) *Roba*¹ sent to station. Rather a hustle to get tickets for Calcutta, and luggage weighed. Off at 10.30. Flat plain. Apparent sameness of expression throughout Bengal babuism. Dress of people here very feminine. Lunch: smashed eggs, cold fowl, bread and sherry. Farther on, two real live jackals. What greenery on all sides. What groups of figures. Crowded groves of bananas and all sorts of trees. Crows on all cows' backs. 4.35 Chandernagore; lovely! lovely palms! Verdure always richer and richer. O vegetatium! Lo! lovely river views! Every minute makes life more wonderful. Astounding effects of beauty on each side railway, neck-twisting and eye-cracking! 5.40 Howrah at last, and a sudden eruption of scarlet coated Government domestics, by whom I and George are propelled into a steamboat across the river Hooghly and thence into a coach. Horse falls, and delay consequent, and so to Government House by 6.30 or thereabouts. My rooms are up two flights of stairs, preposterously magnificent, not to say awful. All luggage from Bombay safe there. Giorgio's room downstairs. Evelyn Baring came in as I was dressing; Viceroy at Barrackpore.

December 22

Rose before day and unpacked all boxes and bags and stowed away linen in various drawers, all which took up time. Then in garden, very nice, grandiose and tranquil somewhat, yet not wholly free from a Governmental sentiment. Afterwards, I and Giorgio unpacked the two Pyramid pictures;² the case has been horribly knocked about,

¹Things.

²Two oil paintings of the Pyramids that Lear had executed for Lord Northbrook.

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but only one of the frames injured and that not much so; took them downstairs and put them in the drawing room. I am truly glad these pictures are safe. After that I and Giorgio went out and mooned by the river, and then to Chowringhee, where I bought some body belts and came back 'home', where I was glad of a glass of beer and some bread and cheese. Read some of Trevelyan's *Cawnpore*. Gave Giorgio a rupee for tobacco. Dreary and sad, till dressing time rather relieved me. After dinner, Lord Northbrook, always kind and thoughtful, said, "Come and smoke with me." So I do, and sate till 12, when on going upstairs, old Giorgio was found waiting for me. Fell asleep in my chair.

December 23

We get tea very early, also toast and butter, the latter in a dab on the side of the plate, never eaten. Drove to Tollygunje; a lovely morning, yet very chilly. Beautiful bits of villages and verdure; I do not think I ever before saw so much novel, interesting, and drawable stuff in so small a space and so short a time. Back by 9; prayers, breakfast. Went out with Giorgio directly after and paid 13 Rs./8 for yesterday's belts. Walked a little but got tired. Home and slept. Rose at two and went to lunch or tiffin. Sate next Miss Baring, who wants me to teach her to draw. Fix Thursday. Then go out with Giorgio along river; vast crowds of ships and boats and men; drawing impossible. Walked a long way to find Adjutant cranes; too late. Came back, very dark, Giorgio helping me greatly on the roads. Read Trevelyan's *Cawnpore*. Dinner very much more pleasant than some similar such.

December 24

Across the wide Maidan (noting the adjutants all of a row), behind the cathedral and front of the bishop's palace and so, in shade as yet, to the end of Chowringhee, road of palaces and a fearful humbug. The Promenades des Anglais at Nice beats it hollow. After that, the long crowded street of ordinary bazaars, going along which cropped up many doubts as to being on the right road. But at 8 we got to the tank and mosques I had marked when driving. So there I drew, though the light and shade had gone off long before. Next, I thought to draw on the bridge we had driven over, yet it seemed never the nearer the further we went on. Just now I hardly know if I shall go on to Darjeeling or at once back to Bombay, so disgusted am I with this sacrifice of time (and Northbrook's

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money), in this country, to so little purpose. Horrible suffering and bore from lights!

December 25

Xmas day! Put up in old Alexandrian canvas trunk, to send off to Bombay, all the drawing materials I shall not want but foolishly sent out. Tok-Tok or tempest bird heard for the first time today; he is a barbet. Later, having written to Evelyn Baring, he amiably came to me, and we talked over my plans in case I go up to Darjeeling. Northbrook kindly *suo modo* wishes me to carry out his uncle's picture of Kinchinjunga, for himself, for which I told Evelyn Baring what I had intended to ask, viz. £500, and he also wishes to pay my voyage out now, and for the Pyramid frames. *Tiffin*; health better, but still frightfully bored. Lay down and tried to sleep, then walked to Eden gardens—a sort of Cockney-Calcutta Kensington gardens.

December 26

Health all wrong. Impossible to get any tea before 7.30, so useless to go out. Was driven to Eden gardens by Miss Baring, and drew till 9 before her. She is always the same clever, unaffected, really good girl as ever. Back, later for breakfast, and could eat nothing but a piece of toast, 'made dishes' not suiting me o'mornings. Cross, unwell and wretched. At 11, walked with Giorgio to Eden Gardens, and later to try to get a sketching-stool. Had some cold meat and beer in my own room, the latter medicinally to set digestion right and was utterly miserable. Dinner more pleasant.

December 27

Eyes bad. State carriages to ghat; gorgeous boat, and gorgeous steamer. Immense commerce and population of Calcutta ghats—for which I was not prepared. River pretty; later quite lovely, with palms and temples, exquisite at sunset. Barrackpore by 6; draughty house. Evening pleasant enough; went into some lady's room by mistake, 'thinking it mine. Great fuss thereanent.

December 28

The fuss of viceregal life! Drew off and on till 4—when given some cold turkey and beer; very acceptable. Walk on terraces and to Lady Canning's tomb; the light and climate are like those of a fine sultry

summer evening in England. Poinciana Regia foliage particularly rich and lovely.

December 29

So is that of the peepul and tamarind, yet neither is so beautiful as that of the Poinciana Regia. Drove back to Government House through peculiarly and horridly mean and ugly streets. Dinner; 28 people, sate next a nice Miss Dampier, fresh from Darjeeling; t'other side of me a browny, clerical-missionary, dummy and queery. Suffered frightfully all the evening from the lights.

December 30

Slept pretty well; health better. Wrote out "Ahkond of Swat" for Evelyn Baring. Did not go out. Tried to arrange *roba* for Darjeeling, and then had some divine boiled mutton, potatoes, and half a bottle of beer. (Anecdote of the engineer, concerning his having removed some obstacle from the line, "If it hadn't been done that minute, Sir! The Viceroy, all of us, would have gone straight to H-ll! Only think, Sir! What an escape!") (Not to be repeated.) Walked with Giorgio and got one or two village scraps; fight of boys on Maidan. No one but family at dinner; I next the Viceroy, all very pleasant. Evening short; they to Opera. Viceroy, Evelyn Baring and I to Viceroy's room, where we drank sherry and soda. Bed at 11.

December 31

Coldish and foggy. Carriage ready, and off with Giorgio to Tollygunje tank where drew till 9.30. The reflections in the water, may, and should be, perfect, but were not so, because of disturbing washers. All folk respectful. Remarked the beauty of white sheets, both in light and shadow; also black bodies and white waist cloths; also, extreme featheriness of coconut palms; depths of brown gray shade; brilliancy of bananas, and general misty grayness, more like English even than Nile scenes at early morning, owing to the profusion of vegetation, whereas Egyptian ditto is scanty and less deep. The shadows in the tank might be done from elms or oaks. General tone of the mosque and tank view deep, beautiful dark gray, relieved with vividly bright bits of light; a green tone throughout; even the mosque domes are rather greeny brown. The palms, if in shade, have hardly any colour. Walk on slowly, drawing at times. Endlessly beautiful pictures of village life and Eastern vegetation.

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At 12.15 reached the same spot where we lunched on the 24th. Pleasant enough; cold fowl, bread, wine, and eggs, all very good, and Giorgio, as ever, quiet and well behaved. Little to draw here, as usual in spots one is obliged to stay in. Today warmer than the last time but a pleasant evening breeze. Several small green bee-eaters, and at Tollygunje, a largish, green bird with red and blue about head, on top of a tree; seemed a big woodpecker, only sate still on the very top of the tree, a habit non-woodpeckerish, and making an odd noise. Off again to find that bridge I had driven over. Sketched as I went, but grew gradually more hopeless of finding it; so, after two miles, and another trail on a second road, gave up the matter in disgust, and had to return to the detestable mosque road after all. When lo! close by the mosque, there was the horrid bridge which I had stupidly never looked for there at all. So we passed over it, buying six oranges. The canal view is vastly pretty; so are all the canal banks for a long way. Then once more into Moscopolis, or the bazaar street, awfully tired and cross; it was 6.40 before we got back to Government House and I fell asleep while dressing. So ends 1873.

1874

January 1

Garry drive to ghat; and boat, after a while not very odious. Botanical gardens flat and nowise beautiful, except for the many good trees. Immense banyan tree. Drew vast bamboo till 11, having had tea and bread and butter first. Breakfast, 11.30, particularly nice and pleasant. Afterwards, more inspection; *Passiflorae* orchids, etc. Drew two coco palms. Then to the boat and across Hooghly; lovely day and evening. Sketching stool come.

January 2

Out at 7 with Giorgio but found shops all shut. Finally ordered two hats (to be ready tonight). Fuss of garry-man, unpaid for two days. Went to Thackers & Spinks, where I bought two dozen photographs and three quires of paper. Then paid for the sketching stool. Walked back across the Maidan; what scrubby donkeys in India! Ordered some 'grub' upstairs; of course it came in three separate journeys: 1, plate of meat; 2, potatoes and beer; 3, bread. No rest in Hustlefussabad. Out again and saw Westfield's photographs; bought 18. Other botherings, and home by 4. Weather hot. Come maps, photos and paper, to the tune of

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60 rupees. Feel I am selfish and odious, but don't know how to act otherwise.

January 3

O the misty sultry blueness and orangeness of Calcutta mornings! Went out with Giorgio to try to get a coat. Afterwards, Lord Northbrook asked me to come to his room, where I sat awhile. At 11, went out to pay for some, and get other, photographs; sun very hot. Tiffin, cold beef, and bottle of beer in my own room; I am not up to three company sittings in one day.

January 4

Breakfast, worried and sad. Came upstairs, and after many interruptions, finished 13 letters.

January 5

Off at 6.45 in a garry as far as Tollygunje mosque. Then drew the canal bridge view, and beyond it, till 11.30. Walked back with Giorgio to the old place of trees beyond the mosque, I very ill, along of the new sketching stool having broken down under me, and hurt my behind very badly. Drew again, walking along the banks of the canal, which is full of beautiful incident, and home by 6 extremely tired. I was too ill to dress and dine, so wrote to Evelyn Baring who most kindly came up directly. They sent me some cold meat and a bottle of wine, and I got to bed. After a time, slept, though the pain I suffered was great. Then, one of those awful Red Apes came in and opened the windows and made endless disturbances till I grew half crazy and, rushing at him in my nightshirt, drove the creature out and locked the door.

January 6

Rose as usual; pain less, but still great. Breakfast not very comfortable, as I could hardly bear to sit. Paid 64 rupees to Thackers, and 30 to Wilson for a new great coat. O money! Returned and saw a rajah come to an audience, a pretty sight enough in the bright sun, and with the scarlet and white brilliancies of Government House. Then set off with Giorgio in the Government boat, 12 men rowing, I and Giorgio sitting on the roof. There was some wind and current, and was slow work, only interesting from the wonderful quantity and quality of boats and craft; immeasurably plentiful and picturesque. Later, we rowed quicker, and

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I could only get the slightest and hastiest ideas of the temples all along the shore, before we reached Barrackpore ghat. I gave nothing to the boatmen (ought I to have done so?), but walked off to the station. On the way, came upon a lot of Government elephants, and half wished to come back and stay here. Hurt my knee considerably in getting into the carriage but got home by 6.45 or so, a pleasant and successful day as Calcutta days go.

January 7

Wrote letters; showed sketches (very crossly); had luncheon in my room.

January 8

Rose as usual to a burst of light and purple, and innumerable crows. Hurry off to place Pyramid pictures in Viceroy's room, they are to be hung on the two doors. Then, to the native quarter, long and busy streets, but the architecture a queer mixture of rubbish, and half modern-Roman sort of building. People interesting; shops and idols, silver pipe caps, etc. Then went and got my swordstick, stool, metallic-books, and two bits of oilcloth, by which time it was 1.45. Had a *burra* bottle of beer and cold meat for lunch and went on finishing packing, cutting up a big map, and writing notes till nearly 6 p.m. (I cannot find any more notes of this day, neither of the latter part of the 7th. There was a huge dinner party, I remember, and afterwards, I sate late with the Viceroy, who gave me any book I liked to have, so I chose *Tristram Shandy*. Since that I have not seen Lord Northbrook.)



CHAPTER TWO

January 9—February 16

1874

January 9

Left heavy luggage to be forwarded to Allahabad, and while waiting at station saw the pious Hindu a-worshipping of outrageously ugly gods in a small temple close by. Now 7.15; all is misty purple-blue-gray, with golden palm-shafts, and gaudy green plantains, and plumes of coconuts. We stop half an hour at Burdwan, and then breakfast on surprising cold mutton and St. Stephane wine. Country, along this new line wholly flat, with remote or near clumps of mango, and other trees and palms. Evelyn Baring has been most kind to me while in Calcutta. Earle came to wish me good-bye last night, as he dined out. Giorgio's invariable temperance at food time and his constant quiet and good breeding are a lesson to this child. 6.45 reach Sahibgange. Spite of darkness and confusion all the luggage was got together by a very good natured stationmaster; and, led by Giorgio for it was pitch dark, I was taken to what had been described to me as a capital dak bungalow. Was it or was it not horrid to find all darkness? After a time two men came to discuss that they spoke no English, nevertheless with patience, we found they had beer, soda water and bread and butter (though the last was truly abominable and uneatable), knives, forks, and plates, water, and one towel. So the painter and the Suliot¹ made what supper they best could. Oddly enough, I have taken to beer, which is instead of medicine and necessary. Such is my first experience of a Bengal dak bungalow, for that at Jubbulpore was in the Central Provinces. Certainly I am taking a leap in the dark, for the sake of landscape in general and Darjeeling in

¹Giorgio Kokali, though born in Corfu, was a native of Suli in Albania.

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particular; but is not all life more or less a series of leaps in the dark? To some it is assuredly—and to me most assuredly.

January 10

All things considered, slept extremely well, for the blow I got from the breaking of the sketching stool still occasions great pain at times. It does not seem nearly so cold here as at Calcutta. We are all packed; a difficulty is that I have foolishly forgotten to bring change for my large rupee notes, and my silver rupees are finished. As daylight comes, Sahibgange seems rather a pretty place; a long line of hills behind it; bits of palmyra-palm, papaya, and dark clumps of oak-like trees around. As it happened, there occurred no difficulty about change; high charges though here, $5\frac{1}{2}$ Rs. a somewhat shady affair. Four coolies take *roba* to steamer; river immensely wide, misty; long spits of sand, Nile-like; strong current; lines of boats being towed up river. Crocodile spotted by Giorgio on sandspit. Lines and lines of sand banks; colour inferior to that of Nile, sand dirty gray white. Sky and water nearly equally pale-dull. Captain full of natural history; keeps flying foxes, snake birds, paddy birds; says: "Took up with Taxikle Dermý, but give it up." At noon arrived at Karagola and go to dak bungalow. No English spoken. Most wonderful jam of oxen, carts, and grain! Off at 1 in dak garry; flat country; avenue of banyans and neems; trees far and near; wonderfully fine trees. Horrid pony struggle, nearly upset, obliged to get out, and was only able to recommence progress by tumbling into the garry as the brutes began to rush on; very disgusting, but 'fate'. A more odious sort of travelling than this, who knows of? Changed fourth time, and the new horse seems about to be like the last. At 5 we are in the cantonments of Purnea, vast and scattered as all I have yet seen. On reaching the dak bungalow, a rather splendid structure, was disgusted to find that no one understood a syllable of English, so, having put all the *roba* inside, I set off in search of allies, and found three Anglos playing bowls. The first was very chilly and advised having a Government garry. The second, one Mr. John Owens, Postmaster, was a brick of the first quality, and came at once and explained about tomorrow's garry time, etc., and arranged for me to pay 48 Rs. to Siliguri, I am to stop as I may please at any of the dak bungalows on the road. So I ordered dinner and became composed. This John Owens is a great trump; he has also given me all the distances between this and Darjeeling, and tried hard to get 50 rupee note cashed. The dak bungalow rooms are lofty, wide and clean, and Giorgio makes up my new

bed capitally. After which, washing pre-understood, I and the Suliot sate down to excellent fried fowl cutlets and good roast potatoes, like unto marbles as to size; a cold roast teal, kind Evelyn Baring's forethought; also Baring's bottle of sherry, and two of soda water. The quiet of these dak bungalows is golden! I am now going to bed, for it is 8. Many times today I have seriously regretted coming; the garry hurts by bumping, to my head, and to my below; the near upset of the carriage; and the perpetual feeling of everlasting compulsory hurry are all trials, especially when a man has chosen them for himself. The landscape impressions of today have been striking and not likely to be effaced. The solemn blue mist before sunrise, and the gold palms presently light up; the enormous width of the Ganges, and its lack of beauty, as to animal life, when compared to the Nile; the vast fleets of boats, single, low and picturesque in form and colour; the pallid and colourless hues of land, sky, and water; the multitude of people and oxcarts at Karagola ghat; the extraordinary beauty, magnificence and number of banyan and other trees along the road to Purnea; the endlessness of rice-laden oxcarts all along those 28 miles; there are among the chief memories of from Sahibgangeto Purnea travelling. So to bed.

January' 11

Up before daylight; very little possibility of getting anything, or of being understood. Wrong carriage brought, old and broken, sent away. Mr. Bradbury, a jolly good youth in next rooms, helps. Bother with very odious servants. Pay $5\frac{1}{2}$ rupees. Off at 8.10; but now, 8.30, are much where we were—I and Giorgio walking or standing still, while the two wretched ponies are being beaten, backing, rearing, or moving circularly. Same fuss goes on till 9, when we seem to go. Jungle on each side, up to road edge; beautiful bamboos and very tall palmyra palms. After more stoppages, apparently hopeless, we are going on slowly. Country more open; roads deep in reddish dust. Carts again, ad infinitum. More peasantry about, bigger men but with free expression not so good. Horizon border of trees, very like bits of flat English counties. At 5.05 having gone of late a mile to every 12 minutes, reach 68th milestone (or mile-iron) from Karagola and lo! Artillery tents bespread the yellow plain; also the Rajah of Kishangenje's elephants here and there. The dak bungalow is fine to see; a gent there with nine children; going to leave them all at Darjeeling, himself at Assam. Polite and agreeable brown man gives up room. In the place there are no towels, no basins, no nothings,

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and though dinner is promised, there is small faith in such promises. Howbeit, I am thankful to be as well as I am, though I doubt if I shall henceforth do more garry work than I am forced to do. Later, went with the coloured gent's little boy to the post office close by, growls amain about babus and about Indians in general. I am now waiting dinner; the utter helplessness and stupidity of this class of Hindu servants is wonderful; so is the never failing patience of my own man. Got in a rage at no dinner appearing, and stormed amain. At 8 however, enter chicken cutlets and potatoes, which, as well as curry and rice were really good. Nevertheless, I had been obliged, having eaten nothing all day, to have some beer and bread before dinner began, hence, three bottles in tomorrow's bill. Giorgio is always temperate, which I wish as his master was as much so. These new beds are a blessing.

January 12

Up very early. Tea, 6.10, if so be my watch is right. Plain more perfectly bare and flat, mist preventing even the distant trees from being seen. Lots of paddy birds; oxen with loaded carts, often rush partly down the side banks of this road, fearful of the coming garry. Mile 74; Campagna di Roma vividly recalled; flat plain, colour, exactly like the Campagna. All at once, what trees! like a park, ground broken and uneven, and exquisite foreground of dwarf palm just like fine fern. Wonderfully English bits of park scenery; the yellow-muslin creeper, speaking I should say of damp and unlike anything I ever saw. Pass stout English individual, spectacles, hat, sturdy pony, two ox carts, tents, and six or eight servants. "Good morning." Plain utterly uninteresting here; a solitary dak bungalow, two or three huts only about or near; a stupid life for them as lives there. Horses quicker this post; we go on better—a mile to $7\frac{1}{2}$ or 8 minutes. Ground hereabouts begins to show symptoms of a tendency to undulation. The day being gray and misty, the whole scene, great clumps or groups of trees, etc., is absolutely English and always cold enough for an overcoat. Sixth change; better horses as to going but 'jibby' at times, and turning round at right angles to the garry, once very nearly toppling over, till Giorgio (the active) jumped out on one side, and I (the inactive) scrambled out on t'other, and so all was righted. Somehow the way seemed shorter than 16 miles, and at 6 we reached the dak bungalow at Siliguri. One, Mr. Houghton, a young man, had the last room but one in the bungalow, the other only a closer; he very kindly offered his to me, while Giorgio had the other. I find this

young fellow, not only very intelligent and gentlemanly, but helpful, and I can't tell easily how much I owe to his active kindness the next day.

January 13

Mr. Houghton takes no end of trouble to get me a bullock-cart for baggage, or for myself and Giorgio if we like to ride. 8th mile; all jungle now, on each side of the road; no insects, nor lizards, nor birds; no life. Very little charm; now and again bits beginning to show more open, cutting and burning processes, and a hut or two. All at once calls out Giorgio—"Presto, presto Padrone! Le Montagne!"¹ and behold, there they were, as a mist blew off but only the Low Malaya not the true Himalaya. We find Punkabaree dak bungalow a great surprise for comfortable appearances and substantials, to wit, towels, soap, etc. The cloth is laid, and dinner brought, cum bottle of sherry, but it turns out port, so is sent back. Altogether this day's hardish work has been sufficiently unsatisfactory in all save that it has proved that Master and Man must be in pretty good health to be able to walk 16 miles in eight hours *senza*² any food, and latterly up fabulous ascents. Secondly, in having found such a friend. (Here interrupted by drunken man, a sort of navvy, knocking at the door; wants brandy and water, of which he drank no end, and exit.) As for us, the above named walkers, there were two sorts of fowl cutlets, the inevitable curry, and two bottles of beer; for no claret or sherry was to be got, and so we were glad of whatever turned up. It is so difficult to write notes as one goes on all day! The good nature of Mr. R. Houghton this morning was extreme. They would not let me have a bullock cart at all at first, and only on his speaking strongly did so. He then arranged all the detail of the journey, and finally not only packed the cart as well as he could, but walked two miles on the road with me. He is fixed as a tea planter. Giorgio and I (but why put Giorgio first? "Your humility is oppressive!" said the Viceroy)—well, I and Giorgio, after Mr. Houghton left, then walked on by very uninteresting flat ground for five more miles. We met numbers of Nepalese, picturesquely dressed, but all awfully ugly; these were amusing, and would have been good to draw, but fearing delay, I did not stop. At the seventh mile there was a *dibatchi* sort of village, and a bridge over a river; beyond this the driver suddenly pulled out his oxen and fled. Nothing could move the peasantry to help me, and so passed an hour in despair, and I speculated on returning, when a

¹"Quick, quick, sir! The mountain!"

²Without.

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Madras servant, speaking English, came up and made a row, and at last two oxen were brought and we went on. Then we came to a thicker part of *terai*; a double wall of reedy, hideous jungle for five miles on, at the end of which, the second ox-driver also fled suddenly cum his oxen, and oxenless we had to wait and wait and wait, until I became half crazy with disquiet. Giorgio's good sense and patience and helpfulness were always telling in these events. Finally we were able to set off again; but so far from all this part of the day's journey being a 'plain' as I had heard, we had to struggle up a long and tough ascent, in the rear of many other oxen-carts. These turn out to be the goods conveyances of a pleasant young fellow named Gompertz going to Darjeeling. (It strikes me now that this leaving the *roba* and cart was merely a regular matter—a post stage.) "Do you remember that the house at Highgate was once let to people of that name, Jews?—some 58 or 60 years ago? and that my mother complained that they always opened the windows in thunderstorms—for the easier entrance of the Messiah, but to greater spoiling of the furniture?" I was impressed by the sadness of this young man, as he walked slowly up the steep hill with me; he said, "Happy are you who are going out of this dreadful country in even two years' time!" Little can be said in favour of what I have seen of the landscape in this day's work except as to the woods in the ascent from Kalabaree hither, a bit of Indian scenery atoning for much blank and disappointment. Delicious water here at Punkabaree.

January 14

Bar barking dogs, slept pretty well. Trees and mist, but little drawable. Up, up; creepers and trees; and Bhutans. These folk whistle when they stop to rest, which they do leaning on a bit of bamboo strapped behind them, exactly like the *Montenegrini*. At noon we came to a wonderfully picturesque village or town; Kurseong. Wooden houses; astonishing Tibetan sort of people. A dak bungalow there is, but we go on and on. Pretty level and broad road here, the main carriage road from Siliguri; trees novel, immense, lovely. Clouds somewhat clearing off and showing vast masses of remote hill beyond deep ravine valley. The Clarendon Hotel delightful; small rooms but clean. No end of good prints; among them Frith's "Sherry, Sir?" Breakfast all super excellent, eggs and bacon, cold beef, etc. Now 1.45, I incline to walk back to Kurseong; impossible to fancy more novel picturesqueness; drew a good deal. But it grew too cold, not possible to hold a pencil. Nevertheless I drew on at times till nearly 5 and then back to English comfort. Dinner, and Mr. White, ye

landlord, dines with me and Giorgio. Soup, roast beef, very first-rate pig's face, broccoli, and pancakes, all entirely good; and a bottle of sherry. Giorgio, as always, perfectly well behaved and quiet.

January 15

Still misty; no high mountains visible. At noon walked down to Kurseong village, and made a long and large drawing; not good, for there was no sunlight, and my grievous hurt is still vastly uncomfortable, partickler if you sit on a stone. The Bhutans, Lepchas, or Nepal folk, are very cheery and civil. When I and Giorgio were half frozen, we walked some way down the high road towards Siliguri; a novelty to me, nor had I known that there was any road until lately but that we came from by Kalabaree and Punkabarree. But a great deposit of tea boxes, and some two or three hundred ox-carts by the roadside spaces here demonstrate the contrary. The children are very nice, grinning and giggling delightfully, and were they not so dirty, could, being very pretty, be likewise pleasant. Two sets of ladies on oss-back met us, and one *Albana* in a chair, carried by four men. Dinner quite surprising as to quality; soup, roast goose, *fagioli*,¹ tongue and broccoli; a great deal. This child ate very little, Giorgio nil.

January 16

Off walking up a pretty stiff ascent, though along a broad carriage road. At certain bends of this road are surprisingly fine bits of wood, and rock-girt ravines covered with immensely tall forest trees; tree-ferns also, fern and creepers. The first tree fern I saw was close to the hotel and it astonished me. Morning gray and misty and rather cold; some flakes of snowfall. About 1.30 I think we must have been near the 15th mile, but all now was impenetrable fog. A line of bazaar shops and then a road, right, leading, we hope, to cantonments. After long upward windings, all at once mist clears and shows hideous masses of ugly barrack houses. Meet artilleryman, who says "Not at Darjeeling at all, two miles farther, should have kept straight on after bazaars." Again utter fog prevails, houses like magnified coastguard stations looming out of the clouds at intervals. The hideously ugly and scatterry condition of this place seems monstrous, but owing to the thick fog, one can know little about it as yet. Mr. Doyle gives us two rooms in his comparatively comfortable hotel, which is more or less at sixes and sevens, altering,

¹French beans.

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painting, etc. Cold very oppressive, and old Giorgio knocked up by it. I gave him a glass of quinine and sherry and sate him by the fire. Dinner not very bad, but service vile. Giorgio better. I got him a fire in his room and send him to bed.

January 17

Hard mattress; back bad. Bed miserably uncomfortable but for Giorgio putting it tolerably right. He has a small backroom, cold, but with large fire. Could not get tea till 7.20. Up on hill at once. Wonderful, wonderful view of Kinchinjunga. Buy air-cushion. Back to breakfast; irritation from stupid servants, bringing cups singly. Set off with Giorgio, down as far as where some tree ferns grow, also magnificent groups of trees; but all were more or less in gray mist till 3, when Kinchinjunga began to appear again and grew continually more and more lovely.

January 18

Slept better; back better. Found the tea preparing, but sad to say for once old Giorgio had overslept himself and isn't up. However, he was up in no time, and we were on the highest point above the church by 7. The mountains were clear and most wonderful, but it was awful cold. Yet I drew on till nearly 10. Kinchinjunga is not, so it seems to me, a sympathetic mountain; it is so far off, so very god-like and stupendous, and all that great world of dark opal valleys full of misty, hardly to be imagined, forms; besides the all but impossibility of expressing the whole as a scene, make up a rather distracting and repelling whole. Got home, I gloomy, having hurt my back afresh, and vexed at doing so little.

January 19

Rose very early; lamp goes out; Giorgio gets up and all comes right. Go up to Weathercock Point. All Kinchinjunga perfectly clear. Cold, bitter cold. Work till 10, without stirring, half frozen, only kept workable by Giorgio's constant piling up and packing cloaks and blankets. He keeps himself warm by shuffling about and smoking. Called on Philips, and looked at his photographs—a long job and expensive; bought, large and small, 46 rupees worth. Later, went down the Birch road and drew at a vast view. On afterwards, ever by the beautiful path and great trees overlooking inconceivable expanses of woody distance, and always looking up to remoter heights, getting jottings of effects at times. As we reached the upper part of the station at nearly 6, Kinchin-

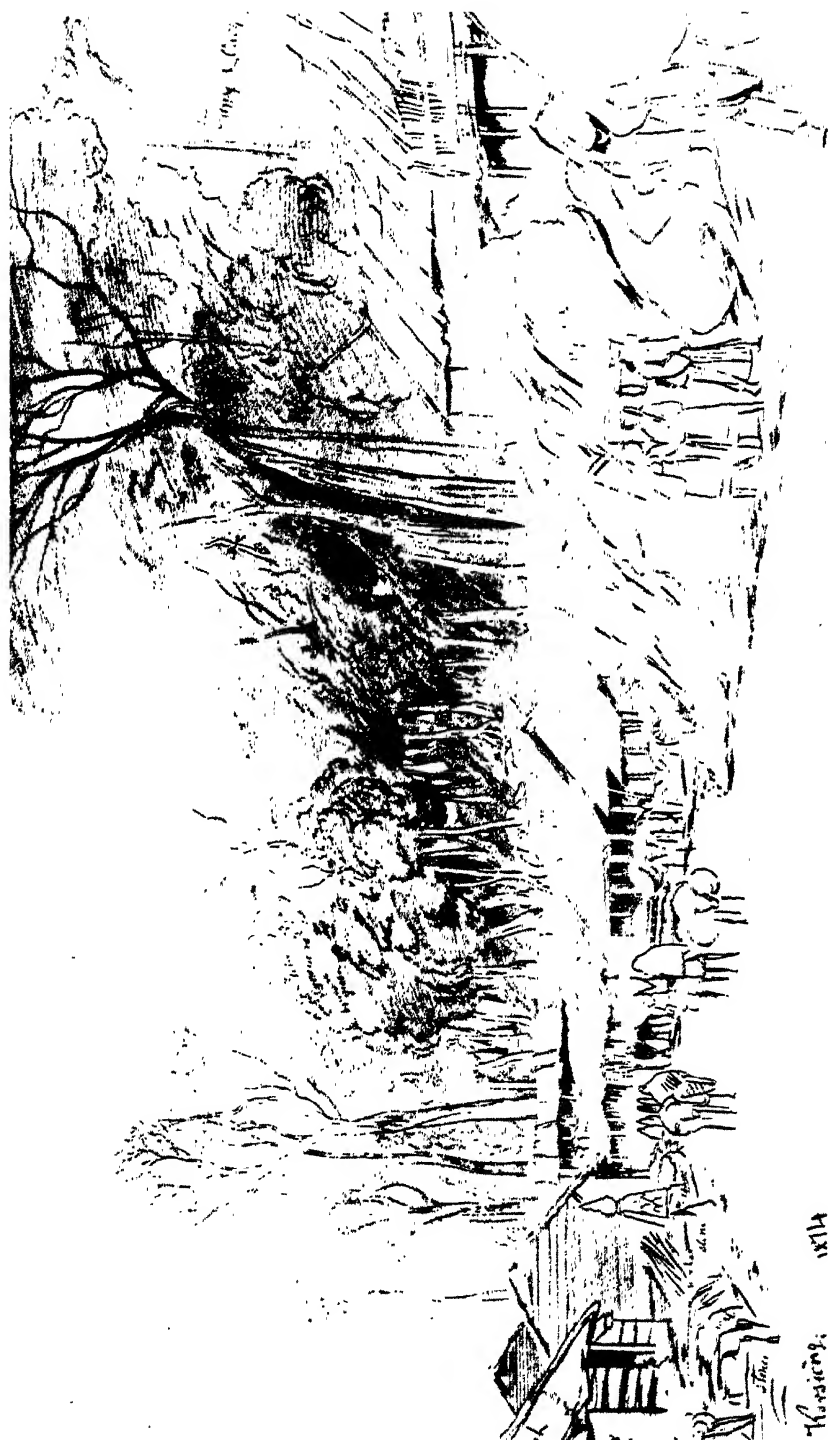
junga was still clear and all rose coloured; but the light and shade is too broken at sunset, and the absence of the beautiful broad morning effect is not atoned for by the finer colour of later hours. Kinchinjunga at sunrise is a glory not to be forgotten; Kinchinjunga in the afternoon, is apt to become a wonderful hash of Turner-esque colour and mist and space, but with little claim to forming a picture of grand effect. Dinner; I and 'only Giorgio'. I cannot be too thankful for the help I have from such a man as Giorgio, in every respect so perfectly good a servant, and so steady and faithful a friend.

January 20

Will two more days of this voluntary slavery suffice or must I stay over Sunday, the 25th? Yet rising up in the dark is the only possible way to get this south Himalayan scenery riveted into one's memory. It is now 6; Giorgio comes and reminds me of the drinking cup, for today we breakfast out of doors. (I make a list of 22 letters to be written at Darjeeling.) The mountain views are wonderful, Himalayan out and out; yet I fancy at moments, not so lovely as some I have seen in Greece, barring the incredible vegetation here. Drew bits, off and on; but the intricacy, and the depths of multitudinous detail baffle all drawing, at least, all mine. At 11, breakfast; eggs, cold mutton and claret. Heat of sun, not a little, shade cold. Difficulty of getting a passing native to take an empty bottle and surplus salt. How few birds and such as are, how absurdly they whistle and squeak; no songs. Drew; painfully enough, for there is no place to sit in or on; and if there were, so low down that the way-side shrubs opposite would prevent one's seeing the mountains. So I had to stand nearly all day, and work with my large, heavy book in my hand, whereby I was well tired out. Still suffering a good deal from my back hurt. The cold is vicious here at night, and, of course, one will have to pay considerably for comforts, only essentially necessary in such Arctic climes. The most curious vegetables here seems to me to be a fern-like creeper all over the tall tree trunks. Its decided form and deep polished green colour make it a very remarkable feature in this Darjeeling scenery; let alone its habit of destroying the trees it climbs, as well as of bedecking them.

January 21

Out of doors by 6.40. Clear morning. Kinchingunja altogether cloudless and rosy as the sun rises, but all and everything below



Kersing, January 15, 1871

Thorsing: 1874

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the loftiest points, was hidden by mist. Could only get outlines of the mountains. Went onward downhill to get various bits of trees, and worked off and on till we went back near the first spot to breakfast on cold fowl, bread and sherry. Only a few natives pass, mostly carrying loads of some sort; all seem a cheery lot, but vastly dirty. Near sunset, we were at the little Buddhist shrine, a picture, with Kinchinjunga clear and rosy, heightened beyond.

January 22

Giorgio cuts tobacco; I sort sketches. Must arrange about letters, and am pretty well resolved to borrow all I want of Lord Northbrook. To Doyle's shop, where I buy two of his and fourteen of Shepherd and Bourne's photographs. Most of the people to whom Dr. Hooker¹ gave me letters are dead, or gone, or ill, or too far off; so that I can go to none. There have been disputes about the tin due for washing and bootmending: the intensely dense stupidity of these servants being very irritating. Hurt behind not so bad today, though I still suffer from it more or less greatly.

January 23

All in cloud. Wrote all day long, barring during a visit from Mr. Assistant Commissioner Ware Edgar, a singularly nice fellow of rough exterior. "Come and make my house your home." No. "Breakfast tomorrow?" Yes. A queer day of application!

January 24

Wrote hard till 11; sending Evelyn Baring nineteen letters and one for himself. Went to Mr. Edgar's where, in spite of being but ill able to hold up, had a pleasant breakfast.

January 25

Everything packed and ready; no coolies come. At 8, a policeman, but he only stands and stares; I get frantic. At 9.03 coolies come, no rope. Helplessness of these people! 9.30, packs for three made up, but no one to carry the remainder; policeman gone again. Intense disgust. Bell of convent; singing. Nothing visible for fog. 10, cloud of coolies rush in; some twenty men. Great row! Change luggage! Off!

¹Later, Sir Joseph Hooker.

Edward Lear's Indian Journal

January 26

Set off with Edgar and Giorgio down to Kersing, drawing at times in that wonderful jungle forest, now millions of times more beautiful than when I came up on the 14th, by its contrast with the vast plains, then hidden. Edgar and I punned bad puns, told stories, and laughed. It is a long time since I passed so pleasant a day, and since I have been in such spirits. Edgar is a singularly delightful companion. By and by the moon appeared and one firefly.

January 27

Clear and fine; set off with Giorgio slowly uphill, Mr. Edgar to follow with breakfast later. Drew till 9, when Edgar came up. Then again about the third mile from hotel, where I stayed till noon, drawing the most exquisite masses of foliage perhaps in all the road, though there are so many. Edgar, to whom comes the post, advises me to go straight on to Agra, on account of the increasing fuss and misery of the famine. Much fog at times. Very surprising lunch; goose, pork, tongue, onions, tart, cheese, sherry and soda, etc. Health not right; bed at 9.

January 28

The variety and beauty of the foliage above, below and around this descent-road is wondrous! And if the weather prove fine, I can't help thinking of going up to the screwpines tomorrow, if so be they be screwpines, which I doubt, to draw my last inspiration from the soon-never-to-be-seen-anymore woods of the eastern Himalayas. The bungalow is a wooden structure, overlooking a world of forest, hill, and plain, difficult to describe owing to its astonishing vastness. Such a plain, I take it, can't be seen nowhere else; a plain indeed. Drew on the steps till 5.30. Not a very nice room; no glass, open windows, smell of contiguous fowls; wish I had some camphor. Dinner, Edgar, I and Giorgio: soup, goose, beefsteak and lastly Pistachio nuts brought from Afghanistan, and orange salad, made with orange and brandy.

January 29

The sky is not clear, yet we decided to go. Drew perpetually till we get down to the cartroad. The beautiful scenery of this short cut road is too inexpressible.

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January 30

The immense plains are clearer than yesterday, but still a wide, dim, expanse of cloudy veil. How tiny all other landscapes seem compared with these. Last evening and this morning a very melodious bird cried or crew or crowed; but birds and beasts are few, wither seen or heard, in these parts. Quiet and immensity of the scenery; silence of forest. Lovely creepers and cordage, and jungle; bamboos, many dead: hay coloured. Astonishing variety of colours, mostly deep greens, but mixed with yellow green, yellows, orange, red and brown. Bananas by the billion. Hollows and basins, ravines and depths. Reach cart road below and arrive at Siliguri at 6; rooms for me and Giorgio same as on January 12. Edgar goes to his own official bungalow. Sends for babu; no carriage empty; sends for Hadj Ismail, and neither has he a garry. So, on the strength of my being a "friend of the Viceroy", Edgar has ordered an 'expresse' for tomorrow morning at 7 for I am by no means up to travelling one of four in the ordinary dak garry. Fizz-z-z, the candle is fast going out—yet there may be time to add that nowhere in this widdle-waddle world have I met with more substantial and pleasant kindness than from Ware Edgar, from Darjeeling to this place.

January 31

Good-bye to the kind Edgar! Off 8.30; horses not bad, ditto garry. Once more, in these flat and rather bare plains, behold the fussy myna, and the tail-wagging body-swaying King crow or shrike. So far, tho' a very expensive journey, this garryism prospers. Reach Kishanganje at 3.40, which certainly looks a deadly dull place, cloudily and gray as is the sky. Dinner good in every way, extremely; and the solitary and melancholy aspect of the place is not much remembered after a good dinner in the quiet comfortable room. Read Hooker. Bed at 8. First time today, since my bad accident, that I can rise from my chair without great pain. Odd sense of security in so out of the way and solitary place as this. Good mats, however, and other comforts, and old Giorgio's constant attentions are not to be forgotten. Punkah there are, but I abjure them.

February 1

Last night there was violent rain, and this morning all is cloudy and dim blackness. The dak bungalow, however, has been a comfort here, being large and clean, and the foolish servants more rational and knowing and attentive than is usual in these forlorn places. I fear wet

luggage but hope for the best and reach the Purnea dak bungalow without rain. On asking Giorgio if he would have some pineapple (he has been more or less sulky for two days), he said gruffly, "No, *vorrei mangiar cipolli*."¹ So I waxed wroth, as he had been disagreeable more than once on my advising about his health, which it is necessary for me to do, as he takes no care whatever. Would it be right for me, and better for him, if I were to send him back from Allahabad? This garry shaking on a very sore bottom, after eight consecutive hours is horridly irritating. This place is, perhaps, a shade less dreary than Kishanganje, but it is very melancholy for all that. Time went on but nothing could be done as to getting a wash or change; and at length I made a row for dinner, ordered at 4 for 6, yet not to be had till 7.45, after great howlings. A roast leg of mutton and potatoes, by no means bad, and some curry, also tolerable; after which there was nothing else and no matter. I still turn over in my mind as to Giorgio going back from Allahabad, but I cannot decide if it is for his good or not.

February 2

Waked the lazy cooky people. Breakfast, but no garry. Go to postmaster and wake up babu, who says that I, Edward Lear, am Mr. Ross and don't want a garry and, what is more, that I owe him money. So I make an awful row, and shew him the receipt and order for today's conveyance. Finally I got off at 8.10. 8.40; horse falls, detained till 9. Sunshine and Indian atmosphere once more. Flat plain and hills beyond, the Ganges very clear and delicate. The yellow-haired or gold silk-muslin covered trees and shrubs abundant; most strange appearance. We are changing horses for the last time; be thankful for having progressed so far in safety. By noon we reached the many-carted Karagola. A search for the steamer below the crowded banks, and then down to it with four coolies; Captain Easton again. Breakfast chops and salmon. Bright and placid afternoon; alligators, porpoises, pelicans and geese. Sahibganje reached by 5; and called with Captain Easton at his bungalow and saw his flying fox. Then to dak bungalow and placed *roba* in care of the men there. Took Giorgio to the station, and ordered dinner; quite tolerable; wine ditto; but the cost! Some youths, Indigo planters, who had been racing at Purnea, were about to sit down to a fourth meal as we came away, cum gin and brandy. O climate of India! I and Giorgio got back to the dak bungalow by 7, the moon being like a ball of fire, but nightingales

¹"No, I want some onions."



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mancando.¹ An hour's hardish work in unpacking and re-packing drawings—of which, the down hill Himalayas as well as others, are very immensely valuable. (Yoss! they am.) Now I am going to bed, but a small bat flits all about—or, if not a bat, something analogous. My back gets better gradually, and I ought to be thankful for having got safely through this expedition, one of the most difficult of those I had looked forward to undertaking, and in which, without my very good servant Giorgio Suliot's care, I could have done little.

February 3

Slept pretty well; the bat did not bother. Two large wings, one the punkah, the other its shadow, seemed like angels dimly moving, and some, more prone to superstition than am I, might suppose a guardian spirit (e.g.—dear Ann's),² watching. But such mixture of the seen and unseen has ever been silliness to me, though I fully think of the latter as reality. These dak bungalows are not so uncomfortable after all. Breakfast; bad tea. Out at 7; vast view, east and west, but too indefinite and extensive, almost quite impossible to imitate on paper. Of course all distance is misty, and no mountains visible afar. Giorgio's tobacco cost 3 Rupees/2 annas. Wrote a note to R. J. Bush to send Captain Easton two Nonsense. Drew bits of Gangetic scenery. Dinner, not very bad; soup decent, chops hard; beefsteak tolerable, potatoes good, curry excellent. Giorgio, my generally mute companion, is nevertheless really good company, being always in the way, and never in the way, a wonderful example of servant and friend, or companion, united. Back still suffering; whether spine is injured or not, who can say, but if it had been, I do not think I could have walked so much. Anyhow, come what may ahead, I ought to be thankful that the Darjeeling expedition has been so happily carried out.

February 4

Tried to get an outline of the Himalaya before sunrise from above the ghat. But as I got there, the sun rose, and there was only a very rosy, snowy-pale line fading away rapidly. Came with four coolies to station. There, got two fowls, four eggs, two loaves, and a bottle of claret for 4 Rs./8 and now, I "stand and wait". But so far from the goods train,

¹Missing.

²His eldest sister, Ann Lear, who brought him up.

by which it is arranged that I am to go to Colgong, coming at 8, it is now 9 and nothing is known about it, not even if it hath left Burdwan, whereby hurry and trouble, time and tin are all thrown away. 12.30 we get into brake van and are off; very intelligent and obliging guard, Devonshire man. No end of palmyra palm hereabouts growing out of bushy, stunted, pollard-looking trees; I suppose these palms come from seed thrown accidentally. Very cheerful, beautiful country. At Colgong, the guard gave me and my luggage into the keeping of a fat babu station-master, who also was particularly civil. I and Giorgio then set out walking towards the Ganges, by lanes, with cottages and much picturesque vegetation. Once only was I doubtful about the road, but when I said, "*Rusta kai Gunga?*" the right way was instantly pointed out. At the river, which has gone astray widely of late years, the current formerly coming close to the rocks, are the Colgong Rocks, two great masses or piles of gray and pale granite, not very unlike many such about Philae, only these have greenery above and about. The day since noon having been rather cloudy, there was very little light and shade, yet there was a certain charm prevailing and pervading of wildness and wideness of space. It took some time to reach the spot I had marked out for a view (and O! the Castor-oil fields! and the *immondezze*¹ therein!) and there I made a rather good drawing; yea, two, though many hours would be necessary to detail the scene, one thoroughly Indian. What lines of women going through the shallow water, to fill their jars from the stream near the rocks, where doubtless it is clearest. Such boats! so undrawably full of light bamboos; such crowds of queer, merry children and no end of birds! The people here seemed both to me and to Giorgio peculiarly quiet, civil, and *allegro*.² After sunset, we walked towards the station; what hosts of myna musicalizing in the bamboos! At the railway, where we had to wait, a sore and sad repetition of this morning's toil, till 8. Thenceforth, the railway travel was odious, slow, darkness. Reached Jamalpur at length—11.45 and instantly secured the only vacant room, a large one, in Kellner's establishment. Giorgio has a sofa, and quickly makes up the beds, then joins me in a trivial supper of beef and beer.

February 5

No rest in India; off in a hurry in a train to Monghyr. Discover that I have left or lost my opera glass; great cultivation of temper

¹Filth.

²Cheerful.

required. Reach Monghyr and much pestering of men and boys as guides. Ask way of an old railway cove, who told me; but added, "You must beat these fellows before they will go away." Walked on and entered fort walls. Lower fort, pretty houses and gardens; Anglo-Indian station; church; prison, etc. Went up to highest house, supposing it that of Mr. Lockwood, to whom I had a letter, but it was not so. Met Mr. L. in *strada*; amiable, but possibly silly; talked of his father-in-law's drawings, asked me to a tiger-hunt, etc., then walked with me and showed me edge of fort, from which certainly the two best views of the Ganges, looking East and West down and up, are to be had. But all was misty with a little rain, so I did but little, though Mr. Lockwood kindly borrowed an opera glass for me from a neighbouring bungalow. The footwalls, and bits of rock, are dark brown and gray and ochre and Indian red, all rather gloomy, with ancient scraps all about, and dark trees all reflected in the river. To get rid of a lot of boys and men who surrounded me and drove me wild, I suddenly spat at them, whereat they ran away like mad, which made old Giorgio laugh as I have not seen him for many a long day. Sky all gray and cloudy; move on. Very rich dark red colouring, with grays, like Pavia, or some old Piedmont places. A forlorn air of antiquity pervades Monghyr; undoubtedly it commands the very finest view of the Ganges each way, and were it to rain now, and clear for tomorrow, I could find it in my heart to return and draw the river. As it now is, all attempts at drawing are useless. Looked into the cemetery, full of old Pyramidal tombstones or monuments, which at a distance, I had first thought were Moslem; all very ricketty, and some very old, 1769, etc.: the whole place badly kept and unpleasant to see. Came down to a sort of wharf, from which side alone Dr. Hooker's vignette could have been drawn I think, but surely no such high forts could ever have existed; anyhow, now there are only crumbly banks and bits of old wall. At 11 came to station, where an excursion station master is writing, a babu waiting, and a bearer squatting. Presently we find that the train will not go before 1.20, so we think to set out to walk through bazaars; the shops with the usual amount of dirt but the houses often curiously neat and ornamented. Leaving these, the country becomes quite lovely, the groups of tamarind, of palmyra and date palm and all sorts of domestic vegetation being of the finest kind I have yet seen. Rain falls at times, not much, and I got a sketch or two. At one time, a real live ichneumon crossed the road, and we watched him afterwards garden-wise. We got to the station just before our Monghyr train came in and were soon back in Jamalpur, whereon I and Giorgio ate

up the rest of the cold fowl of Sahibganje with some sherry and water. After these events, Giorgio went to sleep, and I talked with Signor Guiseppe Morla, or Morella, the keeper of these rooms and a Sorrento boy who came out in a Liverpool ship aged 17, forty years ago, and has been employed ashore ever since. Went to sleep for a bit. Next, rainy as it was, viewed the padrone's garden, along with Giorgio; peas, tomatoes, mint and other luxuries; also tame pigs, and a sodawater machine. Evening, very damp and gray. Dinner, padrone presiding and two engineers, Jamalpur being a fountainhead of all sorts of railway ironworks. These coves say a good many French workmen are here and a few Italians; but two thirds of the whole are Scotch. Substance of dinner first rate, soup less so; stewed pigeons; then pig's face, and boiled fowl, *prima qualità*; lastly, sublime pancakes. This with claret and soda, and later a cup of real good coffee, was not to be despised. A Scotch engineer discoursed well; he has been here many years, and thinks Mongyhr, as it really seems to be, one of the best stations in India.

February 6

Alas! The weather looks worse than it did yesterday. Presently it began to rain, and so hard that in hopes of a change tomorrow, I resolved to give Monghyr another chance and stay over today. Breakfast at 10, all very good if they would but bring the tea at first. Guiseppe Morella says of Giorgio, "Seems to be lost and sad, possibly only manner" but, in truth, Giorgio has been merrier these two days past than for a long time. The padrone of this place is a great gain. inasmuch as he spares himself no trouble to make you comfortable. In fact, except at Kurseong, one has hardly been so much so in any part of India. As the weather cleared, I and Giorgio walked out. This great working station is a very curious one; immensely long streets or roads, broad and well kept, are traced at right angles; and named Queen street, Victoria street, Albert, Church St., etc. Many of these have houses on each side, standing detached in nice gardens, in which are no end of all possible kind of vegetables, and often delightful flowers. Among other matters, the walls all about here are pasted up with 'Grace Egerton' (the Mrs. Case of our Indian *rubattino*), who comes here on Monday next, to act in *Odd People* whatever that may be. At dinner the Scotch engineer sate next to me, and talked of Indian matters generally. He says of babus, "They go only so far, and provided they are in a groove, but out of that groove they stop or halt." His experience makes him believe that Mahomedans, educated equally as

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babus, are far more apt and enlightened, and able to move beyond the groove they have been brought up to revere. Dinner good; soup very tolerable, roast fowl, beefsteak pie good; ditto plumpudding. Queer sailor, of Derbyshire, loquacious character from Charles Dickens. 8.30, came to bed. Giorgio Kokali has been a good and faithful servant to me for many years, but how very many of his best qualities only come out now in this hard Indian journey! His quiet, content, and unmurmuring patience, and his constant attention to me, his often wrong-doing master!

February 7

Back to Monghyr and go up to the corner of the fort, where work till nearly 11. Too much wind for comfort and, naturally, no Himalayas visible. But there is extreme majesty in the Ganges, looking every way; with boats, a fine picture might be made, and the north view, with the temples and rich foliage is valuable. At 12.30 got to the little lake or tank with fan or palmyra palms, and cattle drinking and women bathing. There, lunch on bread, beef, fowl, and a bottle of Rudesheim, but the hard eggs were not hard at all, but rather *gebrocken* were. Next, we cross a bungalow garden, but are assailed by dismal dogs, and then by a servant sent out to ask why we trespass, to whom I say "Attcha" authoritatively, and he collapses and retires. Walk on a mile or two and draw, but badly.

February 8

Off in train for Arrah; very bright and beautiful morning. These fan palms towering above all things, infinitely spotting the plain, and seeming like specks against the pale hills, and over the dark masses of mango. But in general the landscape grows flat and bare, myriads of dry squares, rice beds, being the prevailing characteristic. We lunch celestially on bread and cold boiled mutton and sherry. All this part of India which I previously passed at night, is far from lovely. Arrah seems rather a shady, seedy-looking place; but the dak bungalow, close to the station, is decidedly clean and good; nevertheless, a low-hung punkah, against the end of which I knocked my head violently, would assuredly have killed me had I not had my hat on: whereon I had it directly taken down. Coolies brought *roba*. Having arranged things, I went out and asked for Boyle Sahib's bungalow, and everybody knew it, an old creature showing me the way, which is for $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile along the high road, where there is a

magnificent border of palmyra palms, and then through a park or compound to the house I wanted to see. Sent in a card to Mr. Elliot who lives in the larger compound or sort of flat park, both houses being close together. Mr. Elliot was particularly amiable and polite, and told me the billiard room opposite was the building held out by Boyle, the three rebel regiments each 1,000 strong, being in and about the principal house, which Boyle had vacated on their approach, in order to have a better chance of holding out a smaller building. How it was that these 3,000 rebels, with 5,000 other troops of some defective rajah and two thousand or thereabouts of the town's people, did not take and destroy Boyle and his set, one can only account for by the theory that these natives were either cowards or fools or both. Although on Boyle's side there were but forty in all, they had up-be-blocked the billiard room so well, storing it with provisions, that they could fire on any straggler. Once, Boyle's heard hammering on iron in the bedroom exactly opposite the billiard room, and knowing that this was the railway money chest, fired directly across and, hitting the men employed in breaking it open, stopped that game. Another time, one of the rebels climbed up the high tree next the billiard room, and began to fire through the windows; but Boyle shot him, and the body not falling down, being caught between two branches, stank so badly in a few days as more nearly to drive them to capitulate than all the enemy could do. I made a drawing of this very curious historical spot, and now sit on a wall and write these here notes. A good many people and children came round, but were all well behaved enough. Dinner was good altogether, chicken cutlets, and a really good roast fowl, with potatoes and turnips and one of the very best curries I have eaten in India; Bass's beer and general satisfaction. Undoubtedly, common-place and uninteresting as Arrah appears to the passing eye, it is one of those places that include or exhibit a marked episode of a great phase of English history. Boyle's defence of the 'House in Arrah' was one of the most striking features of that mutiny period.

February 9

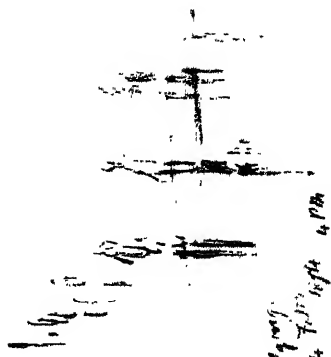
Disturbed by noises; rose at 5, very good breakfast; this dak bungalow is one of the best I have been at. Coolies to station and talk with station master, who was at Darjeeling when Hooker and Campbell were prisoners in Sikkim. Also he was at the relief of Cawnpore. Lcetle, feeble elderly R.C. priest in second compartment. He is Torinese, and

was stationed for years at Cawnpore. Now, invalided, after 35 years work in India, is going to Chunar. Fearful female in yellow gown, white muslin shawl, and red toes. Vast flat plain ever, with dry square rice pans; trees hardly any, and those on the flat horizon only. The old priest says he shall never see Turin again unless he is able to look down on it from Heaven. Breakfast on Guiseppe Morella's mutton, some new bread and the rest of the sherry, all very welcome. The priest would only take a very little of the latter, though I made him lovely sandwich of toast and mutton. Country on each side vastly stupid. Sort of mimosa trees now abound. Air cushion a great blessing, and thank God, my back gets better daily. Before 3 the fortress of Chunar was evident, being on the last spur of a low bridge of hills, and it seems to be very picturesque. At the station I find three exits, no dak bungalow, no hotel nor no nothing of any kind or sort! A heap of dismay! At length, a small boy, speaking English, comes forward; says his uncle, a sergeant, has a house in the Lower Lanes where I can sleep. Whereon a garry is packed, the boy, Henry Nolan, sits outside, and we go through some two miles of bazaars and out into station cantonments bungalows, whence Mr. Morris comes out and says rather coldly, "Can take me in, but I must rough it." The house I am to go to is a single room, detached, and close by and is swept out at once; the *roba* meanwhile, having been taken into the sergeant's house, whence it is soon ejected by a not very agreeable-looking fat half-caste wife. About 4, dinner being promised at 6 or 7, I and Giorgio set out with the boy over quite flat ground, towards the Ganges. Great banyan trees here and there, four or five bungalows in compounds, all having a dampy and desolate look rather. At the foot of a huge banyan, close to the river, is seen a really fine view of Chunar fort, and this I draw. Birds in the trees and tin-potty birds also in numbers about. By 6.30 returned to Mr. Morris's, but he was gross and disagreeable: "I do not keep an eating house" etc. Verily, Anglo-Indians of this kind are a bore, and humbugs. O the infinity of dogs all about this house and all over the place! At length, food. Giorgio has got the outhouse room all in order wonderfully soon, and we thought dinner was coming, but the beer sent for can't be had, "Not sent no money," so I sent two rupees accordingly and we now wait. Presently we go into the domestic Morris house for dinner (the Bass bottles having come) and we sate down. Some really good roast mutton, cabbage and peas were a treat, and we refused curry, etc. And after all, the very fat brown lady was sufficiently pleasant and genial and all went on well. She smoked a wonderfully barbarous arrangement, a kind of hookah. They say hyenas

come quite close about here, and pick up puppies. Altogether the company separated mutually pleased with each other; moreover, Sergeant Morris is not only from county Louth, but from Ardee! and he knew Mr. Ruxton and all Fortescues generally!

February 10

Slept really very well, Giorgio having supplemented the too short bedstead with a chair, while the two saddlebags and my folio made a table for the light. Very well pleased to have found this queer place so tenantable. Off at 7 with little Henry Nolan. Lovely calm plain at sunrise. Large green woodpeckers, no, barbets, on tree tops, all the world resounding with hammer and anvil rappings. Immense neem and other trees, parky. The way, close to the river, leads by a lot of the prettiest possible Hindu temples, and the whole scene is thoroughly Indian. Then up to the fort, which has been a regular stronghold; now only containing a battalion of invalid soldiers, one of Native Infantry, and a company of the 107th. Also some political prisoners. From the two-gun battery so called, the view of the Ganges is indescribably beautiful and I wish I could have drawn it; I tried twice, but had to give it up, since the enormous amount of detail in it would have required a far longer time than I could give. Meanwhile, Henry Nolan, our guide, is sent for, his liberty-day ticket being refused, no wonder, for it was thus worded, "Leave, solicited; for matters of great importance in the station." So I and Giorgio walked a little on the fort, but native sentinels began to bother, and though I walked up to the Officers' Quarters, no one was there. Whereon I decided to come away, as time was flitting. Certainly I never saw a more magnificent river-scene than this of the Ganges from Chunar fort. The richness of the vegetation is unspeakably beautiful, and the immense semi-circle of the broad placid Ganges, gorgeous. Came down, and walked round the fort to the west side, but the length of the whole is too great for a drawing. Howbeit, I got a scrap from a place on a height all covered with bones and frequented by donkeys. By noon, at Mr. Morris's, breakfast not prepossessing, not at all the more so from the presence of a very dirty Eurasian, and of a particularly filthy and all but nude servant, hardly decent. The Morris's notwithstanding, are good sort of folk; but I have the weakness to dislike nutmeg in my food, so I ate but little. Then arranged the garry and paid Mr. Morris four rupees for the 'entertainment' and two rupees for the garries. She declared the four rupees "too much for very little", and absolutely forced some gingerbread and two pints of beer



7/17/74 4 PM

COLONG—February 4, 1874

January 9—February 16

upon us. Certainly this Chunar exploit, a very risky one, has turned out very tolerably well. Reach Allahabad at 7.05, my third arrival there. A good way on foot to Kelner's Hotel, where I was given a budget of letters, and a good room, with a small one close by for Giorgio. We were discussing why, among all letters, none should have come for poor old Giorgio, but soon, a still graver matter occupied me. The death of dear Sarah.¹ We live and live and live on and perhaps so living from day to day through long years, feel these losses less. If so, let us thank God for it is so.

February 11

Wandered about the bazaars with Giorgio and discovered, or thought we discovered, one or two bits worth drawing; but on the whole Allahabad does seem an ugly place. The ever odious succession of eight angled roads, with fearful bungalows, barracks, buildings of all sorts, each one uglier than the former, here and there only one of tolerable form and proportion. At the farthest corner of the fort is a point overlooking the junction of the two rivers, Jumna and Ganges, and a very grand sight it is, and would be far more so when the two rivers come close to the walls. I drew till 4.30 or 5, then drove back all along the ugly roads.

February 12

Rage, not being over well, nor having slept well, at their bringing me quite cold tea with milk in it and no sugar.

February 13

Try to get a portfolio at various places, but to no purpose. Came back and wrote till 2. Slight tiffin. Then cleared out all bags and boxes, and rearranged everything for new travel and toil; tiresome work. At 4.30 walked out with Giorgio; I cross, but that he never is. Dusty odious roads. While drawing birds for the landlord's little girl before dinner, another little girl just as I was drawing an owl, called out, "O please draw a pussy cat too! because you know they went to sea in a boat, with plenty of honey and money wrapped up in a £5 note!" On inquiry,

¹His sister, Mrs. Street, who had died in New Zealand.

I found that she and all the school she went to had been taught that remarkable poem !

February 15

This journey from Allahabad to Agra has not been by any means so terrible as I had foreshadowed it. From some cause or another, I got more or less sleep, nor had I, as generally, cramps over certain other railway-created miseries. The Taj Mahal, as you approach the fort, seems to be on the opposite side of the river, owing to the Jumna winding so much; the fort looks to be a wondrous specimen of Mogul architecture. Beyond these things, threading a line of very dirty bazaars, we get to a bungalow standing in a small compound, styled Harrison's Tourist's Hotel and after a wash, and some food, set off to see the Taj. This perfect and most lovely building infinitely surpassed all I had expected, principally on account of its size, and its colour. It is quite impossible to imagine a more beautiful or wonderful sight. Afterwards I went to the fort, and all about the building there, with which I was delighted and astonished beyond expression, particularly with the view of the river Jumna and of the Taj Mahal from the ramparts, or rather battlements. The colouring of Agra is amazingly beautiful. But I grew tired.

February 16

Came to the Taj Mahal; descriptions of this wonderfully lovely place are simply silly, as no words can describe it at all. What a garden ! What flowers ! What gorgeously dressed and be-ringed women; some of them very good-looking too, and all well clothed though apparently poor. Men, mostly in white, some with red shawls, some quite dressed in red, or red-brown; orange, yellow, scarlet, or purple shawls, or white; effects of colour absolutely astonishing, the great centre of the picture being ever the vast glittering ivory-white Taj Mahal, and the accompaniment and contrast of the dark green of cypresses, with the rich yellow green trees of all sorts ! And then the effect of the innumerable flights of bright green parrots flitting across like live emeralds; and of the scarlet poinciannas and countless other flowers beaming bright off the dark green ! The tinker or tinpot bird ever at work; pigeons, hoopoes and, I think, a new sort of mynah, pale dove colour and gray; also squirrels, and all tame, and endlessly numerous. Poinsettias are in huge crimson masses, and the purple flowered bougainvillaea runs up the cypress trees.

January 9—February 16

Aloes also, and some new sort of fern or palm, I don't know which. The garden is indescribable. Below the Taj Mahal is a scene of pilgrim-washing and shrines, altogether Indian and lovely. What can I do here? Certainly not the architecture, which I naturally shall not attempt, except perhaps in a slight sketch of one of two direct garden views. Henceforth, let the inhabitants of the world be divided into two classes—them as has seen the Taj Mahal; and them as hasn't.



CHAPTER THREE

February 17—March 7

February 17

Angry at not getting off before 7.30; the service here is very stoopid. Finished my morning idea of the Taj Mahal, and then made three drawings of the bathing places and one of the fort. Giorgio watches crocodiles of which there are 10 or 12 young brutes all on a sandbank. Comes fluttering down a white egret and, plump, the whole society rush into the river in a funk! This morning's drawing was pleasant in some ways, as there was air, and not hot air. But the places I was obliged to draw from were by no means pleasant, the stone railing being so low that I once very nearly fell over. Today there were no bathing people, or very few, all the great mass of many thousands which I saw yesterday being pilgrims, mostly returning from Benares. Each carries a long pole with two baskets containing, I believe, pots of water from various holy rivers. Many of their women are very good looking, and dress in the most gorgeous chintzes, with red, yellow and white shawls. So at noon I came away from this most beautiful of all earthly buildings, with more of regret than one is used to feel in these later days. No words can give an idea of the finished and brilliant loveliness of the Taj Mahal and its gardens. Out of the gates we came to our tree of yesterday, where a very slight and seedy repast, to wit, hard boiled eggs and still harder boiled mutton, bread with sherry and water, was perhaps wholesome more than a larger and better meal. No end of kites and crows dispute the relics of the feast. The air is delightful, and the heat not so great as to be unpleasant. A large owl with enormous eyes and white and gray mottled plumage, diversifies the situation, as doth a multitude of pigeons veering about, at the call of people in a compound below their airy abodes. Queer, umbrella-topped gimcrack carts pass, which I have not drawn and shall not. Went to a



The plains of India from Kersing, January 26, 1874

February 17—March 7

place of tombs near the road, and drew, to make a foreground for my fort drawing. The trees about and above the tombs are somewhat like mimosas or acacias, and grow plentiful about Agra. The tombs are old, grey and blacky-ochre, and knocked about and dusty. After this, we went across a very waste, barren bit of ground to the other road nearest the Jumna, and there, casually going up to the top of rising ground, I discovered a better view of the fort and river than I had yet seen; and saw, too, a very small monkey dressed perfectly as a soldier which made us laugh horribly.

February 18

I was drawing the beautiful rosy fort by 7.30, which, at this hour, is perfectly lovely, one great line of rose-colour, barring the silver-ivory mosques, a deep, deep rose and silver reflex in the river. These quiet, earliest morning hours are beyond all words! I got three sketches in spite of dust and cold wind, and so we returned to the hotel, where native musicians with 'arps and monotonous voices sing at the door. On the way we see bodies carried to burial, gay in pink, yellow or white, and with lots of cheerful corpse-bearers who shout at times and laugh amain. After no end of odious, dusty roads and horrid jolting, quite unbearable but for the air-cushion, after tombs and tombs and more tombs, we reached Sikandra. An immense garden with four vast gates; in the midst, a very surprising palace, principally red and white in colour and with bewildering adornments of pinnacles, galleries, etc. All around, flowers and trees, lovely, lovely place; chock full of birds, too, pigeons and Alexandrian parrots, also of squirrels. As I write these notes there are 15 parrots, two mynas, and one squirrel on the pavement close to my feet. These Indian palaces are wonderful and, perhaps, repay the great fatigue and bother of going to see them. The sky for this drawing is very pale and full of light, but the whole upper story and many little domelets come off it brilliantly. Very disagreeable itchings first announced, becoming a sort of blotches. Tell me, my soul, can this be prickly heat?

February 19

Arranged all for Gwalior tour. Pleasant morning, garry decently roomy. Endless—O!—endless bungalows and straight flat roads! Full of barn or farm-like homesteads and cattle. Some bungalows are raised high on mounds of earth, here and there an old wall or tomb, and

everywhere vast *spianatas*¹ as Giorgio calls them. Before 9, the walls cease, and the wide view expands and amplifies its flatness and ugliness. Many heavy wheeled, eight harnessed buffalo carts carry out stones. A few pilgrims, with their balanced baskets. Collections of very dirty dung; searching and carrying women. About now I make out the ensuing list of possible subjects:

1. Jubbulpore	8	9. Sahibgange	4
2. Lucknow	10	10. Kolgang	4
3. Cawnpore	5	11. Monghyr	6
4. Dinapore	5	12. Chumar	4
5. Calcutta	30	13. Arrah	1
6. Road to	10	14. Allahabad	1
7. Darjeeling	30	15. Agra	10
8. Kersiong	10		

I fancy Dholepur is a very mean, humbuggy town; yet just opposite this dak bungalow are a tank and a pagoda, quite lovely. So I began to draw, very uneasily, as it was hot and one had only the ground to sit on. Quite near the pagoda are tents, and a lot of soldiers, horses, camels, and elephant, and all possible sorts of Indian picturesquenesses. By degrees, wound up matters, and tried the telegraph office, hopeful of buying some beer, but no one was there. Then to the Resident's bungalow, where Major Dennehy, who was sitting writing on a verandah, was most kind. Mrs. Dennehy was also extremely friendly, an odd but kindly woman, with a sort of half French, half Irish manner; they, or at least she, appeared disappointed that I would not come and stay there. Major Dennehy is Regent for, or Governor of, the little Rajah of Dholepur, a funny little chap eleven years old, though looking not more than seven or eight and glittering in blue and other hue'd velvets cum satin. They made me take a glass of sherry and soda (and Giorgio also): and Major Dennehy proposed that I should go with him to see the smaller Rajah of Suttra (Juttra? Futtra?) to which I unthinkingly said yes. "But then," said Major Dennehy, "if you go to him, who is the young Dholepur Rajah's tributary, and do not visit the Rajah himself and also his mother, the youth will be angry." Whereon I preferred giving up both visits. Major Dennehy says there are a lot of temples not two miles away, and describes them as well worth seeing. Sat with Mrs. Dennehy sometime longer and

¹Open spaces.

February 17—March 7

came away; chancing, however, to meet with Major Dennehy in his carriage and with his guards; he would drive me back to the dak bungalow, where I foolishly arrived in State. Having nothing to offer in the way of a drink but water, I resolved later to write a note and ask for some beer and did so, promising on my return to stay at the Residency. What a very place of mud walls is this! Mrs. Dennehy later sent the kindest note with heaps of fluid.

February 20

Slept tolerably, barring noises of people outside. Nothing to pay, bar tips. Low hills on the right soon left behind then very strange ravines, and shattery, volcanic-looking, clay peaks, and an old castle, and no end of real plain beyond; all very wild and curious. Reach river Chambal, a fine broad stream; bridge of boats, immense crowds of oxen carts. Some 200 or 300 pilgrims with baskets on poles, and red banners; all very interesting. Still all up hill, and the syce has got down ten times to help the 'osses. Approach to Gwalior fine, a long absolutely isolated rock, apparently immensely picturesque. At 1.30 reached the dak bungalow at Morar, a remote cantonment; after just six hours of driving, and yet not extremely uncomfortable. But my dismay was great at finding that in coming to Morar we turned away from the fort, and gradually drove quite away from it altogether some four or five miles. Morar is on the plain, and seemingly, a large military station. I and George set out walking, and meeting Anglo-Saxon soldiers, found the way to the Residency, a large place, at least a mile and a half away. What possesses Anglo-Indians to scatter their dwellings so widely? Colonel and Mrs. Willoughby Osborne were at home, and both most cordial, but having only arrived here three days ago had literally no rooms ready but their own one. But, would I have a tent? Not at all asked by way of compliment, but really as hospitality. To all requests I said no; but sate at, though partook little of their tiffin, which seemed first rate. The walk back only developed camels and sepoys, oxen cum drivers, goats, and some queerly behaved light gray jays, of which I had already seen some in the Taj gardens. But, except some little record-scraps of the vast Gwalior rock-fortress, I took little by my walk, and reached the dak bungalow by about 7. Giorgio who is always good and patient made the room pretty comfortable. But the dinner was disastrously bad! Hard beef, steak, and harder mutton chops, and curry of the very filthiest description. Also the service is rather odious. Later, Colonel Osborne sent Tod's magnificent Rajest-

han book, and when Giorgio had gone to bed, I looked over it, but doubt as to the correctness of many of the views in it, notwithstanding that they were done by Mr. Hunter Blair.

February 21

Though feeling unwell and unfit for any movement, rose all the same. Good old Giorgio got everything right, and the infinitely foolish *kitnutgar* gave me some really good tea; so that by 7 we were off. A very long straight road, an hour and a half's walk, only took us to the foot of the fort; the picturesqueness of the place is extreme. We began to thread endless narrow bazaars, no one taking the least notice of us, and at last came out on the outside of all the buildings; among tombs. Here we looked about for the high ruined gateway on a detached height, which I had observed on coming hither, and went to its summit. The view thence of the fort of Gwalior and of the city below with all its houses, is vastly like that of the Acropolis and city of Athens heights, and immensely lovely. So I drew, and drew, and drew until disturbed by the crows and many children, when we came down to some granite detached rocks, shadow-throwing, and there lunched quietly enough on fowl and bread, sherry and water and oranges. We left the boulders and the kites, and came down that hill of tombs; and so, by long slow giros through dusty bazaars we have come now inside the fort gates, and are slowly mounting up the road. People all quiet and civil; they are far finer than any I saw in Bengal and dress better. Affection to children, noticeable; dogs few, and those mute. Turtles and hoopoes abundant. From the top, the view over the plain with the old Mahratta palace on the left, is extensive and fine. One of my feet which had been hurt earlier by a bit of hard leather became more painful. Nor would I go to see the Happy Valley, so called, for the same reasons; preferring to get a sketch on the way down. The fort is dismantled and very curious; some extremely old temples there are, and lots of statues, defaced by Mussulmen piety. So I came away, and drew the descent and the old place and the plain till 4.35 and then, at the gate, found the Resident's carriage and pair waiting, a great blessing, as my foot was very bad. There was also an elephant, sent for my use if I preferred to ride him, which I assuredly didn't.

February 22

Not over well; too much fatigue yesterday. Resolved to take a quinine powder, and did so. This, and replying to a kind note from



A page from Lear's sketch book in India

Colonel Osborne, took up time, and there was likewise a fearful trial of a pair of Martin-Bowley's new boots. Strange to say my heel was not bothered, so off we set. How gorgeous is the colouring of this east, *qua* draperies, etc. Still the kettle-mending bird works away! What long-legged goats are here! Drew the fort, in itself perhaps not so picturesque, as that it is so *qua* background of so many good figures and Indian incident. Draw again nearer the gate, and then at the edge of the village of tombs, and by noon we are out on the yellow environs, and partaking of a shady breakfast of two eggs and two small fowls, two spoonfuls of sherry, and two bottles of soda water, cum two loaves of bread. While sitting here, a pleasant breeze is blowing, and a scatterly lot of sheep come round. I declare, for just about here is woundily like the Campagna, I dare not now think of Italy or Italian days, any more than Enoch Arden could of home. At a distance a line of Scindia troops pass, very gay and yellow; and after them a most gorgeous scarlet and crimson and yellow robed elephant, with umbrella shaded dignitaries him upon, possibly the Scindia himself; also a blue and red bedecked camel. At 1, we moved athwart the plain to a rising ground covered with Mussulman tombs, some very pretty, others mere heaps of stones, all more or less in decay. There I got a very good distant view of Gwalior fortress. Next we found our road stopped by a stream, so had to retrace our steps a good way, and finally got to the high road, on which, after once more drawing on a bridge over the afore-named impassable stream, we have gone on stepping silently until now, when we are in sight of the Residency, and I sit on a wall and write this. Never shall I forget these Gwalior roads, nor indeed any Indian roads! But I am thankful to say that both as to my foot and as to my general health, I am far better today than I was yesterday. Also, Giorgio is in good force and livelier. Bath and dressing, and now await the Resident to fetch me; and a waiting it was! Whereas old Giorgio said often, "They have gone round by the church," "The clocks vary," etc., etc., nevertheless it seemed hard to me, who only longed to go to bed after a hard day's work, to wait thus. Yet, for all my fuss, they came after all at the very time appointed; and so, having driven to the Residency, we went to dinner. Room, table, dinner, lights, service, wines, dishes, all of first rate order and taste. Champagne in rivulets, and good. But apart from all this, even if there had been a bad dinner say of raw pork and onions, Mrs. Willoughby Osborne would have made one forget it, for a more pleasant and nice and lady-like person, possessing lots of general knowledge, and naturally of local Indian information, one may hardly

ever sec. Col. Osborne is equally A.1 in his way; they have been nine years in Bhopal. Being *alquanto fatecato*,¹ I had expected to fall fast asleep, but *au contraire* behaved decently, at least I believe so.

February 23

Drove very quickly and generally well, but at 10.20, about the 46th mile from Agra, the horses having just been changed, we suddenly rushed to the left, and we were over the embankment in no time. Happily there was no precipice there, as there is farther on, and we were stopped by a hut just below the embankment, one of a cluster altogether in a heap. On the wheels of our garry crushing in through the frail top of this hovel, the crash of pots and pans, the cries of people and of parrots in cages was supreme! But as, on the horses going towards the edge, I had felt sure that the carriage must come to grief, the way in which it did so was a relief. After a good deal of compensation row, we got off again, and reached the Dholepur dak bungalow by 1; the journey, barring the upset, having been very bearable. It grows hotter manifestly day by day now! I went to the Residency and found they had expected me to drive there direct, and they had pitched a tent for Giorgio. But, I said Giorgio should remain where he was, for I well knew he would be more comfortable so. Mr. Dennehy is kind enough, yet the fuss and bore of the servants is frightful. The young Rajah was there, a bore also, as he fidgeted my life out. They gave me some good breakfast, and by and by came Giorgio and then, in spite of offers of horses, elephants, etc. I and he set off for Much Kroond. A sandy and fatiguing road at first, but afterwards leading on below most beautiful mango trees, a perfect park or garden. Then a bit of bare ground below russet-yellow hills, and a short steep pull up to what seemed a small village on a rising ground. Arrived there, we threaded some lanes among temples, or tombs, or houses, and then all at once came on the loveliest little tank, surrounded by innumerable pagoda-shrines, and ghats, and all sorts of prettinesses, the whole, with peepul trees to boot, reflected in the clear water. The columns of the shrines are nearly all red (Indian red) the domes mostly black-gray, but some are white, and the depth of and brilliancy of colour of this quiet scene made a most delightful picture. Pigeons there were too in numbers; ducks; and no end of bathers. I drew hard till 5.05, when it was time to go back. Just then a most queer saint or Yogi came in sight, too late to be carefully drawn. I wish I had come earlier to this very beautiful place. Before reaching the mango wood,

¹Somewhat tired.

February 17—March 7

came elephant no. 2, sent for me, but I declined to ride it, and walked on, getting to Major Dennehy's at 6. Giorgio has gone to his dak bungalow with a bottle of beer, the one he brought from Gwalior having got broken in his bag, an event he bears with calmness. I wish I were at the dak bungalow too, for this room at Major Dennehy's, though apparently well got up, is in reality horrid and uncomfortable. The doorway has no door, and the curtain don't close, while the bed has no pillow. How I hate coming to people's houses! And how I hate all Indian ways and Indian life! Went into dinner, but ach! how cold and draughty! My stars! Mrs. Dennehy is queer! And so silly as to say, on referring to a large bouquet sent me by the Maharanee, "She so wishes to see you that she may talk to you of her son, and hopes you will speak of him to Lord Northbrook, and make interest about Scindias restoring certain land." etc. which bosh I shut up. Also "Might she send an album to Agra for me to fill up a page or two with drawings?" O goosey! Came to bed at 10, and got some pillows, but the whole thing here is a bore, more or less; water's quite undrinkable, noise and perpetual bother. But as Giorgio says, "They mean well."

February 24

In a swell carriage and pair, with two syces, I was driven two miles towards the river Chambal; but the morning was hazy, with no bright sun and shade, and the view I wanted to get, undrawable; also I was sufficiently put out by previous sleeplessness and other matters, and so I gave up the drawing altogether and returned to the Residency, where all was in a fuss with the small Rajah's departure. There I dawdled time away till 10.30 when breakfast occurred. The Dennehy's are very good and kind people, but not *simpatico*¹ like the Osbornes. At 11.45 we got off in the dak garry and nothing happened all the way to Agra.

February 25

At 7 walked out with Giorgio and made a drawing of the fort gate; wind horrid cold. Afterwards we came all round the fort. Breakfast, but am in a fuss, finding that Giorgio has not had his properly. Called on Dr. and Mrs. Christiansen; nice people, both. Mrs. Christiansen was at Gwalior in 1857, and gave me a horrible account of their flight on foot, with a baby from Morar to Gwalior, whence Scindia sent them in carriages on to Dholepur, and the Maharajah on elephants to Agra.

¹Likeable.

February 26

Rose early and repacked every thing before *chota hazry*. Off 11.30 in a good garry and about 22nd or 23rd mile, we get inside the vast walled fortress of Fatehpur Sikri, but soon stick in the steep sandy ascent. All kinds of persuasions of no use. At length, by hard and perpetual persevering work, we got to the top of the road, and into a vast court of ruins, and so on to a fine old red sand-stone building, now used as a dak bungalow, but formerly one of the swell palaces of Akbar the Great. The great mosque cloisters, and the vast gate, the surprising white marble tomb of the Paternal Fakir, struck and impressed me greatly. Everything here is elaborated and worked out incredibly, but the architecture seems to me coarse and eccentric as to general effect, rather than beautiful.

February 27

Unable to sleep, from violently chirping crickets, also from the incessant noise from the *festa* of the Mussulman village below, drums, etc. These *tambouri* are just like the noise made by a gigantic steam boiler in a steamer, and never, never cease. The general effect of this celebrated place of ruin has rather disappointed, though I cannot help thinking one would grow to like this very strange solitude of past grandeur, if one stayed on. There are some things, of which one sees almost nothing by glimpses; and long observation is often required to perceive well what is most worthy of being understood. To an architect this place must be simply wonderful. Went again to the big mosque, and spite of extent and wonderful detail, I seem confirmed in my non-liking of it as a whole. The immense gate seems to me utterly out of proportion, and the mosque dome, low and ugly. The cloisters and the two tombs are superb. The abundance of pigeons and Alexandrian parrots here is incredible, the whole air seems made of pigeons' voices. The fortress extends a long way west, but I don't find any bits to be very enthusiastic about. Wandered about this maze of semi-Moslem ruin, but growing tired of looking at redstone pillars, came back to the bungalow and applied plaster to bad heel. Then a breakfast of cold beef and bread cum tea, of our own brewing. Now I repose and the Suliot sews and mends linen; but he won't undertake to cover my, or his, solar topee. Much of this squarey-holefule architecture, seems to me clumsy and dwarfy, full of the defects of Egyptian buildings but wanting their grandeur. Notwithstanding all this, I drew a little bit of moskyness and the plain, and after revisiting all the very queer places of the Emperor's and Empress's habitat, went down to the

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Deer Minar and made one more drawing there. After this we set off, intending, after going out of a gate we saw a long way off, to go round the fortress or city walls, and so come back by the bazaars. No end of grim ruin was there along the road, heaps of myriad stones; but no view of the upper buildings compensated for the extreme barren desert below. And at the gate, where in the ceiling millions of very small swallows had minute, stuck-against-the-wall nests, we found that the road simply went straight on; so we turned back and went up through the village to the vast, but ill-proportioned gate mosque, passing on our way many narrow and most filthy lanes where some Adjutant cranes and white vultures were hard at work among the horrid meat stalls. Through the beautiful cloister yard, and by the tombs, and out on the other side, where I made a last scrap, one of the puniest lots ever got in two days work.

February 28

Went down to draw the porcupine pillar scene before *chota hazry*. A very beautiful scene too, the pure bright orange pillar and vast, smooth, green plain contrasting with the deep-shadowed trees, shaded, pale sandy road, and dark, weedy, broken walls. On the whole this Fatehpur Sikri is not an advisable place to go to, unless one has lots of time to spare. Now being slowly pulled along by two buffali on a sandy and stony ascent and at 10.45 reach good hard road and divest ourselves of buffali. Still the high, vast, gate of the Fatehpur Sikri mosque is seen on the ridge far behind. Now off with horses. High mud walls divide fields. Yellow-flowered plant, resembling thistle, grows along the road edge, somewhat like the sea-shore poppy. We get on fast over the last few remaining miles, and reach Bharatpur and a highly respectable looking dak bungalow at noon. Lots of horses visible near the place; endless wide roads, and the Residency a long way off. Presently we get some tea, cold beef, and bread, and thought nobody so happy as we. This dak bungalow is a stunner, having good rooms all round it, and it stands in a garden of Urbs! I went out, intending to call at the Residency, but some lovely elephantine pictures prevailed, and I went not. The women here are all over the place quite surprisingly finely dressed, and in such orange, red, yellow, crimson, and red-brown dresses. Bharatpur is a most Indian town, but all things clean and cared for, and a people of intensely picturesque colour and dress. Finally, I drew in the street, but with bad eyes, and near a bad smell or drain. I dislike street drawing, and it was hot work, but there was nothing else to do as the fort was nil, so I actually began a regular street

scene and worked my eyes nearly out of my head. Nothing can give the least idea of the splendour of colour here: the world seems turned into a rainbow! After I had done my sketch, we walked for a long while through the bazaars, which I think, after Cairo, are the most picturesque I ever saw. The long streets, broad and well-paved, are flanked each side by shops, raised on a broad platform, each shop being an archway surrounded by stonework of the most elaborate workmanship. Above these arches is a cornice of stone, upholding galleries equally remarkable, and with here and there a covered verandah or gallery surpassingly pretty. The streets were filled with people, many of the costumes quite new to me. Soldiers, red and blue, on camels; mounted police; women in every hue of the kaleidoscope; and with all this throng, not a word or look of incivility. The shawls; turbans; the bangles; the small children all naked, but gold caps and silver ornaments! The men too, are a finer and more manly-looking race than those of Bengal, and I fancy more intelligent. Have we had less to do with them, and are they less stupid or less feigning to be so in consequence?

March 1

Twelve guns for the Rajah; but as yet, nobody else but the cannonaders seem up or inclined to be so. But it is much in these days to have half an hour of quiet, and this is truly a quiet place, and one where, barring the voices of myriads of doves, very little else is heard. Could not get any tea before 7.30, but little to do barring bathers and elephants. What there was however, were good in its way, and Indian; and could be enjoyed in quiet. We came back, had some beef and tea and packed, and to my surprise there is nothing to pay! Off by 10.30 and at 2.25 are at the gate of Dig; mud; great fortress, and moat. Many very picturesque bits and, at last, the beautiful palace on the tank. Taking the small things, I and Giorgio went upstairs, but by such dreadful, slippery, marble steps and dark passages, that I gave it up and resolved to go to the Muttra at once. But on returning, it is found that other horses cannot be had before tomorrow, so I have now sent Giorgio up alone to see what can be done. Only one other place is to be had at Dig, but it has no doors, and is useless and nasty. So at last I resolve to stay in one of the upper rooms, and order dinner and a bottle of claret. At 3.30 I begin to draw the palace, certainly one of the most beautiful buildings I ever saw. But I suffered so much from my right eye that I could do nothing well, though I actually worked on till 5.30. Peacocks and turtles here abound on all the roofs and walls;

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whoever dreamed of hearing so many at once? Not to speak of tinpot-mending barbets. The walls of the old fort, perpendicular above the moat, are more full of pigeons than is conceivable, and presently we came to a tank where the effects of light and shade and the exquisite reflections of the trees and buildings were absolutely lovely. Above us was a great tree, quite full of apes and vampire bats, and farther on, as the sun went down, other trees became loaded with peacocks and white egrets, and pigeons, and crows and lots of more kinds of birds, in fact a natural aviary. I never saw anything half so lovely, and cannot think how I shall go away to-morrow. Returning to the palace, we find the dinner-table laid out in a great big room. We get a wash, (much annoyance alas! from my blindness!) and now, Giorgio makes my bed, awaiting farther events. Dinner arrived itself simultaneous, chicken-cutlets and potatoes, boiled rice and curry; butter, no bread. A bottle of claret and some stray sherry shrub. Complete and catalogue festal. The Khamsameh, in a new and splendid vest, waits, and all is managed really well and without bother. Giorgio's perfect patience is a blessing; for at times, what with my bad eye and other bothers, I seem nearly to lose my head. (Only as a set off, I cannot but remember to have thought I was about to do so ever since I was 20 years old.) Giorgio finds and shows me a letter-envelope left in this room: "Honourable Colonel Molyneux". It seems they were here some five days back; how funny if I had happened to come here on the same day that "Caroline Lawley of Escrick" and "Caryl Molyneux of Croxteth" were here. The latter I remember sketching as a small baby under the dining room sideboard at Knowsley some 30 years ago and never having seen him since. 8.30 in bed, made very comfortable by old Giorgio who, rough as he is at times and obtuse, is nevertheless in all essentials the very best possible servant, as he is good man and faithful. This great room! with its Saracenic stone mullioned windows—how strange!

I wish, "it was a foolish thought,

But there within my brain it wrought," that I had studied the lingo before I came to India.

March 2

Slept beautifully; waked by p-cocks screaming. Rose soon after 5, as did the Suliote, who gets the beds and shawls all done up in silence. Off once more in a garry from Dig. O! pigeons of Dig! O! apes of Dig, and O! bats of Dig! Corn everywhere; some beautiful park-like spots, with old tamarisks and mimosa, and no end of p-cocks and squirrels.

The drive to Gobardhan was extremely pleasant; the profusion of trees and confusion of birds being delightful. It is an old *dibatchi* place, but with evident signs of abundant picturesqueness all about; old tombs, etc. We halted near a police-station, and there I told the coachman to stay with the *roba* and horses and, seizing a casual man, bade him go before me to Suraj Mul Chuttri. The way led through the village or town street, all dust and dirt, with apes all about. We emerge on to a sandy path with mimosas, and here and there peepuls of banyans, then through wider, dustier spaces, till older and larger trees, and a few domes were seen and we reached Suraj Mul Chuttri. This place is indeed a regular Indian fairy-paradise, a strange and lovely mixture of superb architecture and wild scenery, combined with true Indian characteristics; the immense banyans, the incredible number of pigeons and apes, and the glory of p-cocks even to the very top of the temple. After a *giro*,¹ or nearly a giro, of the whole tank, the walls of which are wonderfully worked in stone, I drew for a good bit, a not easy task, as there were lots of people about and fussing. The monkeys were delightful. I think it was about noon when I came away from this wonderfully charming place, where I wish I could stay at least a week. On my way back I also went to see the Buldao Rao Chuttri, a very magnificently adorned and sculptured tomb but, I rejoice to say, with no sort of landscape for the landscapist to draw. On reaching the high-road, I and Giorgio were amazed at three trees, absolutely full of big storks; not the common stork, nor the adjutant, but apparently a medium species with innumerable nests, and noisy nestlings. On getting to the garry we were glad of the remains of the Agra beef and the leathery muffin-chapatis of this morning, which were not bad, however, with sherry and water. Dogs, crows, mynas and sparrows fight for the crumbs. I don't remember, in our many breakfast experiences, ever to have lunched in a garry before today. Except that the dresses of the women hereabouts are gayer in colour, villages are bare of interest, no gardens, no beautiful bamboos or bananas, no nothing, simply heaps with no form at all, mud-walled. Four or five miles from Muttra the country was all very ugly, bare, and uninteresting, hardly any trees at all. Perhaps the last two miles had better roadside trees, but as a set-off the country was uglier. Miles, and miles and miles and miles of road, and then never-ending mud walls; and then turn, and more roads and more walls; and then turn again, and immense barracks; and barrels of beer on the road; and a church, and more road till I grew sick. At last a dak bungalow; it was

¹Tour.

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nearly full, but luckily one room was vacant, so we had everything in. Might hope to sleep well, were it not that two poor children in the next room have whooping cough.

March 3

Capital breakfast, and at 8 set out in garry for Coicnel Molyneux's; but both he and Mrs. Molyneux are at Parade. So I wait, looking at photographs of Lord Wenlock and others. Presently comes Mrs. Molyneux, nicer, and nicer looking even than when Caroline Lawley. A kindly and hearty reception, and I am to dine there today. Afterwards came Lord Mark Kerr in a sort of dog cart, rather shaky, and by the time we got to the bridge I had had enough of it. The view is to a certain degree picturesque, but the city of Muttra is too much all of a level to make a good picture. On sandbanks in the water are monstrous turtles, and Lord Mark says there are many crocodiles. He is not only a good cicerone, but a very delightful fellow, and a capital draughtsman. The people were all mad about the Hooly festival and covered with red powder. A very pleasant dinner it was, and didn't I enjoy the champagne?

March 4

Rose at 5, having slept well, the hoopoe-coughing children being generally pretty quiet. Walked slowly down to the bridge, but had to wait there till some 46 ox-carts had passed over. Then I drew hard till about 10, the views of the city from across the river being very beautiful, not as a whole, for it is too big for a single subject; but as combining well with lots of foreground subjects, banks, crocodiles, turtles, bathers, and what not. One of the alligators or crocodiles, a yellow-green brute, was over twenty feet long, and the lot of big turtles was wondrous to see. Back; a fresh breeze, and no particular heat after eleven, when I left Giorgio to breakfast at the dak bungalow and went to the Mess, sending away before I left the bungalow, a man with two baskets of flowers and fruit which I thought for sale. At the Mess they gave me some good breakfast; but Colonel Molyneux, who came in, said that the banker's head man had come to him in great distress, complaining that I had refused his master's presents, the very baskets I had thought they were bothering me to buy! So there was a making up of matters, and ultimate peace. Went to the bazaars which were odious; however picturesque the natives, they are here very dirty; crowded and nasty lanes, but wonderfully curious houses and gallery-balconies. At first I could not find the point by the river which

I had thought of drawing, but I did find it after long hunting, and made a tolerably correct sketch there, though holding a heavy book, and being always obliged to stand while drawing, was fatiguing. All this sort of work, spite of the constant quiet help of my good, faithful servant, depresses me hideously; and as I came up from the sort of wharf and hustled through the fakirs and yogis and other nastiful horrors, I half thought I would go back to Europe as soon as possible.

March 5

Brindaban is fully the most wholly-Indian and completely picturesque place I have seen since Benares. Bhurtpoor was a civil city, Benares and Brindaban ecclesiastical places. I was driven as near the Madan Mohan as a carriage could go, having first looked at the Gobind Deva, a magnificent ruin, more like an Egyptian ruin than any I know of. But these and such like do not combine at all with landscape, whereas the Madan Mohan, is beautiful in many ways and rises from the edge of the river among great trees, though just now the water is low and wanting. After this we went to the Kulee Maidan ghat, where is the 6,000 year old tree, from which Krishna jumped and killed the big snake Kali. Many pilgrims were here, and bored this child unpleasantly for baksheesh. Cloudy always; windy and dusty; but I am glad to have seen this Brindaban. We drove to the spot nearest the Madan Mohan, and here I left the carriage, and with two chairs and a basket of prog, came to the level of the river. There was no sun and only a faint veil of cloud everywhere, so I was able to work well. No more thoroughly Indian scene, I suppose, can I ever see. The lovely, gentle colour of the whole is a charm hardly to be expressed unless you remember that gray (light red and cobalt), with very pale Indian red and ochre are the chief components, let alone dull green banyans, and bright, plane-like neems. On all this neutral ground, the white, scarlet, crimson, and yellow morsels of dress are a wonderful brilliancy. Then, the constant change of people and costumes! The quiet of all the place, dreamy and silent! The *fiocchi*¹ of apes, bounding here and there! The flashing of green parrots! The sparkling of brass. I worked steadily at three points till noon, and then we adjourned to the immense roots of a banyan tree, below the ruined brick substructures of the old temple, for breakfast. This, too, was of a piece with the happy good luck of the day; for claret and soda water, cold roast lamb, hard boiled eggs and good bread were not undesirable. After that, I and old

¹Swarms.

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Giorgio had infinite amusement with the thieving apes and the beautiful half-tame squirrels.

March 7

Once again in the rail, in this queer land. All around is as flat and uninteresting as possible; very generally odious are these North West Provinces! In time, the mosques and fort of Delhi were visible, and very grand; but as one approached nearer all the more do they disappear into the vacuity of British stationism. At the railway station was a fund of hound-like touts, and hotel folk; one particularly so odious that I had to make a row, as he wanted to prevent me getting into the garry I had ordered for the dak bungalow, at which I soon arrived, a large building with some twelve sets of apartments. Meanwhile a guide came, one Nunkoo Lal, with testimonials, and I shall hire him from tomorrow.



CHAPTER FOUR

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March 8

Nunkoo Lal the guide came; so we locked up the room, and came forth, rain having ceased, and a pleasant semi-cloudy sunniness prevailing. First, we went to the post and posted six letters; then to Colonel Cracroft's, the Commissioner, to present Evelyn Baring's introduction. He lives at Ludlow Castle, in going to which we passed the Kashmiri Gate, so historically renowned. Colonel Cracroft came out of his room to meet me, evidently an invalid, but he had hardly been seated a minute in the large half-dark drawing room, when Mrs. Cracroft reminded him of the doctor being in waiting, so exit the Colonel. Then Mrs. Cracroft poured forth a tide of miseries, probably all true enough, but yet painful to a newcomer. Moreover, when she said that Delhi was simply a place of ruin, as everybody stopped here and claimed hospitality, it was hardly likely I should have stopped, even had I been so inclined. Fortunately, I could say my plans were already fixed; much pressing then to stay, but in vain. Altogether I was half sorry I had called, and came away as soon as I could, Mrs. Cracroft's fizzy champagne manner being ill to bear. Went therefore with Nunkoo Lal and Giorgio by broad carriage roads, curving and rather pretty, to the Observatory or Ridge. Here the view astonished me and is one of the most beautiful I know, a vast plain not without undulations, with the mosque domes of Delhi far away. The monument to those who fell at the siege is impressive. Thence to the fort, a very grand building, somewhat like that of Agra, but infinitely inferior in its general interior effect, for most horribly ugly barracks, railings and other hideous British utilities prevent and confound the scene. Yet what remains of the Mogul emperor's dwellings are unique, and description can give little notion of the lovely detail and



Delhi, March 9, 1871

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simple magnificence in the private rooms, baths, etc. It is quite impossible to realize the exquisite beauty without seeing it. The ultra hideousness of the barracks will, however, prevent any overwork on my part here, and I begin to fancy that all I have to do at Delhi will be remote from the city.

March 9

It was 7.30 before we were off to the Delhi monument on the Ridge, but the light did not suit so I came down and drew the Sammy House two or three times till 9.30, and then drew on the Ridge but not well. Thence to the Chandi Chowk, where, whatever they might once have been, the shops are now seedy, shady enough; houses, goods and people included. Next to the great mosque, which seems to me the grandest and simplest of all similar buildings I have seen. It is magnificent, and wholly out of the pale of my criticism. Nunkoo Lal is a quiet useful fellow; old Giorgio is always the same well behaved good man. Read Heber on Delhi. Please remember an owl looking so dreadfully wise out of one of the cannon-shot holes in the fort.

March 10

Rather angry at having to wait for Nunkoo Lal. It is only on nearing the Tomb of Humayun that one becomes aware of the strange and infinite amount of ruined sepulchres all over the land. Nevertheless, I did not think it at all a beautiful scene, for the tombs are mostly dark in colour, and there is little or no distance to contrast with them. That of the Emperor Humayun is a grand affair, built on a double terrace and surrounded by a garden like that of the Taj, or Akbar's tomb at Sikandra, but, though effective, it seems of a coarse workmanship compared with those monuments. From the upper terrace the view is magnificent, and I jotted down notes of subjects that ought to be done, either now or on some other day. Saw no end of other tombs, all more or less close together in a sort of village. Some of these are most exquisite as to architecture, and finished ornament, and some of great interest, but I could do nothing *qua* drawing, and so wandered about until we came to the Great Tomb garden, and had breakfast of mutton, eggs, sherry and soda water under a friendly tree. The wind is not so much felt here, but is horridly cold today, although the sun is hot. This morning my fingers were quite numbed and useless while in the carriage. I tried to complete some of the

views I had marked out earlier from the terrace, but the wind was too high on one side, and the lights not right on t'other; whereon at 2.30 I came away in the carriage, and stopped at Shere Shah's fort. This is a big enclosure with high walls, 2,000 people therein, according to Nunkoo, and much dirt. There is a mosque and adornments, but I am half sick of marbles, said the Lady of Shallott. So I got on to the walls where, by the help of the Suliot, for the wind was high and footing insecure, I contrived to make two characteristic sketches, and dreary emptiness of the plain of all but ugly ruins being ill to hit off. One sees, however, by degrees that all of it has been Delhi of one sort or another at some time far or near. O Delhi! the long contemplated! Verily one hour of Benares or Brindaban is worth a month of thy Britishized beauties which, whatever they once were, please this child very little now.

March 11

The incessant repetition of the same form of square or octagonal domed tomb everywhere so thickly sown all over this great plain of Delhi, in more or less broken condition, is not a little wearying. None of these are remarkable for beauty of colour, and few seem to combine well with the distant scenery, such as it is. I go to the Cutub Minar, without doubt a most wonderful specimen of what man can raise by way of a perpendicular monument. What must strike any (equally) foolish observer, must be that the beautiful proportions of this wonderful column are not more surprising than the infinite delicate and fresh looking details in every part of it. At the foot of the Cutub, and all about the ground near it, are trees, mostly of the mimosa or acacia kind, and although there is nothing here like the luxury of the Taj Mahal or Sikandra Gardens, the effect of the whole scene is pleasing; all the more that the colour of the great Minar is so beautiful, a pale red. I set to work to draw at once below the opposite or unfinished pillar. Out again to the Metcalfe rocks at 2, where I drew, but badly, for the wind made all work next to impossible. As farther work became hopeless, set out to go to the farthest or Pithora fort, but thorns and briars and stones triumphed over patience, and I came back, looking at a Hindu temple by the way, and so again at the great Minar, which is indeed a wonder, though I cannot think a single pillar greatly interesting except architecturally. One of the gates among the ruined buildings near is a marvel for lavish and beautiful ornament and elaborately carved stonework.

March 12

The walk to Tughlakabad is nearly four miles over a perfectly uninteresting flat; corn for the most part, but sometimes quite bare and without any view right or left, before or behind, but the fort ahead and the needle Minar back. Stopped to sketch the tomb and fort, which have a certain grandeur; but it is folly to speak of them as equal to Baalbek or Karnak, as I have heard some folk do. Tughlak's tomb is a massive, small fort in itself, and not un-Egyptian in its leaning walls. The wind is cold, and I didn't wait long, but came to the fort, and have drawn there till 11 at two views, each very remarkable, and characteristic of the eternal squash and harry this land has been devoted to. The fort is simply a vast mass of ruin, such as I have already seen many; but the city walls are in many parts perfect, being built among rock buttresses and bases, the area enclosing a bald space of ruin, with no sign of life but two small patches of huts. On the west side all is green corn, at times water, for the Jumna is close by, and old Tughlak's tomb stands finely off the great plain. On the east, the broad stretch of the river is imposing, the grimness of the dark gray and red fortress walls and the hopeless bareness of most of the scene very striking. We are going to breakfast on the step outside, though the wind and the dust are not agreeable; so we move on to the shade of a mimosa, which, small as it is, has this virtue and interest, that it is full of birds, namely: one roller, six bee-eaters, 23 turtledoves and 11 Alexandrien parrots, for the foliage is so thin you may count all the party. Breakfast at 12.30 as usual on bread and cold mutton, eggs, sherry and soda water, little and good. Diversion afterwards from kites and crows intriguing about bones and scraps of bread. Lying in the meagre shade of this tree is, after all, far from unpleasant; the kite's shrill, tremulous fiffing, and the parrots converse-familiar, and the cool breeze. I discourse with Giorgio about India and we perceive that its sham cyclopæan ruins are not equal to those of Samos or Norba; as for its fruit and fish, those we had disposed of before. I still hoping to get another drawing, but there was no effect whatever of light and shade, and the whole tiresome four miles were slowly paced over, the afternoon unmarked by an incident but this, firstly a great gathering of huge vultures, over sixty in number, round a dead horse, lying in a hollow among young mimosa bushes; such a scuffling and tearing and community of filth. Secondly, a very large jackal suddenly leaped into the midst of that society and put them all to flight; not even the great condor-like black vultures were able to face him, as he bounced and leaped and bit their throats and legs, and bullied

the cowardly lot inconceivably. So they all flapped away, and then stood quietly gazing at the Lord of the Feast.

March 13

Got two feeble memoranda of the Cutub and went on then to Saftar Jung's tomb, by no means a grand or simple edifice but over be-ornamented. In the garden are some good trees, very like walnut, and I drew the building, combined with some adjacent moskinesses and tomb-like heaps of ruin till it was time for breakfast. The noise from the multitude of pigeons here is wondrous, and parrots abound; air delightful and the sun not too hot. It is past 1. I am really getting too tired of this noise of innumerable doves. This garden is full of oranges and citron bushes, quite neglected and wild, but if cared for, the whole place might be made a sort of paradise. As we left, a lot of naked children ran after the carriage, screaming "Baksheesh", as in Egyptian days. Promising an extra rupee to the driver for this extra work, to the Raj ghat, where I made three slight reminders of those exquisite palaces, but must go back to work there on larger drawings. When the river comes fully up to the palace walls the effect must be truly beautiful; even now the pools of water, and the black buffaloes contrasting with the pale colours of the architecture are a sight. To the post office, but disgusted at finding NO LETTERS!

March 14

The particularly desolate sphere of the Delhi suburbs and neighbourhood or surroundings only comes home to one after much going about the place; the endless heaps of ruin; the countless tombs; the small amount, at least apparently, of population. Before leaving the Delhi gate, one or two views about the fort seemed worth drawing in the very early morning light; and, besides, there were lots of clouds, with a general hazy dimness making near things seem far. At the Shere Shah fort, I could willingly have stopped to draw, but didn't; it is very grim, and grandly gray against the early sun. The crowd of tombs all about Humayun's passes belief. We arrived at the garden 7.15, when I set to work immediately, and drew hard for four and a half hours on end. Happily, there was neither wind nor sun in any violent extreme, but a very pleasant calm over everything except the turtle-doves, which are hereabouts in myriads and ever loudly discoursing. At noon breakfast occurred on the terrace, in a shady nook of those marble 'alls and wind-

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less, for only just round the corner the wind was like iced knives. Eggs, cold lamb, bread, sherry and soda water, all in small quantities—experience showing that the less a man eats at mid-day the better. Quiet moments are rare nowadays. Yet one may not use them as in former times by comparing them with those long past. Early life is becoming remote though ever clearly remembered (not as little Milly L. said—"I have lived too long to remember a far back ago"), and as nearly all with whom quiet moments used to be passed are either gone or changed, to think back is merely sadness, and mere sadness is what one can't afford to entertain here in India. Therefore I finish my moralizing, shut my notebook, and give myself up to observing the astute, but absurd, hooded crows, who abruptly arose at the sound of a soda water cork and fled the scene. Went on again to Hindu Rao's house on the Ridge, where, spite of a hot sun, I got what I wanted in granite rocks and foreground. Dinner is really good here, viz. a good soup, then a 'side dish' which one don't eat, a capital dish of roast mutton, followed by indifferent curry, and excellent Cheshire cheese. I don't know if I am wrong in drinking so much beer, but I certainly do drink two bottles sometimes, and yet, so far, I am thankful to say I am in far better health than I have known for years. About midnight Giorgio called and woke me, as a heap of people were knocking at the door, and had lights. Open and a telegram, but it was for one Captain Bissett, so I eschewed book and bearer in a rage, and could not sleep again for a long time.

March 16

Tea soon after 6; they are punctual people here. The morning sky is full of fine clouds, and beautiful effects, and assuredly the pictures formed by those marble palaces are truly wondrous, though very hard to draw, since one must work standing. When the river is full these effects must be enchanting, the contrast of the red walls and white marble upper-buildings is so beautiful. Buffaloes abound, and hawks, and vultures and kites. One of the latter killed a paraquet while I was drawing. Went to the bazaars and bought four carpets for 3 Rs./8 and two rupees worth of camphor. No letters at the post, and I begin to think some must be lost. About midnight I was taken suddenly with violent diarrhoea, and Giorgio still more violently; both have quite unusually taken large draughts of water on coming home today. In his case, it may be that he has drunk milk which he ain't used to, but I have taken no milk so I think the water is the

cause. While in the bathroom, the nearness of jackals is rather oppressive, and moreover, there is no bolt on the door.

March 17

Both master and man better, but these sudden upsets are bothering. I am half inclined to stay, and send for a doctor, but Giorgio says it is a passing affair, and perhaps the best thing to do is to get up to the hills as fast as possible. This stay of ten days at Delhi has been full of hurry and hard work, but on the whole I hope it may be looked back on with pleasure. At 3.30 therefore, the Suliot feeling all right, I left the dak bungalow for the station; and by 4 all the luggage is weighed and labelled and tickets taken; and an hour to wait. Once again the flat plains, the watery patches, and birds and scatterry sort of trees. It was soon dark; how picturesque are these stations, full of costume and gorgeous colour, these northern Indians being much more like parrots than the Bengalee-birds, their neighbours. Giorgio again became ill; happily there was no one else in the carriage, and also that the door was not locked. There is no remedy for these things and one has to be thankful that they are got over as well as they are. After we had passed Meerut, Giorgio grew much better; I had given him a quinine powder which he very obediently took, contrary to his usual ways, and he fell asleep till we were near Saharanpur. On arriving, there was immense confusion of loading and unloading, but a most obliging young fellow got all the *roba* together, and sent a coolie before me and Giorgio to the dak bungalow, that hope of the destitute and weary, very near the station. Here, a queer place apparently, but indeed I see little enough after daylight, Giorgio soon made up my bed, and we got some tea for him with soda water and bread and butter for me. Giorgio is now going to bed, and I trust will wake in better health; moreover, the lesson about drinking water in India, especially in Delhi, must be remembered; for it is that, evidently, which has produced all this bothery mischief.

CHAPTER FIVE

March 18—April 8

March 18

Jackals make a fearful row here, and the railway whistles nearly as much so. Hardwar is said to be some 19 miles from Roorkee, but the station people are only well up about distances from their own locality. After a cup of tea I set off alone to find Mr. Jenkinson, who everybody said, lives close to the church. But somehow I took the wrong road, and got among mosques and pagodas, the whole scenery of the station being of the prettiest I have seen since Jubbulpore days. Presently, as I was trying to make myself understood, and foolishly getting angry at not being able to do so, a native, driving a gig or a buggy, stopped. He spoke English perfectly and with that curious, fluent exactness so observable in Indians using our language, said "Our people do not understand you, Sir, or they would feel it a pleasure to administer to your wishes. The word you use for church is by no means that which by any possibility is intelligible to them." Mr. Jenkinson, it seems, is away and Mr. Tidy, Assistant Collector, reigns in his stead. So, as a casual garry passed, I set off for Mr. Tidy's, and found that gentleman very obliging and communicative of information. He says Hardwar is 19 miles from Roorkee, and that probably Mr. Jenkinson is in those parts. Also, he will receive and take care of my two blessed boxes, and thirdly, sends me to the (civil) doctor, Dr. Garden, whom, however, I find from home; whereon I leave a note asking for pills or powders to stop diarrhoea. Later, I get a bottle of sherry from the station refreshment room, the manager of which I find to be an Italian, a Triestino, who rejoices at hearing Italian spoken. Back to dak bungalow; breakfast in a cold and windy room, not pleasant; chicken cutlets good, the rest naught. Slept afterwards and woke better, for to say the truth, I am not over well. Walked to the town of Saharanpur,

where are several very picturesque bits, particularly a Hindu temple, white marble apparently, quite elegant and beautiful. Went on to Dr. Garden's and waited for him; nice and pleasant house, good books, etc. Good naturedly he said he would send some anti-diarrhoea powders for Giorgio. Walked back to the white temple and drew there till 5. Come to dak bungalow and take a quinine. Wind high today and cold. This station is one of the prettiest I have seen but the population seem dirty and not attractive. The women wear trousers of all colours, and very badly made! Depressed in spirits, I often long to be out of India, but repress useless thoughts. At 6.30 came the garry ordered for tomorrow at 6, and so is sent away. Please the fates it hasn't understood 7 again! Dinner, particularly good, and far better than at almost any Indian hotel; really good soup, the usual chicken cutlets with astonishing mealy potatoes, first-rate Irish stew, and a roast fowl (uneaten and reserved for tomorrow), with English cheese, and all that for 1 R./4 is not a little. So for Roorkee tomorrow; but, although quinine and sherry enliven me, I half incline to go back.

March 19

Feeling somewhat better; Giorgio continues so. My right eye is bad though. Waked last night (as I was at Delhi) by a telegram to someone else; great disgust. Fuss about payment, all in detached sums; fuss about garry which didn't come till 7.15; fuss about baksheesh. Himalayas first seen in these northern parts, a long line of shadowy hills, with faint snows beyond distinctly seen. Crowds of people, mostly pilgrims much wrapped up, and with long sticks. At tenth mile, fourth change of horses. Morning fresh and pleasant, the highest snow peaks of the mountains very bright, but the whole plain and hill view, though of much greater proportions, cannot be compared with that from Aleria in Corsica. Reach Roorkee before twelve, passing a fine canal, and two big lions, after we had gone through long native bazaars of a shady-seedy order. Beyond the canal are the cantonments, with the usual broad roads, here with pleasant trees and groves of mango. Close to one of these is the dak bungalow, where we got two rooms, whereby we gladly got some breakfast of eggs and cold hen, with cold tea for Giorgio, sherry and soda water for me. Saucepan-birds work incessantly. I deliver my letter to Major Lang, who is very kind and does not doubt I can go up to Hardwar in a boat on Saturday. The road to Dehra by the Siwalik hills seems a more difficult question, as nobody seems to know if there is, or is not, any

March 18—April 8

halting place between Hardwar and Dehra. Mrs. Lang is very nice and pretty and had three darling little girls, who all knew the Book of Nonsense, and to whom I sang the 'Owl and the Pussy-Cat'. Poke about a little with old Giorgio, but find nothing to draw, then light on a tope or grove of mangoes just behind the dak bungalow, very grand and fine, which draw till sunset. Old Giorgio is silent and grim, not to say sulky and I hope he is not going to be ill again. This dak bungalow is badly off for doors, and what there are, are fresh painted, and won't shut: as a set off it is close to the beautiful mango grove. Dinner, good soup, potato cutlets, chicken ditto, with excellent potatoes and peas, good curry, and what the kitmutgar called a 'cursed pudding' *pro* custard. Bed by 8.30.

March 20

This day (I write at night) has been one of the very pleasantest of all I have passed in India. We were soon up at Major Lang's house, and I drawing, but alas! the higher mountains refused to be drawn, only just appearing enough to enable me to mark their positions. So I drew what I could and took breakfast with the kind Langs. Both Major and Mrs. Lang are delightful, and little Lilian, Ellen, and Mabel, darling children, Governess also nice. So I stay on, and sing and draw nonsense, wrote my long name, etc. Soon went out again, sitting by the canal road till 5.30, making two drawings of the grand and lovely mango grove—very dark pencil sketches, and it is to be hoped they will last, the clear brilliancy of those stems and the intense deep brown of the far hollow-arched shades! This morning, in taking down my coat, the little flask given me by dear Mrs. Greville fell down, and I feared it might be broken. Now, I find it was so, and is useless; whereat I grieve.

March 21

At 7.30 go to boat, very tolerably large and comfortable. After no end of stupidity off at 8.15; of course, half the ropes stick on nails. The big lions are fine. The mountains become clearer, and presently are all perfectly bright. No more beautiful scene, *qua* canal, can there be or imagined; green trees, immense and beautifully formed mountains. So I drew always. Giorgio unwell again and I gave him one of Dr. Garden's powders. This, and besides I am in a sad frame of mind, worries me no little, and I really again steadily think of leaving India as soon as I can—it will be a great vexation, but yet perhaps best so. Lunch or breakfast (I only, Giorgio eating nothing) on cold beefsteak and fowl,

claret and water. Arrive at a strange bridge at 12.40, with locks, etc., appalling to feeble minds: so I go on shore, and lo! mount up to the bed of a huge torrent-river, at present dry, carried over the canal, or more properly speaking, the canal is carried under the river. We now go along quickly, but the canal is no longer picturesque, as we are running parallel with the hills. When we reached the Badrabad bridge, it was impossible to make the man at the fore perceive that the pole holding up the mat roof of the boat would not go under the arch; nothing could make the silly fellow observe it, till crash! as we met the arch, down came the whole roof, and happily I was quit with a smart blow instead of being killed outright. After picking ourselves up, I made them back, and got out in a rage, with Giorgio, and went in search of Conductor Bruce whom I soon found, and who was very good natured. He has a little boat, but it might be late owing to rafts, etc., and the alternative was to send up the *roba* in that, I and Giorgio to be driven by Conductor Bruce in his dog-cart. This plan was adopted, I horridly afraid lest Giorgio should be upset by the movement, but happily he wasn't. The road is good generally, and the scenery very beautiful, very often like that on a Corsican river, say below Sartens. At length, the bungalow with Hardwar beyond. The bungalow is on the same side of the river as the town, but it is only from an island in the Ganges just opposite to Hardwar, that views of the place can be taken, and to this island there is no way of going but by sets of two planks, laid on piers, high above the stream, which is here very rapid. Soon after, Giorgio and I go out; look at the fish on the weir, and walk towards Hardwar, drawing a temple and peepul tree by the way. The boat had brought the things, and Giorgio made the room (such as it is) tolerably ready, and I could wash. I would gladly go away tomorrow (since there seems no possibility of crossing the river and getting views), but there is difficulty as to a boat. (By the by, one of the officers who dined here had come up in what I understood was an iron boat, which had capsized and all their *roba* was lost or spoiled—a calamity taken very philosophically.) Meanwhile, to cross the river Ganges in a small boat, or by the planks, or on an elephant, are all equally odious plans, and to me a simple impossibility. I think now, more than ever, most seriously of going away from India altogether.

March 22

Down to try if I could manage to cross the weir to the island, but had to give it up as impossible, for the rush and glitter of the

March 18—April 8

water quite upset my sight and I could not walk at all straight. After this trial, as neither the boat nor the elephant would suit me, I resolved to come quite away at once. I set off walking with Giorgio at 6.30. Morning pleasant and breezy, and with light clouds; by 9.30 we easily reached Badrabad, where I went to Mr. Bruce's house. He and Mrs. Bruce were particularly kind both to me and to Giorgio, to whom he gave a cigar and some tobacco. Nothing could be more pleasant or more unvulgar than the hospitality of these good people. Afterwards we looked at photographs, some of Hardwar were delightful, and it must certainly be a wonderfully beautiful place. At noon or so, the *roba* was reported as having been brought by a bullock-cart past Badrabad, and so Bruce kindly offered to drive us on, and I took leave of these kind people, after having sung no end of songs to all at a queer piano, but a Broadway, and as Broadways ever are, manageable even if old and tuneless. We drove by another road along the main canal bank; I suppose no such a canal exists elsewhere. Soon at Puttree, where a large and good bungalow receives this child and man Friday, and I sit and write this, partially upheld thereat by some claret and soda water, and a goose's egg; and now mean to write some letters. Giorgio, whom I control as much eating, seems a good deal better. Sent an order to Bush for two Nonsense books to be forwarded to the kindly Bruces.

March 23

Very, very pleasant; trees all the way, good broad road. Meet a few troops going to Hardwar against the fair time, when as many as three millions of people, I have been told, are known to have been present. Reach Roorkee at 9.30: gracious goodness, the amount of saucepan and tin-pot birds here! Capital breakfast; cutlets, stewed rabbit and grilled fowl, bread and butter, a bottle of claret and one of soda water. Of the claret I have ventured to give Giorgio half a glass or more with water. The mango grove here is a great delight, and of all dak bungalows I have yet seen, this seems to me the nicest and best situated. That at Delhi was perhaps the best as to food, but its situation was not good. The warm sun and absence of cold wind recall Campagna days. Here, and at the Bruce's in Badrabad, are the first places where flies have exhibited themselves, yet not half so badly as at San Remo in April. Looking back on this day, it is, if not a white, not a black one. It is a matter to be thankful for that Giorgio is so much better, and that I too am all but well again.

This giro to Hardwar has been a failure as to drawing, but otherwise has been in many ways a gain. Whether to return there or not must, as yet, be an unsettled question. The dak garry journey here is, as Giorgio says, more fatiguing than twice its duration spent in walking, what though the garry was a decent one, and we got along less shakily than at some previous times. But the six hours' journey was almost wholly uninteresting, and even now that we are in the Himalayas, there is very little charm of either form or detail. This dak bungalow has neither beer, soda water, butter, cheese, or even bread: but it hath what few dak bungalows possess at all, namely, multitudinous P. de chambres, four or five in each room; a remarkable fact!

March 24

It seems that horses are not used from here to Assassoree, but 10 coolies push and pull as may be, also with plenty of noise but not so much as Arabs would make. A steepish winding road runs through and up this pass in the Siwalik hills, always close to and above a broad river bed. Plenty of vegetation, but none like that of the Darjeeling hills, more on the whole like a similar pass in Italy or Switzerland, only there one don't see peacocks or apes as here. Sometimes we are pulled along very quickly, at others, slowly, the coolies often changing their places. At times we meet oxen-carts, laden with great planks. The pass is more interesting as one advances, peaks of gray-green, clay-like formation, or paler cliffs, but all with profuse bright green and yellow vegetation. Lo! a lovely peacock close by the road. Thereafter, downhill rapidly and reach Assassoree, where the coolies leave, and we are off again with only one horse. Downhill rapidly again, and soon approach what seems a plain; but I suppose is really the valley or Dun. This is a very pretty plain but does not strike me as very remarkable, all green and good; mountains beyond it, high, but dimly seen through haze. Dehra at 11; very beautiful as we approach it; great belts and patches of mango dak against the pale, misty hills; and everywhere corn and greenery. The town, too, seems full of picturesqueness as we drive through it to the Hotel Victoria, a *dibatchy* place, like a bad dak bungalow. The master seems a crafty native but I order breakfast and wait. Breakfast preternaturally good, but dear, to wit, three rupees and room two rupees. The views looking up to Mussooree hence are magnificent, as are those of the hills eastward, all more broken and varied in form than those about the ascent of Darjeeling, though

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very far inferior as to vegetation and detail: the foliage here mainly resembles oak or elm. Reach Rajpore at 2, where I go to Selfe's Hotel and get two rooms. This hotel, so called, is a lot of separate bungalows scattered about an infinitely large compound, horses for the ascent of the hill on one side, cows, etc., on the other. My room is comparatively small, but has four doors, not one of which will shut: George's next mine has one out of four that does. Went up some way on the Mussooree road, which rises steeply from close to the hotel; but it began to rain, and was too windy to draw. Yet the views of the Dun were tempting and so was one in the Rajpore bazaars.

March 25

Paid, after a small row or misunderstanding, and off at 7.15 with coolies carrying *roba*. Reached Scott's Hotel, a building situated pretty centrally on the Mussooree ridge, at 12.15 when I took a quinine powder directly and gave one also to Giorgio, for the cold is simply horrid. The whole ascent hither is worth little in a picturesque sense, bare, and only spotted with trees at intervals. Nor does the view back over the plains strike me as good of its sort, at least after the expanse from the Darjeeling descent, for here the long line of the low (by comparison) Siwalik hills, cutting off the sun from the farther plain, seems rather to spoil the scene. Possibly I may find something better on searching, but I fancy that is doubtful: howbeit, it was absolutely necessary to see this place, be it worth nothing or much. The public promenade is very like that of any English watering-place, barring the coolies and ayahs. The scenery is remarkable, but vast and unwieldy, and excepting a view of the great plain I do not see that I can do anything. The station seems nearly all on the southern side of the hills, and when you get beyond the rocks about which it is chiefly built, you look down on a confused mass of mountains, and on a few snowy heights afar; but there is nothing, or at most very little, I should care to draw; at least that is my first impression. We went quite to the western end of the promontory or point of the semi-circular, amphitheatrical range on the crest of which Mussooree stands, and the extent of the dreamy plain thence seen is certainly wonderful. Giorgio is very good about getting no letters, though he is evidently disappointed: I cannot understand, if his son Nikola has written regularly, why none come for him. "On some great plain before the setting sun" might be illustrated from here, more than from any place I have seen.

Edward Lear's Indian Journal

March 26

Wrote all morning; then went up with Giorgio to Landoor, the highest part of the station. All that side of Mussooree is very fine, even sublime, where it is not cut up and hashed by rails, palings, roads, and Anglo-Saxonism. The trees, a sort of ilex are often fine, though there is no general forest covering as at beautiful Darjeeling, and had it been clear, the extreme distance would doubtless have been fine. But it clouded and down came a shower of snow! small and more like hail.

March 27

Cold it was! along the broad roads and the queer bazaars, full of the most outrageous lot of odds and ends, tubs, bottles, traps, pipes, shawls, rope, etc. At 7.15 I was getting outlines of the hills, clearer than I have yet seen them, and with the plains beyond the first range. Then to the top of Landoor where there is a most sublime view all across the vast horizon of the snowy Himalayas, a long long range, and quite unlike what one saw from Darjeeling, where Kinchinjunga, a sort of mountain epic, controls and absorbs every interest. The difficulty here is to dispose of the great intermediate space between the Mussooree range and the next for, unlike the exquisite middle-distances of Darjeeling, there is no detail or beauty whatever. Only the wonderful rhododendron trees must make a foreground somehow, one would think. I drew hard till 11.30, and then left off. Whereon, the sun being clouded, we adjourned to a little lower down and had breakfast near, but not under, some large trees, of that sort of oak or ilex here abundant, with great dark twisted branches covered with moss of the darkest kind, but with scanty foliage, and that coarse and brownly. Paid, and left Scott's Hotel, one of the few in India really good, as far as my experience goes. Delightful walk, cool and shady; wild cherry trees and, nearly half-way down hill, a few rhododendra blazing in masses of crimson flowers. After the half-way, it was rather hot, but not violently so; and we got to the long, picturesque, downhill street of bazaars at Rajpore by 10.30. Breakfast, so to speak, is over; there were eight dishes silver covered, but absolutely not one of them eatable, so I breakfasted on bread and butter and an anchovy with abominable tea. Made two drawings of the Dun distance and Siwalik hills, as exquisite and Claude-like scene as can be imagined—quite lovely. Made a third scrap of the Dun, with a bamboo foreground, and then came up to the town just before sunset and drew the mosque view, a very bothering matter, as I had to stand all the time and in the middle of the street. At

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7.20 I am washed and await dinner. O! that dinner; the eight silver-covered dishes! Soup literally offensive and stinking, as if made with dirty water. Chicken cutlets, alone, eatable; roast beef like leather or wood; curry and rice, cold and utterly abominable. So Giorgio and I had bread and cheese (barring a rollypoly jam pudding, of which I ate, and he not). This hotel is assuredly a pretty specimen of what India produces in that line.

March 30

I paid a good deal for accommodation and particularly bad, nay filthy food; yet it is difficult to know how far these people are to blame for what may be the calamity of circumstances. The morning views over the Dun are lovely, and recall Italy and Claude's pictures; the long stretch of pure pale blue hill, the nearer range of lilac; then the plain, and the lines on lines of wood; next the ravine and hill slopes covered with the richest verdure (very red and yellow tho') and the nearer parky hills and fields, with great clumps of neem or mango. I tried to get a view of the mountains forthwith, but that was no easy matter as I had to stand in the sun. So my odious destiny was to run about and draw the hills and the solitary white pagoda as best I could; and then I walked back nearly two miles to get a view of the Dun. Exquisitely quiet, beautiful scenery! Breakfast was acceptable, hard eggs and a fine fowl, but only half roasted, and claret. Slowly walking to Dehra; bungalows and gardens of delightful appearance; water everywhere, and no end of trees, mango, pine, etc., with roses, medlars, bamboos, peas, beans and whatnot; in short, an Indian paradise. We reached the Victoria Hotel where dinner was thoroughly good, and a great contrast to that of Rajpore. First-rate boiled mutton, and good beefsteak, peas, potatoes, cabbage and Bass. So, exit March 30.

March 31

Slept well and feeling, thank God, much better. Misty morning, the mountains being dim. Sate down to draw the beautiful, double-headed, milk-white pagoda, with elephants, plantains, etc.; this occupied me till 8 or 9, when I walked to the little three-poached-egg-domed tomb below the great mango groves, and drew it twice. All this part of Dehra scenery is as charming in its wild quiet as the garden views on the other side. Birds delightful; the King crow sits four or five feet from me; yesterday some fire-red birds, many together, were in a field. Before 12

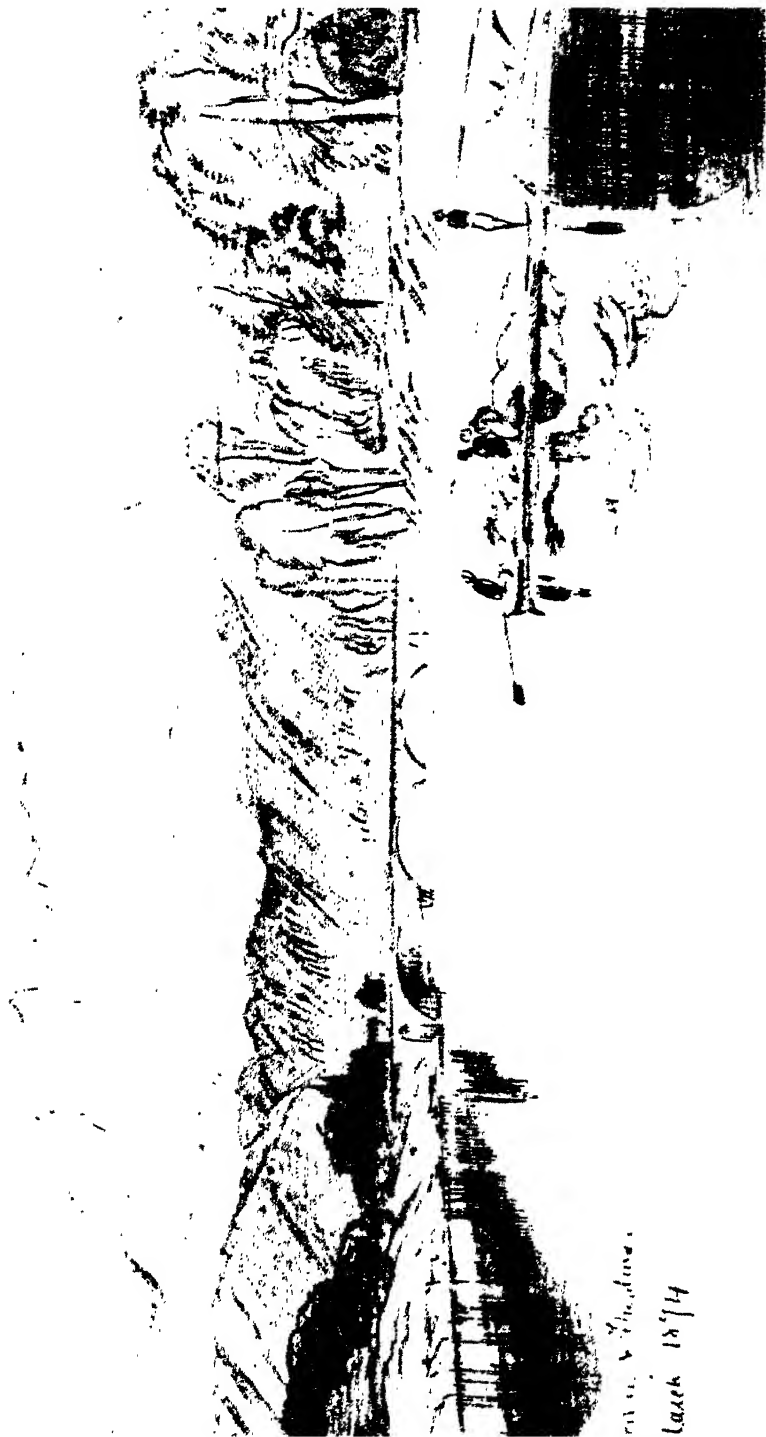
out again, and drawing in bits of shade, for fear of sun, the very picturesque old mosque and village street-scene; afterwards, going slowly through the bazaars (buying five annas of tobacco for Giorgio) till we reached the esplanade—the view is lovely. Then, I and man Friday came outside the town by a quiet lane and not dirty, and so back to the hotel. A muggy, murky heat grimly foretells what may be expected on the plains. Dinner singularly good. If these people had the wit to make their rooms tolerably comfortable and their doors to shut, they might succeed better. I should suppose Dehra is one of the most beautiful places in India for a landscape painter, in the season when the peculiar characteristics of the surroundings are most available. When there is snow on the Mussooree range, or even when that range, if snowless, is clear; or earlier in the year when varied by light and shade which do not now exist, certainly this Dun valley must be very beautiful.

April 1

Rapid rate of garry-going not to my liking. At 8 commence ascent of the lower range of hills. First change of horses. Great lots of recumbent camels in a field. Rise gradually, the garry, not the camels. The day, though doubtless hot, has a very pleasant breeze, and neither I nor Giorgio feel apoplectic as yet. O! kicking horses at right angles to garry. I think it better to let the day pass without moving in the Hardwar matter as I have already given so much trouble about it. But a little later, the splendour falls on a camel and lovely-vested messenger of many colours, who brings a note from Mr. Jenkinson, written in the kindest fashion, to say "A boat (Captain Western's) will be ready tomorrow at 6, and at Dunowree; a carriage will meet you to bring you on to Hardwar." Later came another letter from a babu utterly upsetting t'other! "Received orders to have Captain Western's boat ready, but it is painting, and can't be done." If I can possibly hit on any way of getting to Hardwar by land independently, I will go.

April 2

Went out to see about boat, thinking it huffish to go away suddenly. Sent for Captain Western's babu, who takes me to the office, where person is sorry the boat is not available, but has "nailed" another, to which we walk. But, as it is beastly small, and as the babu has volunteered a garry as far as Dunowree, I choose the latter and make all ready. Dunowree by 9.05. Here another letter: no carriage available! but two



Ganges Canal between Roorkee and Hurdwar. March 21, 1874

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ekkas are sent to take me as far as Badrabad, and thence in dhoolies to Hardwar. I was disgusted, for what do I know of ekkas and dhoolies? and I half resolved to return, till, by my glass, I perceive the remote ekkas and resolve to try them. 9.25. Packed in an ekka! O my! 1 p.m. I write thus: The ekka trial was severe, bumping, leg cramping and end injuring. At Badrabad we changed to dhoolies, the first time of trial, and they are much more pleasant than I expected; yet, after a time, the row of the men, and the shaky movement, bothers. Presently we go on right through a large town, Jehallipur, where the buildings were semi-Egyptian for solidity, and apes abounded. Going through these streets lasted a long time, and on emerging from them, behold! one of the very loveliest scenes of the tank-pagoda-mango phase I have yet seen. So, for having been brought round this way, I am thankful. In half an hour we got to Collector Jenkinson's camp and bungalow, and I was received directly by Mr. Jenkinson in the kindest manner. His mother, as also Lord Northbrook's, was a sister of Sir George Grey, and there is a likeness to Northbrook in the lower part of the face. Nothing could be nicer than his downright friendliness, showing me the tent I am to live in, one for Giorgio being placed close by. He told Giorgio to come and have some breakfast at once with me in the mess-room, and vastly good it was. At 3.30 I was going to see Mr. Jenkinson; there was a row, and a dispute, a judgment, and then a three-pronged object set up, so that Giorgio said, "Are they going to hang anyone, Sir?" But really, it was set up for a thief to be beaten, a man who had stolen a saddle and other things. The man had ten stripes only, I think. After this, Mr. Jenkinson drove me in a dogcart to Hardwar, doubtless one of the most curious places in India: a long line of temples, all along the holy river Ganges. At the bathing ghat we left the vehicle, and first we saw the sacred fishes fed, what wonderful heaps of thousands of big fishes! ! The beauty of the pagodas and shrines and houses here is indescribable, and the whole scene is perhaps the most beautiful I have seen anywhere, certainly in India. Afterwards, I and Giorgio came on alone to the tents where, for there is a somewhat feverish feeling here, I had a dose of quinine and sherry, and Giorgio ditto.

April 3 (Good Friday)

The morning is very disagreeable but must own I was never yet in so comfortable a tent. I began to draw, but it was hard work, paper only kept down by stones and steady pencilling impossible. Nor were the nearer hills, far less than the mountains, visible in the least. I gave it up.

April 4

Rather cold at 5 when the bugles sounded. The bazaars are clean, and no bore to walk through, and so we came to Maharajah of Patiala's house, a beautiful object where, and about which, I drew till 9. Seldom, in these days does one see a place which is good for ten pictures to be made of it. Very little of the mountains was visible, yet enough to know their places. An old ape walked about gravely in the road while I drew; there are apes everywhere here. Went to the bathing ghat which I must draw tomorrow: it is simply wonderful and the amount of queer *kalogera* is surpassing. Thence, crossed the bridge and drew again, but it was too bright and hot to do very much. And besides, breakfast was brought and we were glad of its substance, being a guinea-fowl, preternaturally good, and some of the cold corned beef, hard eggs, and a bottle of claret and one of soda water—altogether a feast. Drew bits of the town till 2.15: the white and pearl gray domes in light are lovely against the bright greens of the hills; and the reflex in the dark water perfectly beautiful. It was warm walking back; Mr. Jenkinson was judging a murder case, butchers of Jehallipur, all were sent to Sessions for trial. Other cases came on, but at length we got away in the dogcart, driving through a wonderfully picturesque town with a broad Corso, painted houses and trees, etc. But I got such a bump from a stone in the road as disqualified me from admiring anything overmuch. Then we drove to near Jehallipur, and I was set down to draw my temple and mango grove with policemen to watch that no harm betided me! These shouted at, and drove away everyone that came within half a mile of me and, at last, so frightened an ass laden with wood that he bolted close to me, when all his wood fell and I narrowly escaped hurt.

April 5 (Easter Sunday)

Got a valuable scrap of outline by the bridge before the sun rose. Then went to see Mr. Jenkinson (having last night written a letter to Mrs. Jenkinson with an order for two books of Nonsense and a Corsica, small return for so much kindness), but he, having risen, had gone to bed again, being very unwell. He is, it seems to me, too hard working a man not to suffer. Many more pilgrims come and coming, and a general May-meeting and revival sentiment suffused about the bazaars. Drew first two pagoda views and one of shrines, all very Indian. The tall silver gray temples in shade, a side bit here and there catching bright light, are really beautiful, often half seen through a veil of light green or yellow

foliage. Then the variety of costumes, new every moment; some of the yogis like painted North American Indians. The great multitude of bathers is vastly queer! The colours of dresses amazing, women in apricot coloured shawls, rose coloured, scarlet, brown, (and with the strangest nose-rings, like spoons!) all throwing flowers into the river. The weather distinctly becomes hot; flies also become a bore. Strange to say, the mountains came out comparatively clear before lunch, so that I could really get an outline of the upper range, snows and all. At this moment, as if it were the "post", bells are ringing and tambours beating *ad nauseam*. Later, walked through the bazaars, now by the ever-increasing influx of pilgrims, becoming crowded and odious, great numbers of these pilgrims keep flocking in, some of them very nude and queer looking indeed.

April 6

By 6.15 the carriage, a large waggonette belonging to the Rance of Landour and sent overnight, was packed and ready; I was sorry to leave the Jenkinsons. The road was literally one crowded mass of pilgrims, elephants, camels and, more than all, horses cum syces, all going to the Fair. This stream of life we left on crossing the Jehallipur bridge, and went on easily and well, passing the dry river by means of a lot of men, the horses of which the coachman is extremely careful, being taken out. The Roorkee bridge by 9.30. Tips: coachman one rupee, two syces, four annas each. So, the great Hardwar visit has at length really been prosperously concluded. Let me be thankful. Breakfast very good as usual at this Roorkee bungalow, but neither I nor Giorgio can eat hardly anything. Prohibit painting the room while I occupy it, and send off the painter. The saucepan tinpot birds are astonishingly noisy! No end of fuss to get change. At Fattehpur by 3.45; then Giorgio asked me "Where is the Colosseum with the drawings?" I remembered having placed it on the table at Roorkee, whereon, supposing that all my Hardwar work was lost, I fell into a paroxysm, half of grief, half anger, and upbraided dear, good old Giorgio with not looking to see if all the things were right, and with answering me fractiously when I spoke of his doing so with "si-si". But presently I recollected I had divided all the drawings and placed them in the *bisacchi*.¹ Second thoughts, I had also taken up the Colosseum and repacked that too in the saddlebags. Whereon, general jubilee and rejoicements. Pretty entrance and cheerful to Saharanpur. Drove to Powell's Hotel, where I got two rooms: a queer ramshackle place. Buy a leather

¹Saddlebags.

bottle for one rupee and a bottle of claret for 2 Rs./8. Dinner laid for eight or ten, but only I and Giorgio were actors and, strange to say, everything was first-rate. I write this in bed, having taken another "Garden" powder. Crickets are disagreeably noisy; otherwise this child is more or less happy.

April 7

Umballa is flat enough, not to say ugly; many elephants about. Got the only two remaining rooms in the dak bungalow and a "speaking English man" offers a garry to Kalka for 15 Rs., which I greedily seize. Finding, apparently, no pan in the commode, we sent for bearer and lo ! there is one—of glass, painted brown ! Umballa seems to me about as interesting *qua* its cantonments, as Allahabad or Purnea, so I did not go out. Meanwhile, beggars and other queer people abound. It is now 7.30, but only a tablecloth indicates a chance of coming dinner. When it came it was good, but a bottle of light claret ain't much, indeed not enough, for two men; nor are four bottles of bilayutee pawnee (soda water) a good substitute for other liquor. We are in India. Meanwhile Giorgio is utterly wordless today, though he seems well. Small crickets or beetles are come in unpleasant numbers, all at once. The heat is considerable, and perspiration commenceth.

April 8

Got a bottle of claret and took a fowl and bread; dak bungalow not dear. The plain is much the same, sort of mimosa trees, some corn or green, here and there a tomb or a sort of resting place, or a post house, but nothing of interest particularly, nor as yet any hills visible. Metallic note-pencil lost, a *disgusto*, but happily have a second in my travelling bag. A vast plain, many camels with lots of young ones, seen in files. Giorgio, for some unknown cause, sulketh. Reach Laurie's bungalow at Kalka and get two rooms, one very small one for Giorgio, but will do for one night. Requiring to see the owner about going on, sent note to ask if I could see him, but the note came back saying: My master no come; you must go him. So I did go, and finding a very well behaved lady, did not bust out as I should have done had it been a man: but I spoke strongly, nevertheless, so that Mrs. Whoever she was made her servant mizzle downstairs suddenly. Geese and other familiar fowl abound here, but outside the compound there is little to interest, at least in this haze. The afternoon passed heavily: really the heat is becoming considerable. Partly I slept, partly I read Tristram Shandy, partly sate in the outdoor

March 18—April 8

gallery. Countless coolies; these gents seem to me like certain Arabs of Jericho—*piuttosto effeminate*¹ in manner, walking with their hands over each other's shoulders, or hand in hand. Howbeit, this may only be custom. By means of claret, sherry, and a previous peg I am keeping up, though more than a little depressed. Giorgio has his pint of beer, and is more cheery; in truth he is always, even though taciturn, and always good. In the next room an ayah, with English children: such pretty voices! It is 8 and bedtime. This is the first time I have had my blanket spread single, hitherto, always double.



¹Rather effeminate.

CHAPTER SIX

April 9—April 27

April 9

Two jampans came: stranger-traveller advises tongas; I see tonga but like it not and adhere to jampans. The movement of a jampan is much like that of a dhooly, but you have much more room. Only, when the men change the pole from one shoulder to t'other, it seems as if they were about to pitch you over into space. The first rise from Kalka would be worth drawing were there time: there are some tolerable bits of foreground. But soon, the road ascends between spurs or ranges of the hills, and little is too remarked except the immense amount of the white flower of the San Remo plant. Soon there is another descent, and then an ascent in earnest; plains below hardly visible; sides of gigantic hills bare except for the before-named plants and increasing quantities of the candlestick *Euphorbia*, some of which are large trees, and very queer they look. Portions of the ascent are unpleasant enough, being full of broken places, and often the jampan is carried where the road curves sharply, over air and space and depth. Picturesqueness generally scarce. Having done nine miles in three hours and eight minutes, we reach the top of this many-folded ascent where pines, some of them large, begin to be seen, and come to a most respectable village, yea, a military station and barracks with real rifle soldiers, of all which facts I had never heard. The aspect of this place is charming; so (also having the cramp) I got out and walked; presently we come to other scenes, constantly descending, down, down, down, a good hour's walk, right into the depths of a wide valley, with walls of hill on each side. Continuing now in the jampan, ins and outs prevail, and ugly bits, and candlestick cactus, and no end of detached plots of corn—the whole reminding me of scenes in Sta. Maura. The roads leads down suddenly along a horrid, edgy ravine, with odious steep bits, and presently

April 9—April 27

dips quite into the deep hollow at the seventh mile from Kasauli; there is little to regret as undrawn, the scenery being of the hugest sort, and only here and there does the euphorbia make any tolerable foreground. Here the coolies stop to get some water, and then we begin the next ascent, which abounds with frightful slips and broken places, yet these coolies never make the least stumble. It was a long pull up to near Sabathu, below which hill station we arrived about noon; and then the country opened out wider, much to my surprise, for I had always thought the road went straight from the plains to Simla. All along the valley we go on till, at 1.15, we are deposited at Mrs. Lowrie's hotel at Kakkerhutti, where we got a good double room; also the khamsamah speaks English, and got up a capital breakfast, mutton chops and mashed potatoes, and good tea; after partaking of which and a peg, I feel restored. Simla is visible ahead, twenty-two miles on. Later, I went out, wandering about to discover something to draw, but although Simla is visible to the naked eye, it is only seen over the crest of other hills, themselves hidden by nearer. So I drew a view of the valley and river scene, illustrated by candlestick euphorbia and figures. Giorgio saw a great lot of Lungoor monkeys, but they were frightened away by an angry proprietor of the invaded cornfields before I came to the spot, the last individuals cutting away rapidly into the jungle. On getting back we found no symptoms of luggage, and I (of course) made no end of fuss, in the midst of which it all began to drop in, coolie by coolie. Many swallows here: air pleasant and warmish. The alert khamsamah brings dinner at 7. Goodish soup, chicken cutlets not so good as in ordinary dak bungalow, but boiled mutton A.1, also some very good egg curry and cheese. So with beer and a glass of sherry, we were well off. Queer and dreary horrid as is this route, I half fancy it will be better to return by it, and take the consequences as part of one's "duty" in this Indian tour. Good old Giorgio Kokali! how patient and equal you have ever been! How, supposing I get back to Europe, to arrange for the rest of your life?

April 10

Setting off this morning, weather threatened. First, a rapid and long descent to the river, then immense continuance of ascent, over and along ridges, descending every now and then nearly as much as we had risen, and never seeing anything but a vast undulating sea of mountains, a tedious and wearying journey. Generally I got out and walked down the descents. When much higher up thunder and wind began to

fuss, and I thought we were in for torrents, but the storm burst farther off. So, on and on, till we reached a dirty lot of roadside bazaars, and could hold out no longer, but stopped and ate the very small piece of bread which prudence had taken care to provide. Also a glass of sherry. Perpetual ascent began again, with various alarms of rain, until two huge ridges past, we arose into crimson flowered rhododendra and incipient bungalows. Not a bit knowing where to find Beatsonia. I ordered the jumpans onward at once and, stopping to enquire of an officer where it was, one of the two ladies with whom he was riding said, "Mr. Lear!" and who should it be but Mrs. Philip Le Mesurier and her daughter! At the post I got twelve letters. A policeman accompanied me to the Beatsonia, and soon up came all the luggage, and Giorgio arranged that and the room. How cold it was!

April 11

Wrote to Evelyn Baring, and looked about the Peterhoff views; then the Shepherd and Bourne's and looked at photographs. There is very little to draw, I am glad to say, at the other end of Simla, and by far the best views are close to Beatsonia and Peterhoff. When I got back, all at once the whole remotest range of snow, hitherto invisible, came clearly out, so I began outlining, and drew till 6.35. Disappointment as to the water here: no springs, but all cistern water! One bottle of sherry, two and a half of beer and a bottle brandy opened: and four of soda water consumed already in two days.

April 12

Rose very early, and instantly began to outline the mountains, which I drew at, barring *Chota Hazry*, till 10.30. Breakfast; part-ridge and liver, excellent. Then wrote a very long letter, twelve pages, to Lord Northbrook. At 2.30, went out with George and walked four miles to Major Le Mesurier's. Found him and Mrs. Le Mesurier at home; pleasant enough, but she reminds me of Corfu garrison days. In the verandah was a huge tiger's skin; this beast was killed only three weeks ago at the tuft of trees by the little temple I passed in coming up. No one ever heard of tigers here before, and some men of the village attacked it, thinking it a leopard, till it sprang and broke one arm of each man. Then they sent up to Le Mesurier who went down with a few of his artillerymen, but no one believed in the native tiger story, and they threw lots of stones till he jumped out, when they fired and killed him. Le Mesurier

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walked nearly all the way back with me: he is just the same nice fellow he was twenty years ago. So pass the Simla days.

April 13

The sun is hot, even up here. And, strange to say, yet another range of still higher snow-covered peaks has become visible within the last few hours. Actually I began a new drawing and penned it out for colour! At 7 the foolish sweeper will persist in bringing stinking petroleum lamp, which I as often turn out. Returning from the post, I met a party of natives wonderfully dressed, the women nearly all handsome, one girl and a real beauty and such nose-spoons and rugs! Green, blue, yellow, and rose mantles, gold lace, etc.

April 14

Very little sleep: rose unwell. Grew better later. Outlines all the morning. Interruptions from bores and landlord of house wishes to make my acquaintance, and sends interpreter; whereby, I sent salaams but decline, being very busy. Another comes, with a book of recommendations, etc., so I was wroth, and as the day was not favourable for colouring, set off with Giorgio to go round Jakko. This is a beautiful walk in many aspects, for instance the rhododendron trees in parts of it, and many grand groups of cedars and deodaras, and also slopes of thick ilex: likewise for a sensation of vastness in the far mountain scenery. But, at least on this first visit, there seemed to me no particular points of characteristic or distinctive beauty anywhere. Size and immensity are the most striking qualities of the landscape, with now and then fine hazy bits of colour against the great pines. Heavenly potatoes have these people, the best of any out of old England. But the amount of pepper put into the food is hideous, and I have prohibited it henceforth. There was Irish stew, good barring the pepper; and boiled fowl. Wrote long letters today, a duty but not a pleasure; and so hastily does one write that I cannot but think these letters must savour more of duty than pleasure to the recipients.

April 15

Not over well. Worked at colour, but very badly, with new tube colours as worry me. Nor was the morning clear. However, it don't make much difference I think, for I doubt being able to do this view at all. Sun very hot, wind cold: depressed and worried. Home, and drew again, those endless mountains, and later tried bits of foliage, but no more

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colour! O no! Lots of apes, who shake down the red flowers of the rhododendra for fun. (Not at all. They pluck off the petals to suck the honey. So says Major Honchu who made all the roads of Simla.)

April 16

Day clearer, so that I got my morning outline pretty well completed, all but for the far hills. Went down with Giorgio to monkey lane; lots of those beasts everywhere. This lane is full of lovely bits, but all very irrespective of Simla scenery. The rhododendron trees are amazing. Now, I am back on the Beatsonia terrace (a cold wind!) and looking with astonishment at the colour before me. Without doubt I have never seen any landscape so gorgeous, and if you can ever manage to represent the rhododendrous foreground, the deep-shadowed, cuplike immensity beyond would be comparatively easy to send away back. As days go in India this has been a very pleasant one.

April 17

Put away drawings, got out money, and prepared to go to Simla, and as the mountains are all haze, and invisible, so much the better for my plan. Bought two umbrellas, two rupees four annas each, and took them to Ramsay's to be covered for two rupees twelve annas more, each. Afterwards drew at the everlasting valleys and mountains, and did all that could be done, and packed them up. Then tried to colour a drawing of rhododendron trees, but failed signally.

April 18

The walks at this hour are very delightful, the ilex shades so pleasant with scarlet rhododendron shining everywhere, lighted up by the early sun. Only a few ladies, as yet, ride about; but when Simla is full, these dusty precipice roads must be a fatal bore. The hill natives are among the most picturesque I have seen in India, especially the women, who are all more or less good looking, their ear and nose ornaments truly wondrous. Returned to breakfast; poached eggs and stewed duck. Afterwards set to work and penned out all the three drawings previously done in pencil, and this took till past 1, when a Calcutta letter came with bad news. Villa Emily¹ has been broken into and robbed, I know not of what, or how much, but all the old cabinets are broken open, all the boxes, chests and wardrobes, and all is confusion; a bore, and the news takes time

¹Lear's villa at San Remo.

April 9—April 27

to digest. Somehow I feel inclined to give up Narkunda, and go sooner to Bombay, and at times it even crosses my mind, might I not even now cut in half this Indian tour and go straight to Italy?

April 19

Not over well. Walked with Giorgio slowly to the post, and posted all the letters. What strange scenes of fine ladies in jampons and liveried coolies! What groups of beautiful little English children with ayahs and bearers! What endless picturesqueness of hill tribes with toga-like wrappers! What women with nose-buttons and rings, and spoons, and sky blue breeches! Verily, Simla is a queer place! The ilex-shaded walks are very pretty, and the vast gloom-pervading space below is always an interest, though not always a cheerful one. N.B. To ask at Simla for a book relating to Madras is about as sensible a move as to ask for a Guide to St. Petersburg or Moscow at Madrid, Naples or Lisbon.

April 20

Breakfast 10.15; eggs and beefsteak, always too heavy for me. Began to pen out cedars but grew ill from cramp and indigestion. The rhododendra are now 100 times more beautiful than 10 days ago, one mass of ineffable colour. The hills, looking south, are particularly beautiful this evening, being all minus their sharp detail, owing to the haze: and the scarlet flowers come off the vast, dim, gray distance like nothing one ever saw or imagined. And it must be owned that the natives of these parts are by far the most picturesque of any I have yet seen, especially the womenkind in their floating mantels, many-coloured trousers and vests, and surprising nose rings. Dinner not so successful as usual (save the soup, which was excellent when one had eliminated the cloves), being a piece of collared mutton, too hard to be eaten at all, and a boiled rabbit—also *duro*.¹ But they try their best, so there is nothing to growl at, but much the contrary. As for San Remo, I think of it as little as possible. Perhaps it is a good thing to be reminded that nothing on earth is permanent—which one might fancy was the case were nothing to go wrong, to one's harm. Darjeeling was a far more variously interesting place than this, as to its European elements: the tea planters, though of different grades socially, being more or less men of intelligence and gentlemanly; here all is either civil or military, one large sanatorium.

¹ Hard.

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April 21

Dusty, windy and misty; but persevered all down the steep path we had come up eleven days ago and where I had remarked a fine subject I had determined to draw if possible. I thought then, however, as the best effect of light and shade is at 2 p.m., that I must give a whole day to this view, taking food down because it might have been too hot to go down at noon: but today being cloudy I thus dodged the elements, and got my drawings. The picturesqueness of these people! But it has been tiring work, as I had always to draw standing in full sunshine.

April 23

Have now done my work as to Simla landscape, at the end of my fortnight's stay. Dinner—very good soup, and surprising beefsteak pie, bar spice, and a loin of mutton. But a budget from Calcutta was the best part of the whole. "Carlingford"; 20 March a nice letter.

Dear Fortesque,¹ Parkinson
Dear Carlingford, O Sam,
Dear S.P.Q. cum Fortesque
How very glad I am
For now you'll do not more hard work
Because by sudden (.)²
You're all at once a peer.
Whereby I say God bless the Queen,
As was, and is, and still has been,
Yours ever, Edward Lear.

April 24

Ordered coolies for tomorrow's journey, paid five rupees for umbrellas, then set out with Giorgio to go to Sir Charles Napier's Auckland House, where I sent in my card with a request that I might see the view from the back, or north side. There seemed no end of children everywhere, which was explained when a dark lady in black came out to see me and said she was the second mistress of this, the Punjab Girls' School. The view from the verandah above is beautiful, and just what I want; the lady, who says I may come and draw it when I please, shewed me more of the establishment than I had time, or cared, to see: but the

¹Chichester Fortesque had recently been raised to the peerage as Lord Carlingford.

²Word missing.

April 9—April 27

children seemed a nice lot, and the place well kept: the house is the best I have seen in Simla. After this, I went on to the terrace of a native house near, and drew by permission of the owner a sort of outline, but the mountains were not clear; and again I tried a third spot, so that in one or other of these places I hope to get Lady Aberdare's view. Returning to the town, wished I could draw one exquisite landscape of immense depth and distance; the delicacy of its farthest horizon, mountains in the golden haze of evening was sublimely lovely when all the detail was lost and only space, colour, glory and mystery remained. Simla is beginning to fill: numbers of jampanis, each with eight or ten liveried servants are on the road; also infinite lots of delicious, little, fair, lovely ducks of English children.

April 25

In this early morning the mountains are all most lovely, greener than when I came, and with pale blossoming peach colour in the remote distance, reminding me of those we used to see from La Cava, beyond Eboli, and nearer Salerno. The north view is nearly all exquisite pearl-pink-lemon haze; only the ilex wood, of all possible local colour, just shows that. The large ilex are golden now, they were brown when I came; and the rhododendra trees, still a mass of red, keep, though in shade, the key of the whole scene. Doubtless this is one of the world's most lovely landscapes. By 8 we were at the dividing roads where was a placarded notice, "The Muchoobra road being under repair, people are requested to go by the upper road, via the Commander-in-Chief's house." Presently we came out into a vast, vast hollow of mountains, the road unparapeted, edging the hollows with immense depths below, not at all pleasantly. Constantly you meet men carrying long planks, but they seem to know their business well, and edge all along the Corniche leaving you free. Pass through a long tunnel, no wise agreeable; so dark and so dazzling along of the light at the farther end, that I could see nothing, and Giorgio had to hold one end of an umbrella and pull me along, I holding the other end. Turning upwards as it were, we were again in shady ilex and rhododendra paths, and presently at the junction of the upper and lower Shooobra roads, the notice about repairs being again put up on a board here. In vain I showed this to the coolies—they insisted on going on by the lower road, all saying, "*Attcha hai rusta adi*", "The road is good now", and I could not make them follow me on the upper path. So I even went after them, but soon began to repent as there were many

ugly, narrow bits. Then we came to a landslip, where many workmen were, utterly impassable, even by the coolies! So I angrily ordered all back, and we had to return till we once more reached the junction of the two roads and the printed notice. Thence followed a stiff climb until another printed board "To the Commander-in-Chief's House" gave us a new line, and very beautiful it was for ilex woods, but very stiff pull up. All at once, a particularly horrid path diverged, and the coolies insisted that this was the path to Mushoobra and nothing could change their plans. So I sent Giorgio on to pioneer, and he returned saying he thought I could manage it. Such a horrible pathway! Only by Giorgio's constant help could I get on at all, for it was often not a foot wide, and covered with dry leaves, beneath which stones discomfited the distrustful foot. At 11.45, however, we reached the original lower road a little way only beyond the landslip, and so by 12 reached the Gables Hotel. Here all was dreary emptiness; not a soul to be seen, nor a chance of seeing one. Considerable howling brought an old fellow, who said Mrs. Campbell was up at Mushoobra house, whereto I tried to ascend, but was too tired, and at 12.30 wrote a line and returned, and sent off the coolies. By and by, Mrs. Campbell sent some sherry and soda water, but asked me to come up to the other house if I was to stay, as the hotel was not yet in order. So I got out the cold beef and bread, and no people ever ate with more satisfaction than Giorgio and I. Afterwards, Mrs. Campbell, a most comely and well-bred little body, and was very sorry, etc. So we talked no end, and finally I walked up to Mushoobra House, where I got two rooms, good and very comfortable, and from 4 to 5 drew—but there is little really to draw.

April 26

After a very friendly parting with Mrs. Campbell, we went through the cluster of rustic bazaars, and began a truly odious ascent; steep, yes, but its chief vice lay in its being covered with dry ilex leaves, and for every step you took onward, you slipped back three. Two or three times I was about to give up altogether, but to go back was as bad as to go on, and Giorgio always kept helping me greatly. We got to the top about 7.40 and the views all about are magnificent; the rich colour of woods, ilex and pine, and the vast blue space of hollow mountain. Then the main Tibet road; a village of wooden bazaars, infinite plank-bearing men and women: some of these latter almost beautiful and all much ornamented. Beyond this point, the fine forests are miserably thinned; the trees lie in great numbers about, recalling Corsica days; also, similarly

April 9—April 27

recalling those days, abundant cuckoos is heard. The road, with abominably ugly bits at times, runs round an immense semi-circle of mountain, the views beyond which are stupendously grand. I reached Teog at 2.40, where as usual there is no view to be drawn, though plenty of time to draw it, and there were, but as the evening came on, the great mountain opposite the bungalow was lighted up, and broken into many beautiful details and I sat drawing it till all the sunset light (which, by the by, seems nearly always colourless in India) faded; but the great snow remoteness are always invisible. At 7.15, the active and unaided khamsamah produced dinner; a single dish (with potatoes) or chicken cutlets, but of quality quite first-rate, also a really good sweet omelette "mommolet" as these people call it. Ach! the comfort and quiet of such dak bungalows, far and by far the happiest Indian repose.

April 27

Great semi-circle of mountains; broad good path in shade: woods spreading down to gulfs below. No possibility of drawing, all too immense and vague. Good even roads, but horribly nervous, always at the edge of tremendous precipices, but ever going curving and rounding the huge valley, until we come exactly opposite the Teog dak bungalow. One part of the last hour's walk was very picturesque; below, lofty and finely coloured rocks; above, depths of ilex and pine and here and there a few rhododendra in flower. We see the road before us now for at least an hour more, and a pretty strong though gradual ascent.



CHAPTER SEVEN

April 27—May 13

April 27

Then a descent overlooking other vast valleys and again an ascent, but actually even now, no snow mountains. So the day will go as did yesterday, no drawing made. For all this immense, inconceivably immense, mountain scenery seems absolutely without picturesque corners or bits or portions; all that can be said is, let us hope health may benefit. Reach Muttianeh dak bungalow at 11.30. Polite khamsamah speaks English. O! that t'were possible to drink less! Two bottles of soda water cum sherry and a cup of tea, with bread and beef of first-rate quality. Happiness and quiet appear to me to exist nowhere in India save in dak bungalows: there they certainly do. After breakfast, drew the mountain view till a storm burst far away, and gradually all was cloudy and it rained; clearing away with a rainbow. Methinks these Himalayas, always barring Darjeeling, are mighty uninteresting! Compare the Cumberland or Welsh hills and their lakes; the Alps, their lakes and glaciers; the Dolomites and the Tyrol; the varied forms of Greece and Italy; and then think of the hundreds of good-for-nothing, weary miles here, remarkable only for hugeness-magnitude! Towards sunset however, this immense landscape became very lovely, all pallid as it is beyond the dark ilex trees. The next range is palest green; and then the rest fade off into the Chour, which is hardly darker than the sky. A beautiful drawing might be made by washing it out into almost nil, if you could only keep the purity of the remote ranges. Be the idea absurd or not, it is really very like an enormous Claude.

April 28

We are rounding the mountain up which we first began to

April 27—May 13

climb from Muttianch, but as yet see no mountains, though it is the fourth day from Simla: like Tennyson's rivulet one goes on forever and forever.

I

There lived a small puppy at Narkunda
Who sought for the best tree to bark under
Which he found, and said "Now,
I can call out Bow Wow,
Underneath the best cedar in Narkunda."

II

There was an old man of Narkunda,
Whose voice was like peals of loud thunder.
It shivered the hills
Into Colveynth pills,
And destroyed half the trees of Narkunda.

III

There was a small child at Narkunda,
Who said, "Don't you hear, that is Thunder!"
But they said, "It's the Bonzes
Amaking responses
In a temple eight miles from Narkunda."

Very few people one meets on this strange road, which hereabouts is nowise picturesque. Coolies, having cut off a corner by passing above, suddenly appear ahead. Ugly path; nearly two miles yet to Narkunda. No, it wasn't, for we arrived at 11.35 and see the busting view of snow mountains at last! Doubtless the immensity of everlasting snow, must, when clear, be one of the sublimest sights in the world, but at present I can only guess at the whole by partial glimpses between mist and cloud. Yet, as the present season is about the very worst in all the year for a chance of seeing these mighty summits clear, this impossibility of drawing them is not surprising, though it is disappointing. There is just a chance, but only a slight one, for tomorrow. We had some tea, cold beef and bread (and I some cognac and soda water, for I was pretty well done up by my five hours pull), and since then I have been trying to draw, until heavier clouds have risen and settled over most of the view. Even with my glass I cannot see any signs of vast old cedars, nor even of deodaras at all; are

these then myths? Giorgio—whether that I did not give him anything but tea, or because I made a fuss about his opening soda water bottles badly—has returned to silence. A big peal of thunder bursts, and the echoes go far and far away, and so it went on growling and with a little rain now and then, till all the distance is covered up with cloud, and one might as well be on Snowdon as at Narkunda.

April 29

Mountains invisible, all thin mist! on the other side, dark thick cloud. There was little hope of clearing, but in the meantime nothing can be done beyond trying to secure that much of the landscape as visible is. So I drew a middle-distance of huts, and some nearer hills, going now and then also to the Chour or south view. All this is very unlucky, and I half fear a hopeless matter for any good drawing. After breakfast (which was tea, with Simla cold beef, and bread), I continued to draw foundations for mountain tops if they ever become visible; but at noon, the clouds began to spread and rumble, and a set of thunder storms prevailed, each giving forth louder and louder peals. I cannot remember any storm so magnificent as this. There was not much rain, and some hail; but about 5 the clouds were swept away by a fresh wind, and gradually forth came all the whole range of mountains, all beautiful, and some of them of the very first sublimity. But flashing out all so suddenly, it was next to impossible to secure even the least idea of the scene, so dazzlingly rosy in colour it became minute by minute, and yet so changing by reason of shifting cloud. Some portions of that vast snow-line are of the very finest I ever saw, and I regret I cannot nail them into outline: long lines of heights, all but level as a whole, sparkled out into gold in a wonderful way, but the wind is bitterly cold, and I have to shut up. Capital dinner; roast fowl and first-rate potatoes, very good curry and rice, and a first-rate cabinet pudding. So the day and evening have passed by pleasantly. The fact of being thus in this house, and well fed, and so comfortable in such a locality—a sort of nowhere on the borders of India and Tibet—and of being totally unmolested and with not even a bolt on the doors, seems a semi-miracle and is well worth the contemplation of pipkins, pumpkins, poodles and pearly philosophers.

April 30

Rose at 5, the mountains all clear as crystal as I had hoped from a good deal of wind blowing; but a pale, thin mist soon rose and

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made drawing the outlines impossible. As the sky was quite cloudless, I thought it wiser to give these immense mountains a chance later, as at any rate I ought to see the forest towards Khoteghur, and so set off with Giorgio: I in slippers, my heel being still unwell. My disappointment anent the forest is great, for there are no deodars at all, and although these Himalayan pines are brighter and more cheerful than those of Switzerland, they are just as monotonous in form and far, far, less interesting than the wonderful trees of Ravenna. O! for those pines of Corsica, with their bright silver-white stems, and long arms! O! for the oaks of Darjeeling and their creepers! I hardly had patience to draw at all, and soon turned back. The best thing I saw was a lot of flocks of goats, all salt-laden, and with some very fine Tibetan dogs. Meeting with such throngs of animals in these narrow forests paths is by no means pleasant, for they rush and push on, and if the salt bags graze your legs, acute grief followeth.

May 1

Violent storm and heavy rain all night long, whereby I am miserably in fear about the roads. All was cloud, upwards and downwards, so the best policy is to go as soon as possible. The khamsamah here is a jewel; so quiet and never bothering; so clean and attentive and cooking so well. Off at 6.05, though the rain has been so heavy the roads, and also my foot, are far better than I expected they would be. Bits of the precipice road are certainly anything but agreeable, and the steep path descending the first part of the Muttianeh mountain, hideous. There was one group of real deodars worth drawing, all the rest nil. At 10.35 in Muttrianeh dak bungalow. Soon we got breakfast; chicken cutlets and potatoes, eggs and bacon, all good. Lay down a bit and reposed. Then it began to rain, so one could do nothing. Sherry no longer exists, but Simla beer doth.

May 2

All quite clear and beautiful. We get off at 6.15 on the first part of the journey, uphill and stoney. I got a drawing of the Chour. Then, on the second part, downhill and a stoney road, met many hill people with goats, horses, etc., the women nearly all nice-looking, and one or two quite lovely and with such head-dresses! The next stretch was all keen misery to me, the narrow road running along precipice shelves, enough to kill one off suddenly of sheer horror. Last part more agreeable, and we got to Teog dak bungalow at 11.20. (Exquisite white

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sort of creeper, brightening the trees which have become all green.) Breakfast; sleep afterwards and then made a drawing of the sort of Clematis creeper, of which Giorgio brought me in specimens.

May 3

Drew the strange Buddhist temple far below the road and got a sufficiently good outline of the vast Chour and its infinite valleys. Drew also at some rocks which, with many companies of salt and flour-carrying goats, might make a good picture, the people accompanying said flocks being wonderfully picturesque. We reach Fagu at 10, the far snows quite visible. A good breakfast, and I tried to draw afterwards, but the mountains were inflexibly obstinate. It seems a pity not to have seen the great deodars at Cheenec, but I have already had more than enough of these dreadful precipice roads; and as for Kashmir, it would have been too great a matter to force into my short tour, unless I gave up many places of more consequence and interest to my work.

May 4

The polite khamsamah is not moderate in his charges, perhaps because he speaks English so well. Slowly, slowly along the path rounding the great semi-circle of hill, till there were possible bits of foreground and middle-distance to add to the mountain lines. Later I drew three or four times, and I hardly ever saw finer effects of mountain scenery than these of graduated opal lines to a vast dim violet chasm, all sent off into space by bright green and dark-hued cedars, blue, green and brown being the chief keys. At the first village we saw no coolies, so we went on and all that part near the Mahasso hill is far finer than anything on the line to Narkunda. Drew three or four times more, wonderful lines with that bright snow-line fretted into millions of wrinkles and chasms. Then we reached the Mahasso village where we joined the great road ten days ago, not a coolie visible, which disgusted me extremely for I had not eaten anything since my 5 o'clock tea. But there was no remedy. Then came the long and stumbling descent until the last village, where were all the coolies, and sub-cheese (everything). As I had said "the last village" forgetting there were three and not two, it certainly was not their fault that they did not stop at the second. So we went on a little farther to where the ilex trees begin, and sate down to rest and breakfast. But from what cause I know not, Giorgio was seized with grumps; sate with his back to me and grunted amain; let off the soda water bottle so as to lose

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half its contents, opened more worser, and besides, would eat nothing. So I think perhaps he may not be well. Meanwhile, I lunch on very tough fowl, dry biscuits, and claret, and am by no means to be pried. I am very lame and walk slowly. The crimson rhododendron flowers still bewilder me by their beauty but, *per contra*, a race of small crawling and fidgeting flies, equally, drive me wild. These ilex woods on the side of Jakko are truly lovely, also the picturesqueness of the people. Got to Simla church and then came to the Library, where I read the latest news. Next to Mr. Petersen's at the Simla bank, which I find is really the true Sir Charles Napier house; thence to the post office, where I got a lot of letters, the reading of which upheld me in this, the 16th or 17th mile, of my walk.

May 5

Set off with Giorgio to Mr. Petersen's where I at last got my Napier views. Breakfasted with the Petersen's, and a very nice little boy and girl, which children knew all my Nonsense Books. Played and sang. On the way back, drew last remembrances of Simla: Simla is indeed a beautiful place. Came the dhobie with 32 pieces and asking 6½ rupees; then it was found that a silk handkerchief had been kept back, but it seems Giorgio had injudiciously added one more piece, a towel, after the 32 had been counted out, making 33 in all. So now the dhobie saith "Your list is of 32 pieces, and 32 pieces are here." Meseemeth he abstracteth the handkerchief.

May 6

Walked down to the cart-road; then jampan. By 9, we are somewhat more than eight miles from Simla, the coolies who go very well, having just done four miles in the 53 minutes, twice. At present, they are stopping to get some water. The first part of this grand road, which so far is excellent, was incredibly beautiful, the great ridges of foliage all in shade, the scarlet rhododendron flowers shining down in the depths. By degrees, the pine and cedar and ilex woods of Simla went out of sight, as we turn and turn the many folded corniches, and come to the opposite side of the hill crescent. Farther on we pass curves of mighty rocks, and steep descents to abysses below, but always with a good roadside parapet wall. White roses hang in sheets of silver all about the trees hereabouts, and there is a great deal of cultivated ground on terraces or slopes. We reach the dak bungalow at Karagati exactly at 11 (it is 15½

miles from Simla, though called 15), and had an excellent breakfast of our own boiled beef, bread and cheese, claret and soda water. The heat is already something, the leathern covering of my jampan being too hot to touch. Through the chick blind (screen-blind made of finely split bamboo) I see the bright sunlight and all is quiet. Rest awhile but go on soon; the valley increases in beauty, and is lovely from various foliage, especially pomegranate; one little space of pinewood charming. Then follows a longish rise to Solon, at the dak bungalow of which we arrive at 4.40, and a very pretty place it is—village, pagoda, etc., the sanatorium, barracks, and other delightful Anglo-Saxonisms happily out of sight. Glad of a "peg" after all the day's work. I do not put off dinner, as who knows when the coolies may come, so at 7.20 we get an excellent dinner of roast fowl and potatoes, and afterwards, first rate curry and rice. This over, I and Man Friday await quietly the events of destiny, when two coolies come and bring four 'objects', but my bed is not among them; before 9, every 'sub-cheese' comes; and I do think that the transportations of goods and persons in India are *truly wonderful*. They bear relation to old oriental times. Giorgio with his usual alacrity makes my bed and leaves the world to darkness and to me. O! blessings on dak bungalows, where one is let alone. Simla, certainly I do look back to its groves and woods and beautiful flowers with delight! But alas! also do I not likewise remember its dust and its precipices, and its man-hatted young ladies trampling you out of life for mere fun—or rather from sheer thoughtlessness? I should well like to have a talk with Evelyn Baring and Northbrook of all these things, and many more, but that may never be. Solon is full of beauty, and two or three days might well be passed here. I shall try to finish *Roderick Random*, and then sleep.

May 7

We had advanced but a very little way, when the right shaft or pole of my jampan suddenly came off, and down went the whole machine; had this happened over the edge of a cliff, as many times I have been suspended, finis would have coronated the opus. As it was we got on again shortly. The morning was quite delightful, and the delicate shades of brown and lilac were lovely. In an hour we began to *girare*¹ and climb a high hill, covered with pines of a fluffy horsetail sort, many of them of great size. Towards the top, the views of the far mountains were magnificently beautiful, and I got out of my jampan and drew. These pines are

¹Turn.

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extremely picturesque, and their foliage very light and delicate. Great numbers of the other trees are covered with the white rose, perfectly a mass of silver-white. I don't remember ever to have seen a more striking view than this. Suddenly my coolies turned off the road to a precipitous track which might save them a mile, but remembering my late broken jampan, this freak alarmed me and I jumped out, and walked some way afterwards, making Giorgio's jampan go before mine when we again started. The road has coasted a long line of green pine-covered hills, very lovely for colour and brightness; but the dust has been a bore, and also the proclivities of the coolies to carry the jampans on the road edge wherever there are no parapets. The Siwalik hills are pretty, but there is nothing in the view so interesting as that from Mussooree, far less Darjeeling. When coolies stopped to get water, I got an outline by walking back to a point I had marked, rather funkling the heat though, for the hot wind bloweth, and by no means calmly. By a wild and jungly narrow pass we came into Kalka where all at once everything is picturesque and bustle. We got two rooms at Lowrie's and gave a rupee each to the two sets of coolies. Meanwhile, a barber renovates Giorgio by cutting his hair, and I, at times, drew figures, standing by the gate, for Kalka is full of picturesqueness, particularly in figures, and especially the women. The heat is certainly immense, but I suppose it is to be much worse yet.

May 8

Could not get off before 5, and we got to Umballa in five hours. The views of the Himalayas above the date groves and near the river are beautiful, and I managed to get some useful memoranda. They say I can go straight to Allahabad without changing at Ghaziabad. The hot winds began to blow; the day wore away oddly: I, sleeping on a heap of things in one corner of the large waiting room, Giorgio in another. Anon, I walked about the station, where saddleback crows obtain, and sparrows prevail. Uh! Ah! The brain-fever bird heard for the first time here. Had a "peg" then bought some cigars for Giorgio. A swell Lahore khan or rajah came, and it was fun to observe and draw the people. At 8, I and Giorgio were placed in a compartment and were soon asleep.

May 9

At 1 a.m. (at Meerut), a guard came and said I must turn out, as ladies wanted the compartment, but I flatly refused to move, for

how could I know that the stupid station master at Umballa had put me into a ladies carriage? But at Ghaziabad I was obliged to move, all our traps being put into a wheeled car. Later, our travels were not so propitious, as Giorgio was twice again taken with diarrhoea, and frightened me not a little; but I gave him one of Dr. Garden's powders and stopped the calamity. The incessant shaking of the train also bullied me sadly, and I slept *per forza*.¹ A Sikh officer came into our carriage and much amused me by his dressing, hair arranging, eyebrow blacking, etc. At 9.15 reached Allahabad, where a good supper followed. Bed at 11. Oh! heat!

May 10

Riz at 5 and is a-perspiring from the great 'eat. Bath, and a quinine powder—one of which Giorgio after a little growl, consented to take. Afterwards, walked with Giorgio to the shop as sells paper, but all was closed being Sunday. Came back, and talked on lots of things with Laurie, a most obliging and intelligent German; amongst other matters, Mrs. Laurie and her children used to go every year to the Jubbulpore Marble Rock bungalow. There, in the verandah, the small folk had a lot of new large dolls, but one day the langur apes came in great numbers, frightening the little girls into fits, who ran into the house crying. Mrs. Laurie and the servant shut the door, and returning afterwards to look how affairs went, found the female apes nursing the dolls, the male brutes breaking them all to bits. A super good breakfast, so good a breakfast rarely have I had, and the whole of this hotel admirably managed. Queer literary ways of Allahabad, letters being presented to you as you walk by: "Sahib so-and-so, hai?" Sate in the gallery reading *Roderick Random*, and drawing bheesties and chatty-men (water-carriers), till I lay down at noon. But verily the heat is egregious and *distinto*.² The paper I write on is simply brittle and burning! Tables, chairs and pillows, all too hot to touch. Went in to *tiffin*, not a prudent act, nor was eating Irish stew and mayonnaise, nor drinking a pint of beer. Gave the Lauries an order for the "More Nonsense"; most obliging people. At 9.30 came to railway with young Donovan, Laurie's vice; without whose help it would have been very difficult to manage in all the crowd and those cross lights. But he got us a good compartment, in which ever-good Giorgio made up the beds, and I was soon asleep.

¹Only because I couldn't help it.

²Outstanding.

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May 11

Train always late, but breakfast at Jubbulpore; iced claret and soda water, good bread, fowl tough and uneatable, but got some hunter beef—good. Heat great, but hitherto not so bad as yesterday's. From sunrise, when the strange isolated hills, so cleanly drawn, were the horizon-forms, all the landscape had interest; the broad, pale yellow plain, dotted with greenery; the exquisite brilliance of the green peepul or mango, the little stream beds, and nearer Jubbulpore, the groups of black boulders and hills beyond, all a great pleasure the more that it is all a repeated page of a six months old story. I write this at 10.40 but as yet feel no symptoms of apoplexy. The heat has certainly been considerable, but not what I expected at all. For a long while, the mountain line to the south has been extremely delicate and beautiful, not very unlike the Sinai ranges near Suez. 7.35 Khandwa where I got two bottles of Bass, and a first-rate roast fowl, all hot. These, with the Allahabad ice, made a wonderfully good dinner for me and Giorgio. And now the beds are arranged for the night and my 62nd year draws near its close.

May 12

At 11.40 we reached Bombay. Got to the Esplanade Hotel, but the fuss about our own Simla luggage, and that sent from Allahabad, is not to be told. Afterwards I lay down; but sent a man to the post, who brought back a mass of letters, I think in all nine. All these comforted me greatly. At dinner, a long table with scattered diners. One, opposite me, talking of temples, knew Madura well, and offers to give me letters, but, along of the torment of the many servants, and of the lights and punkahs, I could hardly listen to him, and was more irritated and disgusted than I have been for ever so long. Could I have done so, I would have cut away from the hotel at once.

May 13

Worked hard at dividing *roba*, a toil that took till 8.30. I fear I must take on all three trunks besides two saddlebags, a bag, and the black Gladstone, seven in all. After breakfast, while playing the public piano, I came to discourse with one Mr. Ford, who intelligenced me much about Matheran and Mahabateshwar. Later, I ordered two deal boxes to send to Europe with things I don't want, and then bought medicine and a Bombay travelling guide. Got the box packed for San Remo, sacrificing the old canvas Alexandrian trunk and three hats.

CHAPTER EIGHT

May 17—June 9

May 17

Six coolies took the baggage, and at 5.20 we were off for Matheran, passing first the straw-thatched village of Neral, where people were generally very naked and afflicted with nose-rings and perpetual teeth-cleaning. Happily the day is cloudy, yet perspiration abounds. It began to sunshine after this, and grew so hot that I was sorry not to have an umbrella; but soon the steep bare zigzags ceased, and we came to most lovely groves of mangoes and all sorts of trees. I secured the only room left; queer and small it was truly, but with adjoining bathroom, and quite place enough at the farther end for Giorgio's bed. To my fancy, this same Matheran seems to be the loveliest place possible, so much space, roads, greenery, distance. The extremest distance cannot, alas! be seen at all for haze, not even Bombay harbour, but the vastness of mountain graduations is most impressive, and the great, wooded middle distance furnishes endless beautiful pictures. Resisted dinner invitations and came back to the queer little hole at the hotel, where I slept for an hour. A young civil service man next to me at dinner, and tells me much of Nassick. Otherwise, conversation mostly about the bonnets and faces in church; came away as soon as I could.

May 18

Spite of forebodings, both master and man slept well. The room being dark, I rose only at 5, and then there was no end of bother to get food for the day, the chief butler being uncomeatable, and all the rest of the household, idiots. So, on to the great Ravine view, which is certainly very novel and sublime, and I got some ideas of it as to light and shade; but I thought it wise to go on to Panorama point before all things,

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whither we went, straight on to the bitter end and I was very glad I did so, tho' the road is not pleasant to a semi-blind man. Jungle-fowl keep up a constant clucking. Few birds in India know how to sing, some cricket-like brutes fizz, and some butterflies flit. Of the women coolies here, I think I did not write yesterday; they are all more or less beautifully formed; wear a very short spencer just covering the breasts, while all the rest of them is naked, save a sash, generally of blue striped silk, bound tightly around the middle, like that worn by the men.

May 19

Foolish singing of birds. To rise and be off by even 5.45 is a hard scuffle, but we did get out by that time. Pleasant walk along the shady Matheran roads, to where I had to draw. That view, or rather those views, are wonderful for astonishing extent, and for variety of distance. All the beautiful hill forms of the distance, like islands on the wide hazy ocean, are exquisite, even at this season, when so much is blurred or hidden from sight. Then the vast sides of this great chasm, with sweeping lines of forest here and there, and detached masses of wood with dark rock nearer the crests of trees above, and the depths of green below, where not the muffled roar of the panther but that of the lungoor comes frequent; all these unite to form a truly fine Indian landscape, tawny and yellow and lilac and pale as is all its colouring. At 9 the sun begins to be too hot for drawing without shade or umbrellaless. I forgot to name the foreground ingredient of picturesque savages, the men wearing a black woollen shawl *à la Montenegro*, the women next to nil. These women are nearly all beautifully made, the least so robustly formed: the men are strong and often well-formed, but otherwise not particularly remarkable. We set off, walking up to Elphinstone Lodge, always by broad, red, sandy roads, with shadowy trees, none very large, save now and then a big mango. The general effect of cheerful green is delightful in these sheltered walks, which, if they keep off air by day, have at least the merit of keeping off sun also. The foliage is incessantly various, but unknown to me, and in general I should say it is of a thin sort. Passing Elphinstone Lodge, we came to the Croquet ground, a place set apart for Great British games. Beyond this we followed the printed direction-posts to Porcupine Point, and came upon fine views of the Bhac—hill at the end, near which I made one more drawing but I thought it better to go on to some more central place for breakfast, and thus we mooned on to the end of Louisa Point, where a halt was called. Breakfast famous; hard eggs, sandwiches and a

first-rate fowl, claret and soda water. I would fain sleep, and flies are far less disagreeable than I had always feared. A strange pale sea of plain and hills is below me; a foreground of yellow grass and red earth. Kites, six or seven, sweep down, fifeing the while, and carrying off odds and ends. A pleasant breeze blows, the most imbecile notes of singing, even the tin-pot bird, if uglier voiced, is anyhow original. Ants, yes, but not particularly disagreeable. Doubtless it is hot in India, and the plains below look steamingly. Beyond this stop, continual shady lanes, vastly delightful, and one hadn't been walking all day, led to the bund by the artificial lake, though it is a but dirty tank of water. Here, Giorgio would go down for water, and I, wishing him to wait till a bheestie came up with better fluid from a high level, he grew angry, as did I.

May 20

Great fuss about one piece of washing, supposed wanting, but it was found later. All packed and bill paid and off by 6. Came down the hill, umbrella-holding, down, down, down, and I promise you it did get hot when we got to the village of Neral! Hereabouts, the babus are all Mahrattas. A slow arrangement of train to Lanowles, nor could luggage be got at soon. No room at all at hotel, and the black fellow who told me so, grinned and giped as if the fact did him good. So by degrees I examined the station room, and was told I must ask the station master, which I did, and he allows, as a favour, that I may sleep in the waiting room. Meanwhile, two persons are there, with whom I converse, apropos of a big, horrid, vulgar, ill-dressed, gross, blacky Indian, who having stared at me for twenty minutes, talked in his own lingo to a younger fellow, who said suddenly—"Who are you? Where are you going? What are you about?" etc., etc. As this went on I grew angry, and calling one who spoke English, said, "Translate this: 'Who the devil are you? Mind your own business, and don't ask impertinent questions!'" This seemed to astonish the native party or parties, and they retreated into silence. When I told this to the two Englishmen, they laughed outright, and said, "The fat man is the son of Aga Khan, the very great Mussulman potentate!" I walked about with these two, who showed me a beautiful grove, where and about the trees of which, were innumerable boa-constrictors, like creepers. Difficult as the matter has been, I have decided to go at 5 tomorrow to the Caves of Karlec. Giorgio is now making the beds up in the station-room, after an alarm of two more people coming; the inconvenient newcomers, however, cut away with their things, so I got to sleep.

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May 21

Slept well when not disturbed by railway shrieks and noises. The sun began to rise as we got near the end of the high square-topped hill east of Lanowlee, and the flat hill of Kalee was in sight by 4.55. We did not find the ascent to the caves or temples very formidable, as there has been a broad road newly made lately. The excavations are in the flat face of the rock, all of a dark, nearly black, hue, with long dry grass on those portions of it that are not perpendicular. An air of antiquity somewhat pervades the place, a few peepul trees, etc. The entrance is, however, grand, and the effect of the interior of the temple impressive, much like that of a gothic cathedral: it seems odd to find so large a rock excavation so well lighted. On the whole, I felt no particular delight in this, the first specimen of such temples I have seen, though of course I am well aware of its value archaeologically, or historically. The grotesqueness of the figures too, ill replace the strange but simple forms of Egyptian hieroglyphs. I drew for half an hour, worthless as are the drawings, and we were back at the station by 10.30; they required a rupee for the guide, but I thought half was sufficient; no ice was to be had so some soda water and the rest of the claret was added to the items of our former somewhat meagre fare, and I rested and slept. So much for the Temple Cave of Kalee. As for the landscape, I do not think the rather odd and cut forms of the Deccan hills would please me long, but one can hardly judge yet awhile. Some more food being absolutely necessary, I ordered breakfast and beer, which saved the lives of these children. The beer here is A.1 and it seems to agree with me. The train comes and we are off to Poona.

May 23

The morning's drive of near fifty miles from Poona has been interesting as showing a totally different part of India, and unlike to any I have yet seen, but I doubt if I shall gain much as to the picturesque by this extensive and tiring journey. The hills are well formed, but extremely like each other; and the repetition of the look onward to, and backward from each, or downward from any height, is so much the same thing that past, present and future are confounded. The plain is mostly a spotted carpet of semi-ploughed or bare ground, with specks and spots of trees, not unlike parts of Malta. The heights are all nearly bare, flat-topped, and with strata lines; colour less sandy than Egyptian hills, but very tawny. The small leaved candlestick plant grows plentiful everywhere, and here and there a very prickly cactus; but on the whole vegetation is a desidera-

tum. No end of empty stomach irritation at delayed food; it was most stupid of me not to take food ready from the hotel! At last, however, it came and welcome: chicken cutlets and balls—grilled sudden deaths—and a good curry, with biscuits, bread and two bottles of beer. All this represented temporary consolation—if not prudence. The heat is always great, but I only perceive the sunshine to be hotter and horridier than any other. Goodness knows, in Palermo and Calabria (1847) I used to perspire similarly, but I never wanted an umbrella. (N.B. You weren't bald then.) One fly has just been teasing me, but only a little; the wonderful thing to me is that there are hitherto, apparently, no flies in India! Off 3.15: great beauty in the green road hedges, and lines of neem or mango trees; and in the hills, fretted and lined with darker lilac touches. All the drawing is sharp and correct, but there is little scope for pictures. 54th mile: here horses cease, and ten men pull the carriage; wonderful beauty of plain far below, not unlike that of the Jordan from above Jericho. A tremendous road! nor does it seem near an end. But this road, though at a fearful height, is broad, and has parapets. Queer chorus of pullers. Immense, and seemingly ever-increasing line of full semi-circle, assuredly one of the finest grand landscapes I ever saw. Nor are we near the top yet, though I thought so long ago. This awful pull up did not end till 7 and it was 7.30 before we got off with horses, and no end of weary driving followed; of course, now that it is dark, all blind work to me. I have suffered sadly from irritation and shaking all today, and at times, rather than go on, I could have been content to sleep on the ground. About 9.30 we reached the Mahabaleshwar dak bungalow, but it was full! Then by long and difficult trails to the hotel where, most fortunately, there were two rooms vacant. Giorgio, who has been *alquanto*¹ sulky at times (he might say, and truly, that I have been more than *alquanto* angry often), would have nothing but water, and went to bed. While I, who had some cold meat, a tiny "peg" and a bottle of beer, got to bed at 11.30.

May 24

Slept well but not fully movable till 7. This ramshackle hotel hasn't a door that will open or shut properly. Walked out with Giorgio, and to the church where were heaps of swells and carriages. We toddled about, and I could observe that as a shady-place station, this is a remarkably nice one; the distant views were all misty and invisible, but great woodenness seems the characteristic. Then we went to what

¹Somewhat.

May 17—June 9

I suppose are called the bazaars, the people therein are A.I for picturesque-ness. All the men carry dark sacks, just like *Montenegrini*. The women, less naked than the shes of Matheran, are nevertheless beautiful in every variety of colour. And so, back to the hotel; at 10, breakfast: the hours here are horribly late, the people staying in this nasty place being military, and all one lot, so the establishment rotates for and around them. Breakfast good as things go. Poor Giorgio has not any good luck, as after all is done they carry the remains across to another bungalow. Out again, and undecided as to what to do, so struck off into a medium course, and went to Sydney Point, to see, if possible, the nature of the landscape. This, it is evident, spite of haze, is of a most grand and original character, long varied lines of hills, piled over and over into the horizon. (Giorgio brings me most lovely orchids.) Finally reached Government House (Mount Charlotte, it used to be), beautiful situation, nice gardens, and rather imposing though low house. Mr. Lee Warner received me (is he an acute secretary like Evelyn Baring, or not? he seems very young) in a very friendly fashion, and introduced me to Sir Philip Wodehouse, who has the most pleasant face and cordial manner possible. Remembers meeting me somewhere, and says presently, "O, at Lady Wilnot Horton's," and I had a faint memory of the fact, some twenty odd years ago. Asks me to dine but I decline, eyes, dress, etc. Asks generally and perpetually to breakfast, and I say I will go. Examine views from garden, which are truly wonderful. At the last moment hear that Mrs. and Mr. Percival are still here and at a house close to Sydney Point. So, a Government peon showing me the way, I go there and meet Mr. and Mrs. Percival a-coming out of the gate in an ox-car, as are used in these parts. She was all kindness, and he seems a very nice fellow. Walk back to the hotel—a long and weary walk. At 7.15 as I felt it impossible to wait two hours more, I had some cold beef and a bottle of beer, and came to my queer room to write this and go to bed. But since then Mr. Percival has written the kindest to say, "Come to us" etc., and I have answered that I will breakfast there on Tuesday: perhaps a foolish giving way to sentiment, but who knows? I am extremely angry and disgusted with this nasty hole.

May 25 .

Slept tolerably but grew angry early, as it is impossible to get tea before 6. Decided at last to go to the village of Mahabaleshwar, and Elphinstone Point; whereon, seizing a bottle of claret and some salt beef, set off. Giorgio's goodness and patience: these brutes only brought

him some cold mince, and some cold curry last night. The road to Mahabaleshwar is not violently, but very moderately, picturesque, and I decided to leave it till my return, as Giorgio volunteered to go on to Elphinstone Point, four miles farther. So on we went; the leafiness ceased but the mists rose, yet chiefly to display a sea of infinite mountainism, pale blue, and green, and gray and lilac. I drew awhile but very abortively; then, set off alone to Arthur's Seat. I had not intended to go so far, but the woods are so thick, it was my only chance of a view to go to the end. By violent scramble I got four outlines, valueless or not as may be. Giorgio having joined me, we came to Mahabaleshur village and went straight up to a big, and very ugly temple. In it is a tank or tanks representing the five holy rivers of these parts, a queer dark place I could not well see, or even look into. Happily, a policeman was there, who ordered a woman to give me some water, and very good it was. Thenceafter I took to making a sketch of the old black temple near by; a lot of the people came about me, and one half-naked chap suddenly aloud, "Half past three afternoon," which betrayed his knowledge of English, but I was not as much surprised as was Giorgio.

May 28

I came to the conclusion that this hotel has its bright side like other places, and now I am ready to start afresh. Can the extraordinary greenness and freshness of these hill tops ever be erased from memory? Carriage alate: finally off, but find a difficulty in getting up first hill; arab horse, careful and attentive Parsee proprietor. Drive to 58th mile, thence I draw as well as I could, fearing rain all the while; but as Giorgio said, it might be worse next day. The plain of Wai and the mountains round about are exquisitely beautiful, and remind me of some of the very finest Greek or Syrian scenes. At Wai by 5.20. The many temples, gleaming out of the Damascus-like band of deep green, are delightful, and so are all the forms of the hills beyond. The rain, however, did come before we reached the neat and new looking dak bungalow. The lightsome cleanliness of this place is charming after hotels. Walked out a while with Giorgio and surely no place on earth can be more lovely than this? Not to speak of the temples, and groves, and the river Kistna, camels and elephants, and all kinds of living creatures. Two quinine powders were taken for precaution's sake. Dinner, though late, is of a high order; good fowl soup, chicken cutlets and roast fowl, with a bad red hot curry, however. The poor people try their best, and short-comings



higher, more
marked, purple, some

cloudy, brown

cloudy, brown

cloudy, brown

cloudy, brown

cloudy, brown

WAIEE—May 29, 1874

May 17—June 9

must be overlooked. Ain't it 'ot here, compared with what it was upstairs at Mahabaleshwar !

May 29

Assuredly Wai is one of the most exquisitely beautiful places I have ever seen. Every spot is a picture, and the colouring is more than usually interesting, owing to the profusion of green, and because the temples are of such rich browns and yellows. When the river is full, all these temples must stand more or less in the water. Walked about the place, one truly Indian character, on both sides of the river, till breakfast, which, being good, *viz.*, mutton chops, stew, and omelette, and all well and quietly served, was a pleasure. Prowled about to see what I ought to draw, where, and when.

May 30

Somewhat near the 62nd or 63rd mile from Poona, Sattria is visible, a hill fort somewhat like Gwalior, but much smaller. Very pretty, with a plain below, bungalow be-dotted, and picturesque enough. But I can't easily decide whether or not I should go first to the dak bungalow or deliver Lee Warner's letters. It would, I found later, have been a *disprezzo*¹ to have gone to the dak bungalow, as Mr. Davidson had, on receiving Lee Warner's letter, arranged everything at Mr. Hosking's, the Assistant Judge, who was at that time away, but had now just returned. He is a young fellow, and very kindly; slow in manner, but evidently a gentleman. After talk, and a cup of tea he shewed me a place close to the house, whence I began a drawing, but a thunder-storm came on, and at 4, I had to shut up. The dreaded monsoon commences and I shall be in luck if I get some drawings here before rushing back to Poona. Got a wash, but O! these dark rooms! O dear and beloved dak bungalow! and there are horrid sand flies here, and not a door keeps either shut or open save by the aid of big stones! Alas! Alas! but it can't be helped. Became a little happier as dinner-time came on, a glass of very particularly good sherry appeared. Hosking is a very good, kindly fellow. At dinner was one MacPherson, acting for the top Judge, but apart from his Scotch accent, very difficult to understand; he is rather a vulgar case. My host is much the contrary.

May 31

The tonga was not too comfortable, nor the horses too lively, the driver soon broke the short stick he began to use, and madly

¹Slight.

fell back on the reins or his turban. Passed barracks, and silvery dressed English soldiers. Beautiful lines of plain and hill, this Deccan land is evidently charming. At the third mile, came upon Mahoolee and the scenery of this place defies words; the Kistna deep in its wide bed, with high banks above, is crowded with temples; huge banyans flying their arms over altars and votaries; while below hundreds are bathing, or cleaning their teeth, and those everlasting brass pots. It took some time to make the drivers understand that I would pass the river, but at last we got over; not deep but much mud. On one of those stone terraces I sat below a holy tree and drew, constantly wishing I could transfer the stream of picturesque people to paper as I did the landscape. The women don't seem handsome here, but they are all over scarlet and rose colour and purple, with green spencers and gold borders. The men seem all Brahmins and are more clothed than in many places of India, with lots of white linen, and always the Brahmin thread. A wonderful *tiffin*-basket; cold roast beef, potted meat, bread, butter, eggs, and a bottle of claret and soda water. Nor were we alone in our glory; a lean dog, a leaner buffalo, and a leaner cat, all got some bread. Above, in the great banyan tree below which I sit, delightful mynahs cheerfully discourse; and below me is the beautiful river scene and its bathers, and buffali and egrets and endless pretty features. Drew once more on the big temple, and then crossed the river, halting at the village to look at some immense banyans full of flying foxes; but there was no time to lose, as the diurnal thunderstorm was coming on, and the first rain fell as the absurd driver took me to all possible sorts of bungalows except the right one. Arrangements for a phaeton on Tuesday; forty rupees it is true, but a tonga, though less costly, would knock me up. Dinner, only Hosking and myself: very particularly good and pleasant, and Giorgio is well cared for.

June 1

Went, at 6, in a tonga to Mahoolee and drew; a wondrous place is Mahoolee. Wrote an order for two Books of Nonsense and a Corsica for Mr. Hosking. Then set out with Giorgio and walked to the town of Satara. Lines of mean, low bazaars; many makers of gold-tinsel marriage ornaments. Not possible to get a view of town with fort. Excessively numerous banyan trees by roadside, and beautiful view of plain seen between them. Gorgeous colours of women's dresses, and vast size of women's turbans, while men wear lots of linen in folds and flappings. Altogether, Satara has been well worth a visit.

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June 2

Top of hill, and last look of Satara. Very beautiful plain and hills, such bands of green foliage, and such long lines of separate hills. 38th mile; horses bad. Later, the syce and one horse are gone, the poor beast being too bad to go on, and we are progressing slowly, walking pace, with one horse, the coachman leading it. By 6.30 reached the Napier Hotel at Poona and got the two quiet end rooms. Sent for letters, but was vexed to find there were none. Dinner, very ill served. Bed at 9. Alarm of flying beast inside bed curtains. Him having killed, I found a beetle mild.

June 3

Arranged things for a stay in these rooms. It rained hard at night, with storm accompaniments. Got tea with difficulty, the servants here mostly Goa half-castes, being a very miserable set. Sent again for letters, and the messenger brought back five, all a great comfort. Giorgio, who, poor fellow, has no letter at all, is all at once suffering from something in his eye, which is swollen no end. Dinner a horrid bore, as I have to sit by myself at the end of the table, not being able to bear the punkah wind.

June 7

The wonderful orange blossomed gold-mohr tree is now a sight here as every compound has one or two in it, besides lots of other flowers. Soon reached the end of the cantonments, and there drew two views. Back for a tub, and change. Comical mistake of mine that the people at the back of the hotel belonged to it, and my anger at their laughing at me when I told them to empty and clean the bath room.

June 8

Clouds gathered and forebode rain at last. Wrote a long screed to Northbrook; penned out and coloured two Poona sketches. About 4.30 went to Treacher's to get some ink and a copy book for Giorgio. I should greatly like to go up to Singurh, and half resolve to set off tomorrow, but the necessity of getting some tin cases made for drawings and paper upsets all exact plans, as I ought to remain here to see that my orders are attended to.

June 9

Morning all cloudy; wrote and Giorgio posted the letters. Breakfast: I have gone back to the far end of the room, to my original

obscurity, the aboriginal hotel inmates liking to sit together in a party as is natural—small blame to them. Walked through the old city to the river, which I had as yet never seen but only a tributary Kullah, a large fine stream, and quite beautiful along of temples. Afterwards, we went to the old Peshwar palace, where is a fine gateway; and then to another river view beyond, all quite remarkable for picturesque beauty, and very surprising to me, who have so continually heard that “there is nothing to be seen at Poona”.





Waite, 4:45 p.m., May 29, 1874

CHAPTER NINE

June 10—July 16

June 10

Morning quite bright and beautiful. Giorgio will not believe in continued rain at all, and certainly this monsoon does seem a sort of hoax hitherto. Breakfast odiously ill served. Now 10, the society are sitting in the verandah, listening to conjurers and snakers. In the afternoon, went to various parts of the old city and drew temples and street scenes; the people here are more curious and bothering than elsewhere.

June 11

Worked till 8 at packing drawings in two tin cases made for me by Treacher. All the larger drawings go into the biggest case; the middle sized, together with nine small sketch books and four note books into the smaller one; and there must be another large case made to hold all the smaller sized drawings. Afterwards, a superintending of the two boxes being soldered up, which eventually they were. Then pruned out and coloured three more of the Poona sketches; after which, set out with Giorgio to draw at the farther part of the old city, a beautiful river scene, but heavy clouds got up in the S.W. and blotted out everything. Various processions of women carrying baskets of fruit, whether to betrothed couples, or as offerings to a deity, this child knows not: they are preceded by three men playing horrid pipes, also a tambour.

June 12

The long delayed monsoon really seems to have burst, for we have thunder and lightning and rain no end. It poured torrents till near 5.30, when it held up so that I and Giorgio could get out for a small walk. Frogs is beginning; snakes should follow.

Edward Lear's Indian Journal

June 13

Fine all the morning but particularly hot and muggy. Breakfast, sate by Mrs. Battiscombe; *tiffin*, by Mrs. Moray. Snake charmers, conjurers, and fortune tellers amain. The amount of time wasted by all these hotel visitors is wonderful. Walked a part of the way to Gunneskhind, meeting Governor Sir Philip Wodehouse and his staff, besides half the grandees going to the levee. Back through the old city. Woman whipping, or threatening to whip, her child in attitudes of tragic sublimity; statue-like folds of dress. Got home without any rain. A letter from Evelyn Baring, which grieves me; he has had fever for some days. Rain all night.

June 14

Somehow or other, feel that I am in a rather better frame of mind than usual, and possibly gradually becoming adapted to monsoon modes of life. But whatever to do with my ever-increasing luggage? I fancy I must have at least two tin boxes made and leave them here while I go to Madras and Ceylon. From the rocky hill beyond the bund and the river, are the finest and completest views of the plain of Poona, which is really a beautiful placé, and has to be drawn—north, east, south and west—if possible. The day has been hot and close all through; so much for monsoons.

June 15

Quite fine! So at 6.10 went with Giorgio to the old city, and there completed my sketch of the 11th and made another. There was time, too, to get a sight of the Peshwar gate, and the market crowds; it was hot while returning. Breakfast a singular bore; could get nothing to eat, so left in a huff, and made a fuss about Giorgio getting no proper breakfast, which I pay for at the same rate as my own. Cross and disgusted, not knowing if to *tiffin* or not: took hardly any. As it continued fine, went with Giorgio to the rocks above the bund and drew there, a wonderfully pretty plain all round. The gardens are beautiful and full of flowers, well kept. Amount of swell carriages, rather distressing to nerves. Dinner sate pretty well alone.

June 16

Rose at 5, but could get no tea before 6.30, whereat rage. Just afterwards, the Government carriage with two red servants comes

June 10—July 16

with a note from Lee Warner saying that, as all would be "out with the hounds" till 9.30, I had better drive up to the hill near Government House, and amuse myself there till that time. The last part of the drive is dull, with very little to recommend it, so walked up with Giorgio to the temple of Ganesh, above the village of Gunneskhind, hoping to be able to draw it as a foreground to the distant plain, but found that impracticable, the rock above being so steep. A gray, cloudy morning always; not much of a view, but with a rather interesting straw-mat hutty village in the foreground below my feet. Got to Gunneskhind House, a very fine one, and shortly, breakfast happened: lots of talk.

June 17

Hard rain all night, little sleep: pouring rain, buckets, all day. Penned out all day. Wrote out the *Cumnerbund* and sent it to the *Times of India*. The monsoon has come.

The Cumnerbund
An Indian Poem

I

She sate upon her Dobie,
To watch the Evening Star,
And all the Punkahs as they passed,
Cried, 'My! how fair you are!'
Around her bower, with quivering leaves,
The tall Kamsamahs grew,
And Kitmutgars in wild festoons
Hung down from Tchokis blue.

II

Below her home the river rolled
With soft meloobious sound,
Where golden-finned Chuprassies swam,
In myriads circling round.
Above, on tallest trees remote
Green Ayahs perched alone,
And all night long the Mussak moan'd
Its melancholy tone.

III

And where the purple Nullahs threw
Their branches far and wide,—
And silvery Goreewallahs flew
In silence, side by side,—
The little Bheestie's twittering cry
Rose on the flagrant air,
And oft the angry Jampan howled
Deep in his hateful lair.

IV

She sate upon her Dobie,—
She heard the Nimmak hum,—
When all at once a cry arose,—
'The Cumberbund is come !'
In vain she fled:—with open jaws
The angry monster followed,
And so, (before assistance came),
That Lady Fair was swallowed.

V

They sought in vain for even a bone
Respectfully to bury,—
They said,—'Hers was a dreadful fate !'
(And Echo answered 'Very.')
They nailed her Dobie to the wall,
Where last her form was seen,
And underneath they wrote these words,
In yellow, blue, and green:—

Beware, ye Fair ! Ye Fair, beware !
Nor sit out late at night,—
Lest horrid Cumberbunds should come,
And swallow you outright.

NOTE.—First published in *Times of India*, Bombay, July, 1874.

June 18

Pouring torrents all night long. Early morning apparently
finer, cum rainbows. Went out and got a branch of the exquisite gold-

June 10—July 16

mohr tree and made drawings of it, also penned out at times. Short breakfast, I being all aware of my life. No letters; rain again.

June 19

Slept well, rain I fancy, all night long; wind, too, and chilly, that chilly as to make me put on flannel drawers. Letter from Evelyn Baring, who is better; wrote to him. Went out to try to get a tin box and tried twice in the bazaars, but failed. After a small *tiffin*, set off, as it continued fine, with Giorgio and a folio to the bund; the river is very full now and is a fine sight. But clouds riz suddenly, and rain poured down so as to wet us both through, and though it presently afterwards cleared up again, we had to come back to change everything. The hour before dinner is gloomy enough, nor was I at all well. The open doors of the rooms, and the cold damp air all affect me. Giorgio seems to keep well, but I am not at all so today.

June 20

Rain all night, and rain now; am rather better this morning, but still not well. The prospect of this monsoon for three more months! Could eat next to nothing at breakfast, and felt miserable mentally and physically, so lay down and got some sleep. Finished *Humphry Clinker*. Rose at 1.30 and forced myself to eat an egg and a banana. If it were not that the homeward voyage during the monsoon would be so horrible, I would go back to Bombay to start for Europe: but this is impossible. On the other hand, how to compass three months of such a life of idleness, dejection, and discomfort as I must lead here? What to do? I cannot tell. Later, put on a great coat and cap, and sate about: the draughts of these rooms are odious. Also took a "peg" and grew somewhat better.

June 21

Did not rise early; the morning is gray, damp, cloudy, and chilly, and I feel more than half inclined to have fever. And no letters have come, so that altogether I am pretty miserable. Penned out small figures till after *tiffin*, when it became fine by comparison, and I set off with Giorgio to the old city to see the river, but it was so swollen in the two places I had frequented, that it was not possible to get near one of them, the other being quite changed from the time I drew there, the water being up to the very steps on which I sate. But rain, a penetrating fine rain, began to fall, and we got so wet as to be obliged to change directly we returned.

Edward Lear's Indian Journal

Was altogether cross and vexed; suffering too from prickly heat. Dinner tiresome, barring that a quaint youth sate next me.

June 22

Pouring rain, so I did not rise, and turned, in what I please to call my mind, as to going to Bombay in October and Brindisi in November. *Times of India* comes; they have printed my *Cummerbund*. So I write out the *Akond of Swat* to send them, but don't send it after all.

The Akond of Swat

Who, or why, or which, or *what*, is the Akond of Swat?

Is he tall or short, or dark or fair?

Does he sit on a stool or a sofa or chair,

or SQUAT,
The Akond of Swat?

Is he wise or foolish, young or old?

Does he drink his soup and his coffee cold,

or HOT
The Akond of Swat?

Does he sing or whistle, jabber or talk,

And when riding abroad does he gallop or walk,

or TROT
The Akond of Swat?

Does he wear a turban, a fez, or a hat?

Does he sleep on a mattress, a bed, or a mat,

or a COT
The Akond of Swat?

When he writes a copy in round-hand size,

Does he cross his T's and finish his I's

with a DOT,
The Akond of Swat?

Can he write a letter concisely clear

Without a speck or a smudge or smear

or BLOT,
The Akond of Swat?

Do his people like him extremely well?

Or do they, whenever they can, rebel

or PLOT,
At the Akond of Swat?

If he catches them then, either old or young

Does he have them chopped in pieces or hung,

or shot,
The Akond of Swat?

Do his people prig in the lanes or park?

Or even at times, when days are dark,

GAROTTE?
O the Akond of Swat!

June 10—July 16

Does he study the wants of his own dominion?
Or doesn't he care for public opinion,

a JOT,
The Akond of Swat?

To amuse his mind do his people show him
Pictures, or any one's last new poem,

or WHAT,
For the Akond of Swat?

At night if he suddenly screams and wakes,
Do they bring him only a few small cakes,

or a LOT,
For the Akond of Swat?

Does he live on turnips, tea, or tripe?
Does he like his shawl to be marked with a stripe,

or a DOT,
The Akond of Swat?

Does he like to lie on his back in a boat
Like the lady who lived in that isle remote,

SHALLOTT,
The Akond of Swat?

Is he quiet, or always making a fuss?
Is his steward a Swiss or a Swede or a Russ,

or a SCOT.
The Akond of Swat?

Does he like to sit by the calm blue wave?
Or to sleep and snore in a dark green cave,

or a GROTT,
The Akond of Swat?

Does he drink small beer from a silver jug?
Or a bowl? or a glass? or a cup? or a mug?

or a POT,
The Akond of Swat?

Does he beat his wife with gold-topped pipe,
When she lets the gooseberries grow too ripe,

or ROT,
The Akond of Swat?

Does he wear a white tie when he dines with friends,
And tie it neat in a bow with ends,

or a KNOT,
The Akond of Swat?

Does he like new cream, and hate mince pies?
When he looks at the sun does he wink his eyes,

or NOT,
The Akond of Swat?

Does he teach his subjects to roast and bake?
Does he sail about on an inland lake,

in a YACHT?
The Akond of Swat?

Some one, or nobody, knows I wot
Who or which or why or what

Is the Akond of Swat!

Edward Lear's Indian Journal

(For the existence of this potentate see Indian newspapers, *passim*. The proper way to read the verses is to make an immense emphasis on the monosyllabic rhymes, which indeed ought to be shouted out by a chorus.)

June 23

No letters. As usual, rain off and on all day long. Penned out a good deal, but ever getting worried and puzzled and sad beyond much more endurance. Slept awhile. How, or "What is this to lead to, Mr. Lear?" (as the Earl of Derby said some fifty years ago). Can I go on thus till October? As for Giorgio, he reads and writes all day long. At 5.30 it don't rain, but is too damp and threatening to allow of a walk. Dinner tolerable; the queer but pleasant youth advocates infanticide and wishes he had been killed when a baby. Clear, fine and pleasant early. Bought the large tin box for 22½ rupees, into which I packed my biggest trunk with all my drawings and all my "fine clothes", and I am glad to get this matter off what I please to call my mind. *Tiffin*: health better; weather wavering. Then came to my room one, Mr. Le Mesurier, the identical civil engineer with whom I came out to Egypt in 1854. Mr. Le Mesurier offers to take me to Hyderabad with him; he is chief engineer of the G.I.P. Railway, and is a good renewal of old acquaintanceship. At 4 it recommences raining: so all idea of going out is put aside and I read Walter Scott's *Surgeon's Daughter* till midnight.

June 24

Fine, gray, cloudy, but pleasant, and so all day long, with no rain. Went to the well near the hotel to sketch cattle and figures, then back to breakfast. Two letters came, but none from San Remo yet. Breakfast disagreeable, owing to dogs. A piano has been placed in the saloon, but as yet is not at all in tune; nevertheless, a dreadful woman tortures us all with it, and we half wish it had not been bought. Dinner not pleasant; talk all of people, and military shop.

June 25

Wrote journal early; went to the ox school and drew till 6.45; afterwards, penned out somewhat. Tried the new piano, on which Mrs. Peate playeth jiggiously. Weather cloudy and doubtful; *tiffin* and a pint of claret. Then walked sulkily to the double-headed temple and drew it. Too much wind for large paper; some spitting of rain, so after mooning about, came back and penned out again. Dinner crowded, noisy,

June 10—July 16

and odious. A cricket performs always in my room—no great evil. Read *Pall Mall Gazette*.

June 26

After breakfast set out for Parbati; the weather clouding suddenly at times, quite April-like. At the lake, now full of water, drew. A gust of wind carried my paper into the water, and Giorgio, to my alarm, rushed in after it. Happily there was a hot sun, so that he could soon dry his socks and shoes. Walked on a mile beyond Parbati, and then returned, coming back through the city by a, to me, completely new street, the principal one in it! No end of picturesque bits. Dinner tolerably pleasant, though symptoms of scandal. Read *Lays of India*.

June 27

Wrote out two days' journal, a necessity, now there are no daily notes; but this prevented setting off till 6.45. Morning lovely, but mistified itself all at once, and it rained for five minutes when I got to the river scene, though it soon held up again. The washers and bathers here are beyond description picturesque! Returning to the market place, a mad fellow or fanatic with a stick, came and threatened us; we walked on, however, but could not get rid of him, and at last I was boxed up in a corner, not being able to pass a lot of women with baskets, and just as he was about to strike me I must needs have hit him had not a Brahmin held him back, while another fellow said in English, "He mad! He mad, only mad!" But I made a row, and was afterwards sorry I did not fetch the police. Decide to go to the bund rocks, although there was a high wind, and moreover there was to be a big musical function in the gardens. Having reached the rocks, difficulties were great. First, the wind: so violent that when enough stones were piled on the paper to keep it down, the folio was too heavy to lift, so Giorgio had to hold it hard with both hands while I drew, or tried to draw. Second, every five minutes, loud cries gave warning of a blasting to be made in the quarries below, so we had to run for it. Third, from one of the stones came a scorpion which nearly running down my sleeve, I thought it wiser to let the whole folio fall to the ground, whereby the paper blew away to all remote quarters of the earth, and some was lost for evermore. All these matters, and the very high wind, gave me a bad headache. Penned out again and played and sang (! !) to a select audience!

June 29

On my going out yesterday without a solar topee, though the sky was clouded, everybody made a great hullabaloo, saying that there was as much or more danger from sunstroke during cloudy weather as in full sunshine. And this Dr. Yates Smith confirmed fully. Drew till 8.30: breakfast; the constant bickering and blowing up between these gents and the model Indian servants, amuses me. After breakfast, clothes given to a dhobie and Giorgio was out of temper about something and replied sharply, which disgusted me, who ought to know better, and be more tolerant, and yet perhaps a little check on him may be good now and then. So, at 11 I set off with Giorgio to Parbati, but all day long spake we two never a word. Parbati is good for nought beyond the hill, so at the fourth mile I returned and went up the stairs to the temple, drawing three times, the last twice very difficult by reason of high wind. Yet the views over the plains are truly beautiful and full of variety; and had the mountains been clear, better still. The captains and their ladies go out in two-oss carriages, and no end of swell dress. Prickly heat is a bore. O! lucky me! to have taken these quiet rooms! Dinner a bore: between men who talked nothing but shop; at the other end, extreme row. One lady goes, all rise; but the noisy women stay on. The fellows near me talking of calls, say they work off fourteen a day and have still two hundred or upward to do. This seems a sort of red tape slavery, but in reality is what the youngsters must abide, or they would not get general invitations. Dogs—and exit Edward Lear.

June 30

To the school of buffaloes, but they were too restless to draw much, so I moved on. I thought I had worked out all the beauties of Poona, yet as much seems ahead as already done! (Did I note the blind man, who bumps his head and shakes his ribs and cries "Babaa"?) As I walked along the river banks, I came all unawares on some temples and coco-palms, where a lot of Brahmins were eating, when one old fatty priest rose, priffing, and beckoned me off with signs of extreme disgust. Nevertheless, for it was not my fault that I had vexed them, I went on. So ends the half year of 1874. Up to July, no fleas in India!

July 1

No letters yet from San Remo. Wrote journal, and penned out, in a dimmy-dummy state of mind. Flies rather a bore. Breakfast

June 10—July 16

short and comfortless. Penned out lots all day until quite fine, when I went out with Giorgio and walked up to the cattle lines, and saw camels and elephants no end. One elephant smoked a hookah.

July 2

Rose late and no wonder. Am disinclined to draw, or to go anywhere, or to do anything, and am all weary of my life, along of my India topography being thus stopped.

July 3

Morning perfectly lovely and clear. Went across the road to draw a buffalo at Major Boyd's, but all were out, buffalo included. Walked with Giorgio diagonally to Parbati, where I drew two views, certainly both of *extreme* beauty; and later (wasn't it hot!) drew again nearer the railway. Captain Jervoise had called; doors left open, and dogs dirt within, whereat anger from me, and comparisons to dog kennels, etc. Counted money; £63 still in hand, so I hope to get to Bangalore without more borrowing.

July 4

Fun at breakfast, McCausland getting all the flies away from us by making a sugar pudding; a quaint youth. Not knowing well what to do, drew trees and a nullah, I think the last landscape I shall do here. Returned by 3.30 and went to the Commissariat, where drew elephants. Then read paper and, rare occurrence with me, dawdled awhile. Major Moray said, "Your friend Mrs. Peate is coming to sit next you with her dog" and they rather took me in; but "nothing of the sort, Sir" occurred! I confess to being somewhat happy even at Poona.

July 5

After breakfast, not being in a writing mood, set to work to colour panned drawings, but as I was obliged to keep my door and window closed on account of flies, I thought it better, in order to avoid the remarks, or rather the interruptions of fools, to send Giorgio out to walk; so he dressed and went, and now I am sorry I sent him for it really looks like violent rain and a shower has already fallen. Called on Le Mesurier, whose face I now perfectly recollect as in 1853, and was seduced into luncheon with him at the Club, on cold beef and champagne cup. Then he came to me, and looked over my Poona drawings; a good fellow and

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a clever. Bed at 9.30. I sits, shirtless and naked, a scratching for the prickly heat, O my! don't I!

July 6

Utterly upset, inside and out; so took a dose of citrate of magnesia, and did not go to breakfast, having only a cup of tea. All day long either slept or penned, finishing all my drawings up to 601. Day, gray to see, and lovely to feel all through.

July 7

Feeling better. Morning very like fine September weather in England. Came along a very nice letter from Evelyn Baring, so at 7.30 went to Le Mesurier's to find out when we are to go to Hyderabad, that I may write in time to stop letters, and for tin to Bangalore. Le Mesurier was very cheery and good, a brick; he says he cannot go till after the 16th and telegraphs accordingly. Gave him an order for two Books of Nonsense. Drew hard at elephants till 5 p.m.; Mr. Bennett was good-natured and gave me house-room in his office, whence I drew the majestic beasteses, who are wonderful, and no mistake. The "Company" play whist after dinner.

July 8

Prickly heat odious. Writing having taken up all the morning, I posted the letters about 3; sate awhile with Le Mesurier, and at 4 or 5 dawdled on—sketching solus, up to the top of the main street, when it became too rainlike to proceed, and I got back to the hotel. This bit of time before dinner is hard to overcome, the woman being there, who seems, as all these men say, very objectionable. At present two matters annoy me—prickly heat and a cricket.

July 9

Dinner very disagreeable; the incessant bear-garden and dog-kennel feeling is horrid. The shameless behaviour and chatter of one woman, whose husband had to impel her to move when the other three ladies rose, the total want of service, etc., etc., all are disgusting. Bed early, but sleep impossible from prickly heat and indigestion. Day cloudy, and always rain threatening.

June 10—July 16

July 10

Found I had broken my watch spring. Obligated to leave off flannel waistcoats, as the heat is considerable. Posted letters, and bought camphor. Day gloomy always, and rainy at times. Dinner horribly noisy, but pleasanter, along of being able to get away soon.

July 12

Began to arrange packing for the Madras and Ceylon journeys. Everything has to be turned out and measured and bothered. I decided not to take dress, coats or of any sort, the bother of Indian travel being enough in itself. All boots, and all leather articles are fast spoiling. Packed my last "tin" of drawings, but find it impossible to fill up the great tin box; moreover something has happened to prevent the lid being locked. It is vain to try to compress, and take less *roba*: two trunks, two saddlebags, one bag, and the black Gladstone are absolutely needed; a bundle of cloaks, and one of umbrellas—eight of mine in all and three of Giorgio's total eleven or, when the colosseum is required, twelve. At 1.30 went into *tiffin*, being over-be-worn-out; disgusting is this hotel, and echo answers "very"! And what is worse, all this irritation has to be borne at home, for Major Boyd's man has got both our hats, to make covers for them, so we can't get out. Would I could sleep! Giorgio got some sleep later, and at 5 the hats were brought, but not well done. Indigestion and suffering.

July 13

Wrote orders for Nonsense Books, and Corsicas, for Lee Warner, Le Mesurier, and for Maxwell Adams, the young telegraphic who was "awfully" (to use the expletive of Poona) good natured about my box. After breakfast, arranged with Treachers, for a zinc-man to come; then, with Giorgio, left Gladstone bag, umbrella, and Giorgio's trunk to be mended; also left my watch at Marx's to be put in order, and for the lock of the big tin box to be set right; it is to come back tomorrow. Drew Rev. Mr. Watson's house, formerly Fenton's, and a view from it. Sate awhile with Mr. and Mrs. Watson, who have been in India since 1845, and were at Satara in the dreadful 1857. Very likeable folk; the Rev. Watson came with me a long way back. Went on to see Le Mesurier, who is better; endless funny stories. When a boy, he used to know the family of Sir W. Napier in Guernsey; and talked a deal of Nora, who had dormice, but their tails fell off along of their drinking milk. Depreciation

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still of conversation among these hotelites; dinner not quite so ill-served nor so utterly bear-gardenish as usual. Tiresome, if not long.

July 14

All the morning went in idleness, waiting for my tin box. Went into *tiffin*, having had hardly any breakfast; all a bore and a fuss. Sate again with Le Mesurier, who told me the story of his life, as I had partly told him that of mine this morning. Talk of the hotel folk and always depreciative and unpleasant, Le Mesurier never joining in that sort of thing.

July 16

Last finish of packings till *tiffin*; Maxwell Adams and one or two more made it pleasant enough; afterwards, the brains and others had cobra-people and other dirty folk to perform. At 5, to Le Mesurier's, where we laughed and told no end of stories; I am to go with him to-morrow at 6—the *roba* to be sent earlier. Then dinner, not wholly unpleasing; Major Boyd came in, a man I like very much: I was vexed afterwards that I had not thought of asking him to take some liquor. So seemed to end the monsoon sojourn of Poona. Bed before 10: queer lizards.



CHAPTER TEN

July 17—August 8

July 17

Le Mesurier came in brougham at 6: railway carriage; special train. Afterwards slept, no, read, Pope's *Indian History*. The landscape is nearly always quite flat; gardens, corn and clumps of scattered trees, or rather, big shrubs. Anyhow, though this journey is not one of great interest, one feels content to be once more moving. Poor Poona and its hotel! Approach to Sholapur; luncheon of bread and cheese in railway carriage. At 3.30 arrives Mr. Henry Wendon, Head Engineer here; thin, smallpox-pitted, prepossessing, lively, hearty. We leave *roba* for Giorgio to come on with, and I, Le Mesurier and Wendon go off in a very nice trap, and soon see the old fort, a most picturesque place, by a lake or tank; then reach the Wendon bungalow. Room odious, huge, eight-doored, draughty, dark, horrid. Giorgio's room close by is better. By degrees change dress and sit in verandah: weary time, chilly, wretched, and unwell. Dinner, good. Wendon particularly kind to old Giorgio. Driven mad by crowds of servants, Le Mesurier's and others: finally beseech Le Mesurier to distance them all till I get to bed. Room dishevelled, difficult. Bed at last; sleep better than expected.

July 18

Rose, sad and weary. After very good tea, set off with Giorgio to the Moti Bagh, a collection of trees wholly English to see, but with a tank and a temple. So, the sun having now begun to shine, in spite of house misery, I am beginning to be reconciled to a stay here. Breakfast was extremely nice and pleasant, old Giorgio being, by particular desire, one of the company. Afterwards, the weather being now quite lovely and bright, I was driven to the fort. There I drew pretty hard, first

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at the long fort view, very picturesque; the gray water and its reflections, and indeed all the colour and general look of the place being extremely English; second the island, which is Indian in character out and out, the groups of people extremely so. Clouds rising, we set off to return, but the rain bust upon us suddenly, and we were soon wet through. Change of all clothes; "pegs", and great kindness on the part of Wendon to Giorgio as well as to myself.

July 19

Drew the temple and banyan trees, and again the ditto and lily-tank, the lotus flowers the finest I ever saw. Brain fever cuckoos in plenty; bee eaters; barbets (tinpots or coppersmiths), crows, pigeons, etc. At noon set out again to the Moti Bagh, and drew lotus plants, getting a lot to take home. *Tiffin* cheerful but a mistake, as I am better without. Afterwards in tonga, a horrid carriage, with Le Mesurier and Giorgio. Native city picturesque, but not nearly so much so as Poona. Am not over well, along of beer at *tiffin*.

July 20

Off in train at 10.45, all flat and wet, reminding me of Cambridgeshire. Capital lunch of bread, sardines, and brandy and water at Gulbarga station; very necessary. Then a frightful sort of tonga was ready to take the ever-amiable Le Mesurier, me and Giorgio to the old city. The views over the plain are grand; but all the sky was dark and gloomy: some tombs by the roadside were picturesque. Leaving the road to the fort, we went on by the tank, and I and Giorgio persevered to a point whence we expected to see the large tombs; they were, however, too far off, and we turned back and I drew twice by the way. Cock-chafers galore. At 9, beds were brought in, but one sheet only to each, a bore. A pouring rain fell just as we came in from town, and it rains still. Unpleasant stories of scorpions, snakes, etc. O moths! O beetles!

July 21

No good sleep; continually coughing Indians outside; also, continually pouring rain nearly all night. After tea, mooned and sketched costumes till 8, then off. 11.20 the sun shines, 11.45 pass the great Kistna Bridge; noon reach Raichur, where there is a most picturesque fort, and great piles of Philae-like granite rox. We wait for the Madras train to go on, and then, seeing that the refreshment room is full of water, Le Mesurier

July 17—August 8

orders a table to be spread on the platform. The Madras costumes seem gay, and very different from those I have yet seen. Breakfast longer than desirable, and I could not start till nearly 2.30 with two men—guide and umbrella-carrier, for it hardly ever ceased raining and threatened more. The fort is wonderful, a heap of granite rocks with interwoven walls, all down to the lake and round the base of heights up to the town, into which I did not go, as it rained ever and anon, and time went in putting on and off mackintoshes. At the principal entrance of the fort is a big stone elephant and two smaller, all well done; and everywhere about are materials for picturesque scenes, gate, ruined walls, etc. But the full black clouds prevented any settled application. Later, tried to draw a part of the fort, but had to run for shelter. So I made the best of it and went in for an exploration. There are exceedingly old massive Baalbek walls, stones apparently 15 or 20 feet long, and no cement; also a vast gateway, and a quadrangle with very old friezes, and not a little impropriety represented thereon. So back to the station just in time before frightful torrents began to fall. These continued more or less all night, rain coming through the roof into the soup, and all over the dinner. Finally to the carriage, and so to bed therein, where I must say I slept very well, only awakening at some sudden additional storm splash now and then, or at old Giorgio's snoring.

July 22

Eight months in India today and, thank God, safe and well hitherto. Rose 5.30, and rising or dressing in that small space is labour. Fine morning! So, after tea came out and drew the fort. Though wanting much, it is picturesque and might be made a good deal of by figures, and goats and sky, and endless incident below. A vast amount of fine characteristic bits might be got hereabouts, taking the long line of the plain and the low detached granite hills on the horizon. By 11.30, in the carriage, with a tip-top breakfast: poached eggs, cutlets and fowl, cum brandy and water. 2.30 Train stopped amiably by Le Mesurier for me to draw Yedgherry, and by good luck a torrent of rain held up just in time. So our train went on: and I with Giorgio and a *puttee wallah* proceeded for a quarter of an hour towards the hill fort. Drew it, and the light lasted out. Since then we have waited for the goods train and are now off in it, or rather joined on it. Drew the Yedgherry fort again as we passed. Reached Shahabad at 7; dined in good waiting room, but draughty. However, Le Mesurier and Wendon kindly make me as comfortable as they could by altering places and lamps.

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July 23

By 6 (the two old Indians long up and a-bathing), I and Giorgio were ready, the narrowness of the railway car delaying operations considerably. Breakfast; Wendon goes, which I am sorry for. Off by 10; country quite flat, brown pools all wet, day gray. Shortly after the 100th mile, the scenery changed gradually to great masses of scattered granite rocks, just like the neighbourhood of Philae, only with green instead of sand; but soon violent rain began to pour down in frightful torrents; so that although one could just perceive fine outlines, all details were lost. Finally, in deluges of rain, with thunder and lightning, we reached Hyderabad station to find that Mr. Saunders, the Resident, had himself come down. Through darkness and water and much mud; long delay, traces broken and carriage in a mud hole. At last got to the Residency, the fuss of storm shaking being indeed very hard to bear. Next to our rooms; high up, lots of people being in the house. Giorgio (I had to beg this) was put in a gallery close to my room which is forty feet high with eight or ten doors, no drawers or wardrobe, but happily all other conveniences. Dressed hastily and savagely in the only clothes I could get at.

July 24

Struggles to get out to see and draw something or anything; orders of Mrs. Saunders about what to go to, finally set off to Magdala Hill. Magnificent foreground of granite rocks and fine distance; greatly surprised by beauty of scenery. Rain beginning, we set out to drive farther but turn back. I hope to get out tomorrow for the day but doubt. It rains now like beans!

July 25

Take Golconda road; full of all picturesque bits everywhere. At 7.30 we were close to the tombs of the Kings, not of Thebes but of Golconda; so I got out, and sent carriage back, walking up to a low height where, in spite of most violent wind, hardly allowing me to hold my book (the paper covered with stones to keep it from being blown away), I got four drawings. The tombs are a wonderful lot of ruins, the three largest being white, with a good deal of ornament; the other, brown, ochre, or gray, and with endless bits of ruin all about. Granite groups of flat and round rocks add much to the charm of these views, which are really beautiful, the farthest distance being a long drawn out blue line, nearing into dark blue ridges of granite boulders, and nearer still to layer masses

July 17—August 8

of rock and green vegetation. The varied compositions of granite rocks and bits of tomb are surprisingly beautiful and endless. To be out of the way of the wind, we came to a ruined tomb for breakfast, the first out-of-door lunch for a long time, and very good: eggs, cold fowl, bread and claret. These Golconda tombs are full of various workmanship and ornament, but strike me as *alquanto* clumsy and ill-proportioned, and much of the decorations seem coarse: Heaven and James Fergusson only know if this be so. The nearest great tomb to where we are is being 'renovated', scaffolding, etc., a vast number of English-speaking half-castes are off and on picnicking, etc. Later I went in to look at the tomb, but a *trentina*¹ of Eurasians are cooking and dining, so I retreat. Walk up to one of the boulder-covered knolls so characteristic of this scenery, and try to draw; but high wind, and at times driving rain, allowed of but a miserable bit of work. After this, we began a sort of cross-country tour, to end on the Magdala Hill; but though the walk was pleasant and pretty enough, we were more than once involved in dodgeries of rice and water. Got back glad of a "peg"; the day has been one of greater pleasure than I had expected. As at Calcutta, champagne has kept me alive, but I dread its after effects.

July 26

Write, sending letters for the post. Breakfast, for which I was late, mistaking the Bombay and Madras time. Really I can't well tell how the next hours were passed; looking at Mrs. Saunders' drawings, shewing my own, photographs and gossip; but the whole was a fierce bore! Then, *tiffin*, wearisome and very nearly unbearable. Forced to talk and hear when I would rather do neither. Then walked out with Giorgio, but he was sulky so I sent him home. And I couldn't find the bridge, and was as a monster unto many, whereby I came home myself. The company had gone to church, as it was evidently thought I also ought to do. So at 5.15 I am up here writing this, half resolving not to go down to dinner, nor to go to Sir Salar Jung's breakfast; and not to stay longer than Thursday if I can possibly get away. Lay down at times, indigestion; wretched enough dinner. Sate up late with Le Mesurier, and wrote a long letter to Mrs. Saunders, declining the Minister's breakfast, and also an invitation to dine on Thursday: saying also I should go on Friday; likewise enclosing an order for a Corsica and two Nonsense Books.

¹Thirty-odd.

July 27

The city is evidently full of beautiful buildings, and all the environs of picturesqueness, and I fret at not being able to see or draw anything of it. Little shall I get of memorials as to Hyderabad, but even this little is better than loafing and flanneling, albeit to see Ministers and Kings. Wonderfully beautiful butterflies flit about, and above all, a scarlet and black lizard, lovely to behold, and like a parrot of the gayest. The acts and ways of this bright hued miniature crocodile were most funny. Walk now slowly across country; and getting to the road leading to Golconda, arrived at the big hill of stones. Hard work getting up, helped by Giorgio, to a height sufficient for drawing the city, but I managed to get a goodish sketch of a very beautiful view, the trees making a fine middle distance, and the city mosques being very noble objects on the horizon. Went a little farther to explore, but was tired and soon returned. One of the temple gardens with coco-palms and Egyptian-like, simple buildings, was charming. On the way back, many elephants were seen, going quietly on business; and some smaller young ones with rich natives on them, were remarkable for bells, trappings, etc. Heat considerable. Dinner and evening particularly pleasant; Mrs. Trevor sang, and I was actually persuaded to sing 'Idle Tears', and 'Sweet and Low' (even in our ashes!) which proves we are to the end, asses. Good feeling, tact, and kindness are the mainsprings of these Residency folk.

July 28

Went out with Giorgio, trying to get some views of the city from the river, but could do next to nothing. Afterwards, mooned and prowled about in more or less disgust. Looked at the vast number of flying foxes in the Residency garden trees, literally many thousands: also examined ye Residency cemetery. I mourn over the loss of a new black neck-tie, apparently stolen.

July 29

Took courage and up and says to Mr. Saunders "Can I have a man to go with me across the bridge and into the city?" "But won't you have a carriage?" "No! I wish to walk." So a zemindar came, and off we went. Beyond the first bazaars all white and formal. The curiosity-population increases to a degree that before we reach the bridge, the zemindar bespoke the aid of two policemen, who drove away and staved off loafers. Singularly fine colours, and new distinctive dresses everywhere.

July 17—August 8

The approach to the Char Minar is fine; the Mukka Mesjid is simple and grand in the extreme. It would not, however, have been possible to draw, along of the crowd. Half, I resolve to ask for a guard to draw this mosque. Also, returning, there is a fine view of the Musi river. Beyond, I struck off parallel to the river; vast populous suburbs, (apparently) mostly Hindus, and later, through equally crowded lanes, towards the Residency. A marriage procession on elephants was about the most picturesque I ever saw; and indeed, although the city cannot boast of much *qua* architecture, I have seen nothing so picturesque in dress and incident since I landed at Bombay.

July 30

Driven some five miles away from the Residency, to high ground commanding extensive views of the city, well seen from this point. The morning was lovely, but far too windy, and though I did get a drawing, it was with great difficulty. Breakfast at the Residency, but the whole place is upside down for the Nizam bother, and I am bored to death by noise and fuss—rehearsals of durbars and interminable arrangements of musnuds go on perpetually. Besides, we are all to turn out tomorrow into tents, and one hears of no end of robbery and mischief. Am to have some police for the city drawing. So went in a carriage with Giorgio, and was joined by a mounted policeman and six others on foot, went to the Mukka Mesjid and drew (very badly), a considerable crowd round me, kept off by the guards, so as to leave me a clear space. Next, drew on the bridge whence elephant cleaning was prodigious and queer to see, but the wind was too high and my right eye too bad, to draw with good effect. Back, cross and miserable, and came upstairs; moreover, Giorgio interrupting me, I spoke harshly to him. Then I lay down, and I will not be comforted, and I will be disgusted, and I resolve to flee to the hills on Saturday. Tried to sleep, but the perpetual row prevented any quiet. Up and down, sleep and awake. The absurdness of this house! Very damp carpets are placed on the clean stone stairs, and a very filthy one on all the long second floor gallery. Boo! Bah! O ye Indian houses and humbugs!

July 31

Comes Mr. Saunders and kindly apologizes for turning me out into a tent—but I was already packing up, and at the last minute had got my washing back. Carpets are put all over the stairs and rooms, and

not a bit of stone or wood is left bare. The row and fuss are hideous, and my disgust extreme. Later, after wandering amongst the sepulchres and sitting with a lizard, I came to the tent which is to be mine, and find all things singularly well done; Giorgio also has a tent close by. The Resident is full of bother and I am continually putting my foot in it inadvertently. I want to go out sorely, to be away from all this hateful bosh. Off with old Giorgio, who preferred walking to staying. That walk was far from uninteresting; after the semi-bazaar lane, the peepul-shaded roads, with their groups of peasants were delightful. Then the Broadway of the bund, and the shining black-coated goats; elephants moving about everywhere. At General Blake's found the General and Mary Ann very kindly and lively. The General's kindness in cutting food for old Giorgio (who wouldn't eat it) was curious. Why shouldn't he eat, when we are all eating? We were very merry, and the General told no end of funny stories, one of which half choked me. A very deaf lady, using an ear-trumpet, at Le Mesurier's house, was talking to her next neighbour, who asked her some question to which she replied "Yes", still holding her trumpet to her ear. At the very moment the native servant, holding up a bottle, said "Ice champagne, Mem?" And concluding, consequently, that the "Yes" was in answer to his own question, the servant, who mistook the ear-trumpet for a sort of glass, instantly poured into it and her ear a deluge of iced wine, whereby the lady being distraught, suddenly threw it all back on Le Mesurier's worked satin waistcoat, and vast confusion ensued. Afterwards, talk till 10; sit with Le Mesurier. At present the peepul trees over the tent make a ghastly odious noise by paroxysms; and the wind and cold are by no means agreeable.

August 1

This day has to be got through, but I wish it were over. Breakfast: which, cutlets, curry and claret, greatly refreshed me. Reached General Blake's; they have gone to the Residency and here am I all alone. Now, at noon, I am going to try to sleep; slowly—slowly—wears away the day. My "humble companion" as Lady Reid called him, I should be glad to have near me, humble as he is, for some reasons, as shutting doors and windows and various other matters liketh me not. Considering his endless patience and quiet, I ought never to speak harshly to him, as I too often have done. Slept more. The incessant chirp and wail of little birds bothereth, and the loneliness of all this Indian house is a sorrow in its way. Only a tailor squats and works, and two or three sepoy lie about.

July 17—August 8

It is 4 p.m. and the sounds of cannon are heard, possibly the salutes to the Nizam at his departure. Idle all day, a man is forced to think—perhaps to some good purpose. I am also reading Plato's *Phaedo*, and that enforces thought. At 5.30 the General and Mrs. Blake came back: all had gone on, and gone off well: crowds, but no accident. It remains to be seen what loss by robbery. Talk, and garden for an hour: gnats and frogs.

August 2

All to a bastion, to see the return Nizam procession, doubtless the finest thing of the kind I ever saw; the apparently endless stream of various costumes, foot and horse, Arab, Sikh, Mahratta, etc., and the great elephants above all the crowd, that of the young Nizam a wonderful towering spectacle. The little boy, pale and intelligent-looking, dressed in yellow satin, quite perfectly self-possessed. So very remarkable a sight never saw I. Then I had to pack, suddenly and disgustedly, as it grew dark, and I butt my head always on ropes and my feet on pegs. Then dinner, this child slow and rather miserable, as the sound of rain prevailed. Beetles is unpleasant.

August 3

Rose at 4; bats return home. Off 5.30 in a carriage to station. Resident and Capt. Dobbs being there to see us go: a kindly lot. Reading and sleeping mostly: all at once a fierce squall of wind and rain; moreover, Giorgio took was with sudden sickness, result of claret cum cucumber; and I with indigestion ditto, ditto. Madras and Bombay Mail comes, and we were fastened to her. Ate very little: nevertheless Le Mesurier and I drank two bottles of champagne between us.

August 4

Giorgio seems well again. Sorry to leave kind Le Mesurier. Morning pleasant, gray and gleamy; myriads of white butterflies. Cross river Kistna at noon; later, cross the Tongahadra river, a vast stream with broken bits of granite shelf; and then numbers of grand heaps of piled up boulders of queerest form, cum red gravel soil and trees, immensely beautiful scenery—out and out delightful! This beautiful line is quite a surprise to me. Later on, as the train goes slower, and as it became clear that I could not get by the branch train to Bellary before dark, and even then should have to walk a mile in the same darkness, possibly also in

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rain, I finally decided to go on to Gooty. At Gooty we hear a cow has upset nine carriages ahead, and the train can't go on, whereby again cause for thanks that I had gone on no farther. And now, at 8, ignorant of future plans, I am going to bed which Giorgio, with his ne'er-slacking attention, has made up on the sofa bedstead (*charpoy*) of the station room.

August 5

So far as drawing went, the expedition to the fort of Gooty was not fortunate, the Rock being always very pudding-like. So we took a road through the town, a cheerful and clean street with a superabundance of blacky children, all more or less pretty, and with no end of rings and bangles; the women also, quite decently dressed, and very *simpatiche*.¹ There are many well-carved old temples too, the fort towering above all, though too much exactly in the middle of all to be in good composition, nor could I have drawn in the middle of the street, for it was too funny and populous. So I came back, observing *per strada*² a snake charmer delighting an audience. Slept an hour, but with a handkerchief over my head, mosquitoes and eye flies being intolerable here, and tho' I am writing now, it is a nearly impossible feat. O! you abominable eye flies! It is very warm here, and I suppose is to be hotter and hotter as we go South.

August 6

Draw again, but with difficulty, trees and other bathers intervening. The great rocks above the town are strikingly fine, but the town itself is full of stinks, and the people are ugly and unpleasant. Came to the station and took a "peg"; slept a wink and waking, found it raining wonderfully. A third person washeth in the waiting room, and apparently is to dine. He doth dine, and although *alquanto* queer and vulgar, informs me a good deal about Travancore.

August 7

Bellary seems to be a good looking *qua* rocks and trees. Fort rock is a wonderful bit of grand granite, highly picturesque in texture and colour, if not altogether in form: so I began a drawing of the fort till clouds, wind, and some rain, stopped me. Drove to a really good dak bungalow, though it seems there was nothing in it, and I had to give two

¹Likeable.

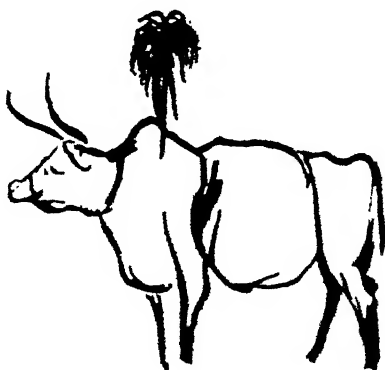
²On the way.

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rupees to the butler for food. Dinner didn't happen easily or early, along of no drink being bought. Water wholly undrinkable. By and by, all I had ordered came; fuss about coolie whom I wouldn't pay. Dinner, decent soup and good fowl—basta: no vegetable: cutlets and curry bad. So I and the Suliot were happy on what we could get, and afterwards a "peg" was a help.

August 8

Am drawing by the tank or lake, a quiet and very pretty scene, the hills being so prettily modelled in green and gray, and the granite rocks so bright and pale, with clear reflexes. Large lots of people stood about, but all particularly well behaved. In the trees above are numerous apes, long-tailed and with very little bare-bottomedness. The native town stands low, and spreads wide below the bund, and is populous if not picturesque. I tried to draw a temple, but these temples are involvular beyond all possibility of execution.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

August 9—September 6

August 9

Gusts of fearfully hurricanious wind bust at times about this place, yet such good bungalows as this have a great charm in their cleanliness and quiet. I must notice the good conduct of the lower class of people to myself while drawing. They are very curious and inquisitive and, small blame to them, though they crowd around me, never annoy me in any way.

August 10

Ill-disposed for this Humpee journey but the alternative seems as bad or worse. After *chota hazree* come John and Sama, the head-servant and cook produced by the bungalow man, but there are "differences" ("I Christian, he miserable heathen—go to hell and burn") about the bullock cart, etc. Nevertheless, we all go out to get stores; but on the way, finding I must be out at night, that, with lots of other bothers included, the utterly disagreeable weather, etc., my already almost-decided leaning towards giving up the whole affair, became quite fixed into a negative. So I finally gave up Humpee, forever, paid John and Sama a rupee each and *ecco finito l'affare*.¹ And I think I shall give up much more of the South Indian journey later on. Read a good deal of Murray about the west coast but, like Philip's eunuch, understood little enough of what I read—not that the eunuch was ever on the west coast of India at all, so far as I know. Came to railway station and waited there some two hours, hours by no means wasted as the vulgar believe, for I know of no better opportunity for figure drawing. Finally, in rain and dimness, we arrived at Gooty and at 7, got a very good dinner: soup, cutlets and fowl; with

¹That settled the matter.

August 8—September 6

claret and fizz lemonade, and beer for Giorgio, his usual pint. At present, life is happily less noisy in Gooty than usual, and I have written this pretty easily, barring insects which are unpleasant tonight, and take a mean advantage of my near sight and studious habits. Abominable small gnats, various moths and other brutes, some an inch long, and latterly a violent and hard beetle.

August 11

Reach Cuddapah, hot and close and full of fevery sentiment. No gents' waiting room, no soda water. Send for station master, who says I must turn out if ladies come, but offers to let me put up my "couches" in the open air! He says he has sent for some soda water, so meanwhile, patience and perspiration are the order of the day. Heat frightful, like that of Allahabad; toads numerous. Dinner was not abominable and by means of claret and brandy life was possible. Also his pint of beer to Giorgio. Absolutely I refuse to move out of this refreshment room, to which I have brought all my small *roba*, till the train comes at 11, and I know I may repose quietly. There is a breeze now, and the sultry sweating heat of the sunset-hours is past. Sunset, said I? but there is no sunset in these parts, pallid gray lines, and loads of gray clouds over a filmy, squashy, semblance of a setting sun.

August 12

When the 11 p.m. train came in and no ladies, I thought I might get to bed, but then I heard that a Madras train would come at 2 a.m., so I had to sit on, upon two chairs, pretty well half dead. At 2, no ladies was called out, and we thereon removed to the ladies' waiting room, where Giorgio instantly made up the two beds, and I soon fell asleep, after barricading the doors with a washhand stand. I decide to go on to Arkonam and the line has run through beautiful hill country, perfectly green, and often reminding me of Corsica. But this child is knocked up and depressed and demoralized. Nothing surprises me so greatly in this southern journey as the beauty of the scenery on the line hereabouts, whereas I had expected to find it hopelessly contemptible. It seems to me that no process so demoralizes me, body and mind, as railway shaking. Country now pervaded with jungle; bamboos also, but not so beautiful as those of Darjeeling, yet they are becoming finer as we go on. The Strontian brilliancy of the young green rice is a wonder; it is provoking to be unable to draw these things. Reach Arkonam at 4.30, a large divided station at the junction

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of the Bombay-Madras and the Madras-Malabar lines, with a gents' waiting room, refreshment room, etc., so we soon get settled, the whole state of things a great comfort after last night's misery. Howbeit, the shrieking of railway engines forbids repose. Sate afterwards and talked Giorgio who has been very silent all day. Beds is being made, but publicity is the necessity of this odious life, as some five or six trains are to come in before 6 a.m., and all wash and wait in these rooms. O! beastly row! O! hateful Indian travel!

August 13

In spite of the heat, as was perspiracious, I got a good deal of sleep and now feeling better than I did. In the rapid passing and failing light Bangalore seemed picturesque, and I was shortly at the Cubbor Hotel. Though the rooms were clean, no other advantage was attainable, for we were left in the dark by a fooly butler, and what to do was unbeknown. After much howling, somebody came and by degrees and hard work we got things into a sort of order. In a pouring rain to the Mess dining room where, dinner being already advanced, I chose to dine with Giorgio at a table apart; the soup, mutton, and curry were all good; ditto claret, lemonade and sherry. Today's journey was pleasing enough; some granite rock scenes were just worth looking at but not much more than that.

August 14

Rose early, but got chilled and had to put on flannels. After tea came letters, five in all but containing eleven. The flowers of Bangalore are delightful! It is an odd place, not over beautiful, but contains three all-picturesque bits and, I think, one general view. The tall coco-palms are a chief characteristic, but the queer houses are odd indeed. People not picturesque and of a very ugly hue. Returned tired; took a "peg" and some sleep; and at *tiffin* time had some cold mutton and beer, which seemed to restore me; but I am not well.

August 15

Feeling better. Went in a dogcart to the Lal Bagh, a new garden, the Kew of India. Never saw a more beautiful place, terraces, trellises, etc., not to speak of some wild beasts. Flowers exquisite. *Alquanto* tired before 9 o'clock. Walked with Giorgio to some granite rocks, and

August 8—September 6

a little tank, where I drew till it began to rain, ven I cum back. There is something very rural quiet about this green place.

August 16

Wrote a very long letter to Lord Northbrook, and a shorter one to Evelyn Baring, and posted both. Later went with Giorgio in search of the Ulsor tank, and found it, but too late to draw at all. This station is very extensive and populous, and seems in some ways the pleasantest I have known in India. A sort of homely quiet pervades everything, and the air is delightful, ditto flowers. Birds are numerous but make absurd noises. Clouds warned a hasty return, and just before dinner down came a very deluge, with thunder and lightning, though the afternoon was quite bright and lovely all through; and it poured torrents all night. So much for the monsoon.

August 17

Did nothing particular before breakfast, but afterwards finished up rocks and tank sketch, and also one in the town of a temple and palms; lots of beer restored body and mind, both of which are *alquanto sturbato*.¹ The food at this hotel is good, and the service quiet and unobtrusive, a great contrast to those items in Poona life.

August 21

At the station by 7. Gray gloom of weather ever, and gloom of heart, though health is tolerably good. But oh! this monsoon travel is weary work; weary, weary! It was cold at starting from Bangalore, but is getting comfortable now. A Brahmin in white and another native in green are on the next seat of our compartment, and discourse in English, which fact provokes my curiosity, whereon I learn that the green man only speaks Tamil and Telegu, the white only Maharatta and Bengali: so both understand English, that is their medium. "And, Sir," said the Brahmin, "you perhaps have not long been in these parts, or you would have learned that the English tongue is very much understood among Indian men." Sky dappled, blue and silvery clouds; landscape generally interesting which about poor dear Bangalore it certainly is not. The Tamil green-vested native is from Colombo, a railway apothecary: he lends me a paper, by which I see Sir William Fairbairn is dead. The Brahmin repeats, "You see, Sir, English is fast becoming the language of

¹Somewhat disturbed.

this country." Madras at 7; very forlorn and benighted railway station reception: half tipsy official advises, but we mainly depend on our own exertions for getting all things into one garry. The drive along the sea, dimly seen afar by half moonlight, seemed endless; the chatter jargon of a native close behind the carriage seat, driving me, already weary and worried, half mad. The only vacant rooms at the Pall Mall were too indescribably odious, all open and full of dirty furniture, I had rather have slept in the road than in them. So, off again, a fearfully long drive to Atkinson's, a hotel which I had heard spoken of in decent praise and extolled as newest and best. Here were two large rooms on the ground floor, one, an ante-room did for Giorgio. But I do not at all know if I shall stay, even through tomorrow, so weary and cruelly disgusted do I feel. Got some dinner and soon to bed, where I might have slept from sheer fatigue but that the boards of the bedstead soon gave way, and let me down bumpily.

August 22

Rise early; difficulties in getting up from darkness of rooms and publicity of bathroom. See some rooms upstairs and intend to go up there. Order carriage for the day. Crowds of native people selling slippers, birds; serpent performers, barbers, tailors, etc., hosts of bores. One never sees anything of the proprietors of these hotels, to whom it is supposed all these bores pay more or less per cent. Call at Higginbotham's where I buy Todd's *Rajasthan*, drawing paper, etc.; Nicholas' where I look at photographs; Milner's a pair of braces. Barring a fierce return of prickly heat, am in a better state of health than for some time past. Walk a long way by the sea, vastly interesting, while the masoola boats and the catamarans are a sight.

August 23

Bells ringing as is like Sunday in England. Wrote to Evelyn Baring asking him to send me tin as soon as possible. Walked at 10 to cathedral with Giorgio—rather fine, simple; well-cared for inside. Heber's monument by Chantrey; Canon Moseley's by Flaxman, and another by Chantrey. Day very beautiful, semi-bright sunshine, and very hot out of the shade. Sate, after returning to hotel, dawdly-thinking.

August 24

Canal boat, covered, low, and not at all too comfortable: I doubt if I can bear being inside it for long, yet must go, now I am here.

August 8—September 6

A new boy to cook, etc., is with us. Off "tracking" at 7. Tracking along the canal is quiet work enough; as yet no sail is put up. Giorgio, who has a sulky fit, is gone up on the roof; I remain in recumbent posture below. There is no beauty in this canal that one should desire her: a distant line of coco-trees, flat green fields near at hand, twice or thrice a sailing boat, but those not over picturesque. We ourselves are sailing now; breakfast was sumptuous, to wit: boiled prawns, prawn curry, cold mutton, bread and butter and plantains. Of the two boatmen, one holds a sort of helm, t'other cooks bread, which the smoke of ain't pleasant. Quiet folk, but it seems to me not as interesting as Arabs was. O Nile! O beautifully endlessly endowed Nile! O weary and stupid India! Noon, and very much better scenery; broad now, with beautiful parrot-green foliage of coco-trees and bamboos to the water's edge. This, however, soon ceases, and we relapse into commonplace canalism. The noise made by the older boatman drove me almost mad, coming as it did after bad thumps on the head. Moreover, the boat leaks and creaks; very nearly I am on the point of ordering it round, when a fair wind would carry me soon back again. A most detestable day of passive suffering! A large gray mullet offers himself as a voluntary sacrifice by leaping on board. Arrived at Mahabalipuram after a very miserably uncomfortable journey and too tired to eat, except a bit of bread, but some beer made me a little better.

August 25

After midnight, awaked by thunder and lightning, an additional charm to this voyage; slept again till 5, when it began to rain in showers. The temples near seem picturesque, but it is of no use to think of drawing them in this weather, and I fancy the best thing will be to go back at once. After a time it ceased raining and hope revived with a good cup of tea. We set off, with a native guide, and one of our two men. The grandeur and lonely beauty of these strange antiquities almost overpay the beastly bore of reaching them; the sculptures are very astonishing, wonderful as specimens of such old date. We went on, fatiguing sand work, to the most southern groups of temples, whatever they may be, all pictures; and lastly to the great solitary pagoda by the sea, a subject as interesting as any I have ever drawn in any land. Finally, I decide, at all risks and in spite of all discomfort, to stay over today. As far as the outskirts of the village runs a broad, red, sandy path in many a curve through a wood of palmyra palms, their crisp, hard fans rattling in any breeze, and their ringed, broad columnar trunks rising from an undergrowth of young

coco-trees. Farther on, enormous blocks of granite open out into beautiful village bits, the strange rock temples and carved rock walls being of the most striking nature. Beyond the village all is green until it gradually becomes sandy to the sea shore, where the ancient pagoda stands in complete loneliness above the fretting waves. Drew there and then crossed the sand, the sun now shining and the heat great, to the five temples. These are very strange and curious, and might be made a good deal of: but it grew too hot to work, and I was glad to return to the boat, where some soda and brandy were welcome. On nearing the boat, a sound of a voice that wasn't still made me suppose the boy had found company. But it was he himself, a-reading of a pious book out loud, viz.—the Psalms of Daniel. This quiet, but much hated boat, is not disagreeable. Later, the boy asked for brandy, as he had nothing to drink; whence, it appeared, he should have been provided by me with food. Giorgio backed this request, and said various things which greatly angered me, and a disagreeable discourse ensued. If I have been, as he says, a bad master to him, we ought to part: if not, still we ought to part, because such accusations are unjust, and the relations of master and servant should not so go on. Therefore, I think it best he should go back, and so it must be.

August 26

This dispute of last night is a bore. Gave the boy a rupee for his food. Went out, after milkless tea, and drew, altogether ten times, sometimes owing to the sun, necessarily very slightly. Back at the dreadful boat by 9. Nothing passed between me and Giorgio; whether he leaves me or not is to be seen. The poetical character of this remarkably beautiful and interesting place is of a higher order than that of any I have yet seen in India, being so unique and ancient, and yet so unmixed by any sort of contamination of modernism, still less of Anglo-Saxonism. The day is clear and beautiful, and the weather pleasant, though in the sunshine, very burning. Packed drawings, twenty in all, but a very queer lot, and useless unless I can get photographs. Men, women, and children keep crossing the canal, often only their heads out of the water. 10.25, we are about to start sailing; day cloudless and hot. Bodily and mental position equally disagreeable. Prickly heat, dreadful yesterday, rather ameliorated. The hideous, dreary waste ahead is hard to endure: not one boat, nor any human being seen since leaving Mahabalipuram! No end of a row between the two boatmen, wind having fallen or gone crooked, and the younger man won't go and pull. I think I never heard any lingo so rattled out as

August 8—September 6

by this Tamil boatman. People hereabouts fish on each side of this odious canal, a world of squash and ugliness; they cross and diagonalize and waddle and walk all about, their heads only above water; they look as if they liked it, and probably they do. There is something frightful and unnatural to me in the apparently different level of the waters, for I seem to be sailing ever so high above the level of the surrounding nastiness; all the three portions of water seem convex, and distress my sight terribly: whether this be the effect of some optical delusion, or only depending on my imperfect vision, I do not know.

August 27

Reached Atkinson's Hotel at 7.30, and paid boatmen. The utter misery and dreariness of my life just now is a caution. I cannot but think that the rest of this Indian affair had better be given up. Bath and breakfast; then carriage to Nicholas's where I bought 30 Rs. worth of good photographs. Then to the 'Friend in Need' workshops, where I bought a good large *tiffin* basket for 11 Rs.; later to Oakes' to buy a sponge, and to Hawkins' for drawing paper. Lord! The quantity one drinks!

August 31

Discuss possibility of living for two days at Conjeeveram, to which place it seems I must take a "boy" or do without food. Picturesque lot of folk going by trains; good to draw. Get beer, bread, and two tins of preserved somethings into the *tiffin* basket; while the bullet-headed boy I am to take has rice, potatoes and soda water. Meanwhile, there has been a thunderstorm towards Madras, and a little rain here. The odious curiosity of loafing Brahmins at these places is always a bore, but "we cannot change the natives", as has been safely remarked. We reached Conjeeveram about 7 and the sunset was really respectable for India, and the exceedingly grand pyramidal temples loomed out wonderfully. Doubtless there is a deal of fine subject hereabouts; the scenery is wholly unlike that of northern India, great masses of palmyra wood with creepers and tangle jungle; and even in the spaces between these woods, where there is only a flat (barring rice grounds), the overflowing vegetation is always noticeable. The people, especially the women, seem to me to have a more amiable expression, and more regular features than the northerners—but I don't feel sure that this remark tells

generally. Anyhow, their picturesqueness, and their scarlet and yellow draperies are a wonder; so are their perfectly beautiful children; even old Giorgio says, "What fine colour they have! If white babies were here they would seem boiled or out of health!"

September 1

Wonderful lot of people going to *festa* at Tirupati; one woman in particular, a most perfect specimen of beauty, exquisitely lovely in face and figure, so that one could not take one's eyes off her. Many of the children, too, were beautiful, and all the dresses more or less so. After train left, went to Little Conjeeveram; all one long road, with no end of picturesque houses, besides universal endless coconuts. The great temple, a pagoda, is astonishing, and altogether beyond what I had expected to see, both as to size and picturesqueness, and as to wonderful detail of carving. But there is little for me to do, as the whole scene is strictly architectural. For all that, I drew twice what may be of use for a sunset effect, and came back to the station greatly pleased. Day ultra-super-muggily hot; at times, but at remote intervals, a slight breeze. Breakfast good; tea and bread, ox-cheeks in Australian tin (umph!) and a semi "peg" later. The very broad road leading to Great Conjeeveram temple is simply a succession of beautiful and wonderful pictures, choul-trees (booths), temples, bazaar buildings, and universal conconuttism. Near the great temple, quite adjoining its outward precincts, are two cars of the god Siva and of his son, and a broken one of his wife: all extraordinarily carved in wood, but more than half covered with a thatch against rain. Shrines all about the great temple are numberless and those, monolith-pillared, immediately before the great tower are astonishingly fine. The tower is enormous, yet all covered inconceivably with carved detail; and beyond this are tanks and walls, and walls and tanks, and other huge and amazing towers to a most bewildering amount. This temple appears to me, who know nothing about architecture, a good deal older than that of Lesser Conjeeveram, but though more surprising from its magnitude and general vastness, it does not compose so well as a whole, and I looked in vain for any point I could select from which to make a drawing. Besides, I was getting very tired, for although the sun did not shine, the heat was extreme, as the wind apparently falls here at noon. I have not felt so exhausted for a long time, and it took two glasses of (weak) brandy and soda, and a good hour of lying down, to bring me

August 8—September 6

round. Not a fibre of the coconut palms moves, not a breath of air can be felt. At 6.30, the boy who, poor fellow, is very lame and semi-blind and not unlike a boiled black bull in appearance, brought dinner, the table having been arranged by Giorgio. Some tin-mutton broth, was excellent: some chops, hard to believe in, and some potatoes decent. And came a box of liquor, whereon happiness ensued as to that possible calamitous casualty of "no drink".

September 2

Heat at night something "by common"! Yet I feel pretty generally well, though I mean to take some quinine as a precaution. Walked to the temple of Little Conjeeveram and beyond it, hoping to get some general view, but found that quite impossible. Myriads of long winged ants fill the air, and falling, were picked up into small tins by children, which are legion here. Beautiful as is this long line of village buildings and coco-palms, there is hardly a spot to draw in out of the blazing sunshine, but even in the shade, such rivers of perspiration ran from one's face as presently spoiled the paper. I came, therefore, to the conclusion that to see the two Conjeeveram temples is all I can attain to, without attempting to draw them; a mortification, but one yet to be remedied. So I get back to the station and give up all drawing till I go, if indeed I go, to Mysore. Half asleep and reposed till Giorgio announced breakfast, eggs, sardines, tea and bread. The boy who is like a buffalo, puts water for six cups when we order two, and not enough for two when we order four. The heat increased terribly later, and I have not felt anything like it in India as yet. Slept, and at noon resolved to make a last trial to get something out of this very picturesque place. So I went out alone with a small book, and got two drawings, but such crowds came about I was obliged to give it up, as they followed me and increased like a snowball. So I came back and went to the Inspector of Police who gave me a cheerful constable, with whom I set out once more. But then ensued another difficulty; for, after a short shower and cloudiness the sun came out with fury, and it seemed impossible even to walk, and yet more so to stand still and draw. Nevertheless, perhaps foolishly, I persevered, and actually got two more sketches so that I can really express the characteristics of the Conjeeveram villages pretty well; the broad roads and multitudinous walkers, the beautiful coco-palms and tamarinds, and the endless way-side temples. Giorgio has made a truly wonderful pilaff; so we dined

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really well. Good evans ! if any of my old friends could know how much beer and brandy and sherry this child conshumes, would they recognize me ? The most amazing event, or rather negative lack of event here, is the utter absence of fleas and bugs, and all vermin, save a few, very few, ants. There are not even flies ! Conjeeveram has been rather a difficulty in many respects, but a broad notion of the condition of religion and politics in India can only be, however slightly, obtained by visiting such places. (Did Heber ever see Conjeeveram ?)

September 5

Got no real good sleep ; the night was hotter than can be expressed. When the train from Madras came in it was awfully full, and at first we could only get into a horrid Eurasian polyopiadic den. Later, the station master got us a better compartment, and I had still to purchase some bread, four chops, and a pint bottle of claret at the station, before we started. A breeze and, hot as is the day, it is refreshing after the stovey heat of the magnificent Conjeeveram. All along the line the country looks pretty today ; a bright china-blue sky, with light clouds everywhere and consequent shadows ; hills beautifully dashed with deep blue and bright green. After Jalarpet junction the journey (my third time of making it) was as usual very wearying, as the train bumps and jolts, and makes no end of noise. A wild and savage spread of country at times ; tamarinds, and thick shrubs among great rocks ; then a lull, into rice and cultivation ; then all granite boulders. Nearly at 6 p.m., of course, a heavy downpour of rain, *a la* Bangalore, so that on arriving I eschewed a bullock cart, and got two carriages, into which I and Giorgio and all the *roba* being divided, the Cubbon Hotel Barracks were reached at 7.

September 4

Day cloudy and misty, gloomy and rainy, so that an overcoat and an umbrella were necessary. Much put out by having lost the key of my Lett's Diary-cover, which has snapped to. Later, walked to Orr and Bartons, and looked at photographs, and also got my book opened and a new key. Back to the hotel ; day particularly pleasant as things go, glad to get to bed though. At this hour, the row of a very loud cricket is not pleasant.

August 8—September 6

September 6

Tiffin. Lonely and alone on the hill of abstract military converse. (Do you remember the Lantana hedges? Yet what an absolutely idle life all the Bangalore time was!) Major Feneran very kindly gave Giorgio a box of 100 cigars, to old Giorgio's great delight.



CHAPTER TWELVE

September 9—September 24

September 9

It grew dark before we reached Erode. The single small waiting room had but one sofa vacant, the other occupied, but the extremely civil station master offered me a carriage to sleep in. Later, however, the Eurasian gentleman went off by some other conveyance, so I arranged to take possession of the waiting room rather than the carriage, which latter plan is full of difficulties for me. The dining room was Indian fashion, bright enough, and after a time we all sat down: I, Giorgio, an Irish barrister, his handsome German wife, her extremely beautiful sister (I have rarely seen as beautiful a face), and a little girl. To myself as well as to my man Giorgio the dinner was far from unpleasant; but the barrister grumbled at all, and finally had a row at the two fowls remaining on the table. Certes, some Irish are odd people: though no one more accurately than I myself can say, all are not so. Finally, I come to the narrow waiting room, where good Giorgio has made up the beds, though with howmuchsoever a good will, he can do little else towards my comfort, for children make an endless row next door, and five dogs, as howls, are tied up close to the room; whereat I storm, but am none the better for that effort.

September 10

Trichinopoly; a terrible dreamy depression owing to last night, sleeplessness seizes me at times and it is well that old Giorgio is with me. Had a feeble breakfast, though the refreshment man did his best. Afterwards, set off with one bandy, and a smaller ditto for the *roba*, and came to the travellers' bungalow some two miles away. The temple-crowned rock is undeniably fine, and the cocos and all kinds of etcetera

September 9—September 24

enchanting. Drive to the fort or rock, and ascend what seems to me one of the oddest and wildest flights of stairs I ever mounted, all lined with pillars, and stripped red and white. A long way up, after passing strange, darkling halls, one comes out on the bare rock, and certainly the view from that height is very noble, and the summit of the rock with its temple above all make a great foreground to the wide expanse of foliage-covered plain, the broad river Cauvery and the Srirangam island with its temples, and the line of hills beyond. The city below, too, is extremely odd and quaint, and altogether I have not seen a more remarkable view in India. Coming down, I walked to various points, and particularly round a tank whence the rock-fort is very striking. Writing letters is trying work by candlelight. Dinner very acceptable; soup, roast mutton, chicken cutlets, and curry, besides lovely plantains.

September 11

Got three drawings of the rock from the tank, all more or less good; wandered about in search of other subjects and watched squirrels, mynas of two sorts, and gray jays at intervals. One view, that to the north, took me $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, the beauty of the scene being of the highest quality as to river and wood landscape. But clouds rose, and a high wind, and it was impossible to work more; so I fled, though with many regrets, as that getting upstairs is no joke.

September 12

Off in a carriage for Srirangam, passing the rock and, soon afterwards, the long bridge over the Cauvery, some of the buildings and trees at the water's edge are beautiful, but there is no view to be had of the fort-rock as I expected, for the opposite side of the river is all covered with reeds. Such a wilderness of reeds, canes, young palms, coco-trees, and almost every possible form of greenery. The first gateway in the walls of Srirangam is unfinished; having past it you proceed through bazaars, for 11,000 or 12,000 souls live in the city, to a second and a third gateway or pagoda. These gateways are stupendous and astonishing. Farther on a 1000-pillared hall or muntapum is wonderful; and above this, from its roof, you begin to understand the extent and conditions of this remarkable religious city. The stone carvings are beyond belief, and in all India I have as yet seen nothing so impressive as these temples. Leaving them, I went to see the eastern temples of the island, but excepting a tank and columns,

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there was nothing to detain me long. Also I poked about a bit to get a view of the rock near the station, but failed. There are eye-flies here.

September 13

The quiet of this place is a delight, just now only broken by the sound of hymns at the Wesleyan Chapel near. Verily, India is an odd place. Choking hot in spite of punkahs going, so ill-arranged are they, to my fancy, for comfort. The big Guru of Mysore, it seems, is here, and all those elephants is his'n.

September 14

Could not get to where I wanted to draw before 7; a beautiful group of coco-palms and a mosque and, again, later, at the Guru's elephants (if so they be the Guru's). Breakfast: minced fowl, eggs and bananas and, tea being voted a bore as perspirationoforous, we tried weak brandy and water only. After which I finished up my elephant sketch, having only placed the direction of the coco-frond lines on the spot. The beauty of that vegetation is quite beyond description and I fear beyond my power of reproducing anyway. Brandy and water ought to be taken scantily, as it brings on sleep.

September 15

These views, narrowed as they are at the horizon by vegetation of all sorts, are extremely characteristic of South India, and particularly so as to the rice grounds or rather waters; which, up to a certain period of that estimable vegetable's growth, are all water and squash, reflecting every surrounding object. The foreground of young coco-trees is exquisite, as also is the picturesqueness of the peasantry. Out of Darjeeling lands, I never yet saw such massive heaps of foliage of all sorts and hues, and these greens contrast wondrously here with the red Devonshire-coloured soil. Today it is far less hot than yesterday, and there is a good breeze though a pretty burning sun. Now, spite of the crows which, or who, are truly a nuisance here, I am going to try to get some repose. Did nothing in the afternoon.

September 16

The approach by the gates to Srirangam strikes me as finer than before; it is difficult at first to realize the whole as a whole. The apes are incredible, in flocks and crowds: also green paraquets, but not so

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numerous. Drew hard, the heat is great but there is a good breeze today. The quiet here, as well as many sounds, bring back other days; but, dwelling on the past is not allowed. The crows bring back the memory of the first I ever heard, Arundel, 1823. The warmth and the bright sun recall Campagna Osterias. Cease to recall the past!

September 17

The bright green of the young rice, and the fresh cool morning air were delights. The grove, or avenue, of poinciana trees on the north mainland are wonderfully fine and lovely: so is all the excessive vegetation throughout the whole island. Great numbers of people on foot or in carts, the dresses of the women very fine in colour, the wearers almost always well shaped, and frequently good looking, but not so generally, I thought, as at Conjeeveram. Later I drew at one or two more river snatches, and then at a muntapum and coco-trees, but made a hash of that. Lastly, got a tolerable good scene of the great tank and muntapum, in spite of stinks. The bungalows here are a martyrdom, inasmuch as they have heavy thatched verandahs close down to the ground, preventing entrance of any breath of air. If they had high verandahs, with long chicks, they would equally shut out glare and keep the rooms cooler. The heat became so burning 'ot that all drawing except in the shade was impossible, and as the places I wanted to draw in had no shade of any sort, I thought it prudent not to try.

September 18

Soon after setting off to the temple-rock, the horse began to kick profuse, and, having smashed a lot of the carriage (from which I and Giorgio had to get out), lay down. So there was nothing for it but to walk. Later I began a palm sketch, and after sleeping a bit and finishing some drawings, the long afternoon went very wearily onward.

September 19

After packing, went to draw those palms, but they are not to be drawn, for the sun remained clouded, and there was no light or shade. Breakfast 7.30—always good, but I hate breakfasting so early. And so, at 9 we leave the very pleasant and comfortable Trichinopoly bungalow and come to the station. Routine of tickets, luggage, etc., and off at 10. Some fine distant views of the temple rock, with long lines of far off mountains. But farther on there was little or no interest, a marshy

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of half under-water-sandy plain, till the big towers of Tanjore temple were in view. Arrived at 11.30; coolies placid and well conducted; and very good travellers' bungalow. Ugly news from Bangalore; tanks broken by excess of rain, and two miles of railway in dangerous state. Orderly gardens and lanes, but not the grand vegetation of Trichinopoly; bungalows airier and lighter. Went to Judge's cutcherry (courthouse); Dr. Burnall, youngish, clever, great Sanscrit scholar, particularly hospitable. "Would I come and stay there?" No. "Dine tomorrow?" Yes. Sate talking long; Dr. Burnall knows all west coast, and advises me to go there before end of October. After that, out with Judge Burnall in a big barouche, old Giorgio also. Driving through the town, near which a view of the vast pagoda tower and the old fort ditch should be drawn, as illustrating the decayed, melancholy Tanjore; there was a Ganesh procession, cum elephants, wondrously picturesque. Then to the palace, a huge and hideous heap of brutal architecture. In it, however, are some few admirable matters; the great durbar room of the last Mahratta rajah, and that of the Telegu naiks, each interesting. The library of Sanscrit volumes is, I suppose, unique and full of queerest books of old Hindu literature, some filthy enough. The room full of harnesses and caparisons and astonishing gold cloth was a wonder, but these things weary, and especially weary me. So I entreated my kind guide to "take me away" (as Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope said of poor Wilkin's pictures at Battle Abbey). Dr. Burnall's popularity and influence with the natives here seems great: they appear to regard him as half a native! We drove to the pagoda, and went outside the ruined walls of the old fort, whence there is a very impressive view and quite in keeping with the history of the place. All is ancient, weed grown, deep brown, red, and dark green, and somehow or other, sad. From two points, characteristic sketches may be taken, sad as they are. Then we had a rather long walk round the walls of the pagoda entrance; very old gates, and a straight walk to a vast court, in front of which is the great tower, distinctly a wonder of architecture. Below, the big bull is a grand fellow truly, and the whole scene, against the setting sun is a really fine picture. Came back, greatly delighted with the sublime and sad Tanjore. Such rain I have not known for many long years, perhaps never; certainly never such busts of thunder.

September 20

Morning very quiet and gray, and at the corner of the fort I drew placidly enough for two hours. This great pyramid is a wonder-

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fully fine thing and, being old and weatherstained and uncontaminated by whitewash, is all the more picturesque. Every part is more or less weather-be-browned and in decay; everywhere there are green trees and shrubs and lovely flowers, but melancholy and wild ruin-tendencies are the chief characteristics of these Tanjore views. Most of the buildings are red, Indian or Venetian red, with horizontal bars gray, or smoke brown; pillars and shrines, pale ochre. The wall is more or less pale ochre-brown-gray; the infinite number of bulls, all lightish gray off the old brown buildings and green trees. The distant plain is very beautiful, covered with trees mostly, yet rather English-gloomy at present. A lovely deep-blue and sulphur coloured pea or vetch grows luxuriously all over the ruined fort. Slept and dawdled. Later, wrote a longish letter to Lord Northbrook, and a short one to Evelyn Baring.

September 21

In spite of thunder and lightning, no rain fell yesterday and, consequently this morning is drizzly and gray. Went early to the temple, doubtless a magnificence, and although at one time the rain beat me, yet by sticking to it I finally got a drawing not wholly *zitzo*. Later, got two more sketches of the moat and ruined walls, very characteristic of Tanjorium melancholy. Home by 9, and I fancy I have done all I need for Tanjorism. The eyeflies here are a serious bore.

September 22

Ten months ago today I landed at Bombay; be thankful for having been so well all that time! Now, 4.50, we wait the Beypore-Madras train. A French R.C. priest was in our compartment from Tanjore to Trichinopoly; afterwards a nondescript youth, except that he wore a gold cross and was evidently R.C., as half the people, native or Eurasians, are hereabouts it appears. We reached Salem at 7.30 and I fondly hoped I had secured the waiting room, but two if not three other gents had rushed in where angels fear to tread. By degrees we got them out to the ladies' room, where I hope they may rest; but ladies as arrives by the 2 or 3 o'clock trains is apt to require their room. As soon as we could get washed, we tried to dine; but the food was vastly vile and cold, and, except in a bottle of beer, there was no comfort in life. It seems that the real Salem is four miles off. I fancy I had better go there on foot, or in bullock cart early tomorrow, and perhaps pass a day there. At the present moment I am writing this, and also drinking sherry and water at intervals;

the room is between two thoroughfares, and by small indications I am well aware that somebody is looking at me through the blinds of both sides of the room. It is queer and difficult to speak of this sort of thing to people in India, but if ever one does so, how sad it is to perceive that all feel as I do in such matters. (Rather obsewer?)

September 23

Slept tolerably; but the impossibility of getting water to wash with, and also the odious ways of the natives, who rush violently in at every moment and seize basins unused but never emptying those used, all irritate, what though the calm of the morning conduceth to tranquillity. Later, I inquire about a travellers' bungalow at Salem, but just as many persons assure me there is none, as the contrary: nor can I perceive any possible means of getting there, for there are no carts or conveyances waiting, and having no letters to officials here, I cannot see my way to any remedy. So, finally I decide on going straight up to Bangalore. Weary, how weary am I of this most miserable Indian journey! Wherefore I took fresh tickets, and was off at 8.30. Country about Salem certainly pretty; hills everywhere, and of good form, but I doubt if I could have done much unless I had stayed several days. Train slow, and waiting at stations; depression about this time great, and great disgust; and for the 300th time nearly resolve to give up all further journeying. And having had no food at all yesterday don't relieve this state of things. At Trivatore, the last station, came in two Brahmins, both talking English with rapidity, one saying, "Positively, and without the slightest exaggeration, this railway nuisance of want of punctuality is becoming insufferably unbearable!" Got some decent *tiffin*, soup, chops and potatoes, with claret—three rupees in all; revived *alquanto*. Now am in a second class car, ready to start for the fifth time on this blessed Bangalore line. Various accounts of the broken bridge prevailed, but about 6.30 we got near Cajdoody, where the facts were seen in ugly reality. Descending from the carriage, we had to walk along a narrow edge of clay by the steep side of the embankment; this was very laborious and difficult, and had it not been for Giorgio's constant help, would have been most dangerous for me. Next, a descent, with a crowd of natives, and still more awkward pass over loose planks to a boat holding some forty people, ferried across deep and rapid water, the result of a broken tank which had so swollen the stream as to carry away the bridge. Then came a hoisting up slippery wooden steps, and a bank of wet clay to the level of the other train. This



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was the hardest work of all, and harder than ever for old Giorgio, who had difficult work to prevent me slithering down the clay banks, all muddy with the recent rain. At length we got into a second class carriage, and there we waited till 7.30, a whole flock of natives pressing in. At 8 we reached Bangalore.

September 24

Got letters, but none for Giorgio which is very vexing. Walked to Orr and Barton's and got my photographs; caught in rain coming back, and rain went on all the rest of the day. Read Gover's *Folk Lore of Southern India*, with great surprise and interest. Some of the songs, or rather I should call them hymns, are most extraordinary as to their anti-polytheistic and anti-caste tendencies. Fuss about a lost waist-coat, which after great accusations of the poor dhobie, was found inside a coat.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

September 30—October 30

September 30

Slept pretty well, considering one kept all one's clothes on. Washed, got tickets and tea, and luggage weighed and labelled. Off at 5.30; flat plain, palmyra palms by the million. Mile 250; mountain ranges afar, some isolated, some in long lines. Plain becoming much more beautiful, the long chain of western ghats stretching all across the view onward. What queer groups of carved horses round holy trees. Nilghiris beyond, and showing far more varied forms, it seems to me, than any part of the Himalayas. 332nd mile; Metapallayam. Coolies to hotel, ten men, or nine and a girl. Breakfast very good; two rupees each though, and a lot of information from a gentlemanly fellow thereat. Carriage waited; off through *dibatchi* bazaars of Metapallayam. Pretty scenery; very thick jungle, cactus, acacia, etc.; mountains above, all wooded. Reach foot of Coonoor Pass and find two tonjons waiting, six men to each and two extra. Cry of bearers: a hay home, a ho home, a he home, a high home, te hay home. This vast gorge is a wonder for fullness and beauty of verdure. Several coffee plantations alongside the road, the first I ever saw; like dwarf laurels. I think it was 5 when we reached Davidson's Hotel at Coonoor, where a croquet ground with many Albanas and Albani were somewhat alarming. Walked about a good deal with Mr. Davidson; the scenery is very close, serene, and grand in many ways, though nothing here is equal to what I saw in the lower part of the gorge, the rocks and vegetation there being quite glorious. There was a Colonel Baker at dinner who had been six years at Trichinopoly and had never seen the temples, and a coffee or tea-planting cove who talked principally of dogs.

October 1

All Coonoor seems totally undrawable as Indian scenery; it is not unlike Bournemouth here and there, but with different foliage. A deep ravine stretches below Davidson's Hotel; various houses are scattered here and there, roses and other flowers abounding. Trees also for a time but gradually becoming nil. When the road reached Tiger Hill above the opening of the gorge, or great valley, the view over the southern and eastern plains is magnificent, perhaps somewhat resembling that from Mussooree. I made two small sketches.

October 2

Waited, and got angry, for tea. Drew at the end point of Tiger Hill. After *tiffin* read papers till past four, the weather being overcast and cloudy, and growing more and more so. It was too late to draw again at Tiger Hill, so I thought to get a drawing of the church only, but just as I reached the place I wanted to stop at, down came torrents of rain. I and Giorgio stood up below a tree, which for a time sheltered, but eventually wetted us more than might have been the case had we walked back. As the sun set, I walked up and down the beautiful garden walks, dark as it was; yet, from the colour of masses of poinciana and other flowers, still a gorgeous gloom. Unbeknown animals, frogs, beetles or birds, making very strange noises, which Giorgio aptly compares to the clicking of an anchor when weighed. Dinner singularly pleasant; conversation on Greek and other subjects. So may pleasant people compensate more or less for various hotel nuisances.

October 3

Off in two tonjons, or high chairs: coolies undulating; much discomfort at first. Lovely forest and plain view, but did not stop, hoping to draw it on my return. Mountains suddenly clouded, and rain ahead; provoking. Began to walk back, but could do nothing *qua* sketch except the very merest scribble. Heat great; ghat very steep. Lunch; but rain came on suddenly and spoiled salt and bread, and what was worse, in moving to shelter I kicked down the claret bottle and lost half. Frightfully slippery much and great toil.

October 4

Agreed, as it was clear, to walk to Lady Canning's seat; a point of the hills so called. A lovely walk through jungle woods, where

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tree ferns and other matters were delightful, but there was a world of mist, and hardly anything visible; nevertheless, from what little one could see, the view must evidently be truly wonderful and some of the foliage is quite exquisite. Giorgio has a cough, which distresses me. Dinner very pleasant, at first at least, the conversation was only irrigational and agricultural. Captain Winterbotham, a sensible practical man, lent me the last Home News. In it is the death of Sir Henry Storks, and when I remember his never failing kindness to me from 1861 to 1864, I—even in this India—am sad. Strange life, ours.

October 5

Reached Ootacamund and the Alexandra Hotel. Giorgio, of course, goes out without his hat, and gets fresh cold. Ootacamund is prettier than I had expected, but is just like an English place, such as Leatherhead. Got a very good breakfast, beefsteak and claret; afterwards, slept a wink, and then wrote letters. A curious place is "Ooty"; houses stuck all about the hills, and trees everywhere, which is not what I was led to expect. At the library a vast many carriages are waiting, and Albanas were driving everywhere with the usual full dress and double syce accompaniment. Then I went to the church, which is very picturesquely situated; and next to a photographers, where I got two photographs. After all this, half dead of cold, I walk back. "Ooty" is far more varied and perhaps more picturesque than Coonoor, but is so English as to be, I think, utterly undrawable.

October 6

Went out with Giorgio, moony-moony, and down to the bazaars where there are really fine vegetables. What to do here? Some view of the church, and some other general view; some martyrdom at the Governor's, inevitable, necessary, proper. The morning is perfectly lovely, and doubtless, where families or individuals can live quietly here in good villas, I can quite understand the immense blessing such life must be, after the hot and unquiet existence at Madras or on the plains. After breakfast, we walked around but only saw three very dirty, blanketed females with long glossy hair and very ugly faces. By this time it was 1, and they sent a peon to show me the way to Lord Hobart's. I resisted a carriage, for the roads at Ooty are odious, full of unsuspected pebbles, that jolt and martyrize individuals with such physical conditions as this child has. Got up to Government House, after a very long pull, and sent



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in my card; shortly received very kindly, but all were at *tiffin*. Lord Hobart I remember at Lord Strangford's, quiet and simply good: Lady Hobart much nicer than I had been led to expect from Delhi acquaintances. After *tiffin*, drawing room, and talk; walked down to Alexandra Hotel and found there a note asking me to lunch at Government House from Lady Hobart! So, I had to write to say I had never got it until now, and my appearance at luncheon and in the middle of it was purely accidental.

October 7

Perfectly clear morning; out before 6.30 and went to the church hill, whence I drew three times, but with great difficulty, the light being all wrong. Slept, then went out and chose 24 of Oliff's photographs—36 rupees. Tried to draw later, but it was cold and cloudy, *zitto* and bosh. Letter from poor Le Mesurier, who has been, and still is, very ill. Looked over other photographs and then dinner—"only Giorgio"—very good, particularly roast beef.

October 8

There are no signs of being able to start for the expedition to Mahlimund; the morning is bright and lovely, but neither the pon nor the pre-ordained coolie appears. It is provoking to lose so much time and fine weather as one does here, yet it is necessary to come to Ootacamund as one of the Indian *sine qua nons*. I grew impatient and gave it up. Lady Hobart got me to promise to drive tomorrow, and lunch; woe is me!

October 9

All cloud and gloom, and very damp from no end of rain last night. Wrote to Lady Hobart, declining lunch, and driving in possible rain and certain cloud. Then set out with Giorgio for a walk all round the lake, a long piece of water with a carriage drive appended, exactly resembling some in Cumberland or Westmorland as to colour and general appearance. A church and groups of trees made the likeness absolute. English furze grows all about the lake, and I suppose on the hills too. Roses abound everywhere; a beautiful walk from end to end.

October 11

Got to Lady Canning's seat in just two hours. The extent of plain hence, and all along the mountain side, is, I think, the very finest

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of all such scenes I have seen, the nearer hills being so covered with foliage, and the vast rocks nearer still so finely coloured, You cannot say where plain ceases and sky begins, for long streaks of cottony cloud float meandering among remote lines of hill, and carry the eye quite far up to the horizon. The plain is a millionfold divided and lined flatness, pale and pinky, and all the nearer heights are dark with thick wood and gray-brown rocks. Drew till 9 when the *tiffin* boy came. So, as by this time a thick mist had swallowed up all things except the near pathway and the few passersby (lean men with blankets and striped appendages, and dark women clad in nearly black dresses), we breakfasted capitally on bread, cold mutton and beef, and a bottle of claret. In the grain fields lots of natives are at work, and though it don't rain, all carry plantain-leaved umbrellas, pale brown and looking for all the world like mushrooms. The race of people hereabouts seem an *alquanto* dirty lot; though somewhat picturesque, never finely made nor good looking, either male or female. The fog increased constantly, and we only just got to the hotel when it set in for hard rain. Tiffinized and slept, a bore. Afternoon tiresome; the queer frogs or grasshoppers who make a noise like weighing an anchor are most curious here, even as the little bell crickets were at El Arish.

October 12

Not off till 5.45 by me, the delay being added to by my own forgetfulness of the sack with pencils, etc., for which a return to the hotel was necessary. However, we got on not very badly, as the road was drier and less slippery, and so to the view of the east side of Lamb's Rock. But here, alas! although the rock itself was clear, the mist soon gathered on the higher hills and down came the rain. After many dampings and trials, I really got pretty well all I wanted in outline, and we set off back, when a pouring waterspoutty downfall obliged us to stick under a bush for a good time. Getting, by degrees, onward to the shola (ravine), it was hard work to note down the lines of that magnificent bit of Indian glade and forest scenery but by steady perseverance I did get what I wanted.

October 13

Rose as usual, but unwell; heart, etc. Little hope of any work, as the mist was already half over the valley. At 3 it was clear; we went by mended road as the earth was not slippery now, at least not unconquerably so, and Giorgio pulled me up over all famously. The great plain is something too extensive and incredible even to attempt to

describe, a world of opal beaten out with a filmy horizon of light; and the long, long scheme of cloud casting pale, pearly blue, shadows over great spaces of flat plain. The infinitesimal divisions of the vast immense level; with nearer rivers and the villages nearer still. The huge mountain of the Drouog dipping, step by step, to the valley below; its deep green, gray purple wooded undulations and crags! And then the left hand middle distance of jungle and rocky mountain side; and lastly, the foreground path with the poor meagre natives in their striped blankets, the ferns, and the scattered tree-ferns below! Cries of jungle fowl and many birds—also seven apes as we came back through the dark wood. Dinner, very good: Mr. Groom, Mr. Kirby, Edward Lear. Mr. Kirby diffuse and not too charitable on the subject of his neighbours. A cubby youth in many respects who, if he gets a good wife, may do well; if not, may come to grief, more or less.

October 15

Pussy cat, roses, poincianas, anchor-frogs, oranges, all good-bye! Down the ghat, the walk was lovely, but latterly very hot. The upper views; dark middle, pale blue farthest distance, reminded me too friendly of Civitavecchia days—*Ahi!*¹ What flowers in that ghat! Myriads of small yellow butterflies, like bits of sulphur. About 3, Podanue. Here we get all luggage and had it taken in two detachments to the travellers' bungalow, a large place apparently clean, and with four huge rooms at opposite corners. A high wind, called a breeze by the butler, blew all about the rooms, so that I did not at all realize (as I do at this moment—I am writing my notes at 8) that we have come once more into a land of extreme heat and perspiration. I employed my afternoon in a bath and a change of lighter clothes, and at sunset in drawing the Nilghiri mountain lines beyond the plain, wild and rather unconnected, and after all not very Indian, but there was nothing else to do. Dinner in the big dining room of this big place; soup good, Irish stew tough, and cutlets peppery; roast mutton hard, and curry tolerable. The beer arrangements went on ill. Butler, on my asking him if he be a Hindu or Christian, says meekly, "Only a heathen," a vile name given by Pharisees. At 8, went to bed: but the streams of perspiration as is a-poring off this child! And the 'owling of the wind in turret and tree! (Not that there is either of the two whereabouts.)

¹Alas!

October 16

Slept well enough in this vast barn-like room: and Giorgio, calling me at 5.30, we got tea and off at 6 with eight coolies, one anna each. The luggage is weighed but the heat is great; the morning is fine, but they have cribbed a $\frac{1}{4}$ anna in the change of a rupee. Plain bare; good hill lines. Approach mountains; very varied and fine forms, but not clear enough to get any idea of in pencil. For the last ten miles, rice aboundeth, and palms both coco and palmyra, and there is a river with sandy banks, and low hills, and distant blue mountains, all beautiful. Train passes; 3rd class all open, plantain-leaf umbrellas in the train-boxes; in the fields they look like large mushrooms. My! behold for the first time the naked-breasted females of Malabar! Beypore: the upper room of the railway hotel overlooks the sea, the sight of which is pleasant; calm, all but breakers about some bar or rocks. 1.55, off in boat; cross river, very beautiful; carried on shore by coolies. Wonderful beauty of villages and lanes, and very surprising undressed females! It was, I think, past 4 when, at the end of the grandest tree-bordered roads I ever saw, we reached Calicut station. Roads of such redundant beauty one could hardly dream of! India, Indianissimo! Every foot was a picture, and the naked-breasted women wonderful (and in the case of the old ones by no means pleasant) to see! And men with such hats! Altogether, a new world, my masters! Drove to the travellers' bungalow, but found it very bad form, no butler, low as to position, dirty, damp; and the only decent-sized room tenanted by an old planter of by no means prepossessing appearance, who advised me to go to the club. So I drove thither. It is close by the seaside; boats and coconuts ad lib. Some little difficulty ensued on account of my not being a member, and I had to shew letters, etc.; when two or three good-natured members allowed me to take two rooms. To the post where I got nine letters; but, most vexing, none for Giorgio. Poor fellow, he bore this with his usual goodness and patience, though it is really a hard and trying matter. Immense heat here! Washed and dressed and went to dinner at 7.30; by which time a tremendous storm of rain was coming down, with thunder and lightning accompaniments. Giorgio says, "Please, Sir, how many monsoons are there in India?" It is impossible to overrate my dear good old servant's quiet patience at getting no letters.

October 17

Rose latish: absolutely it pours with rain still; a steamy stovey heat. Master and man had their hair cut.

October 18

Drew awhile on the beach, hot and muggy, but no rain. Wrote a very long letter to Lord Northbrook, asking for one more £100—the seventh—to be sent here. Day steamy, only gleams of sun; went out with Giorgio and posted my eight letters. Inconceivable beauty of roads and lanes and general landscape here! Drew scraps as well as I could, and came round by the long bazaar street—not very interesting. The naked women are mostly old and horridly disgusting, and I am disappointed in seeing so few young ones.

October 19

Rain still, drizzly, and the muggy heat is remarkable; there seems to me but small prospect of doing any work here. Perseveringly I called on Mr. Andrew, whom I had met at Madras, one of the Calicut merchants. He was very amiable; he liveth in a very barnlike habitation and appointed Wednesday for driving or boating to Feruckhabad. Sending back Giorgio, who seems but half well, and out of spirits, poor fellow, and no wonder; I mooned about those beautiful lanes and roads, the exquisite vegetation of which beats all chance of description. Returned at 3 or so, but after that there was no possibility whatever of drawing, as monsoon storm began. So I went to the reading room and read *Punch*. Later it poured deluges of rain, and continued to do so. Time went heavily till 7; dinner, solo; Giorgio has his in the back room. I imagine the climate of this South West coast is extraordinarily depressing and all say it is so.

October 20

Found early that Giorgio had been ill all night: made him take the last of Dr. Garden's Saharanpur composing powders; but later he had another return of this bother (which one has to look after sharply in India), when I gave him one of the Bombay anti-diarrhoea pills. At present he is better and asleep. It may be that Giorgio's attack is owing to the very hot, relaxing climate here; also there were pancakes, unusual fare, besides a little claret at noon. But I had observed he was not at all well all day. Drew in one of the wonderful roads till rain came on, when I came back and worked at the drawing in the shady-seedy verandah. Walked out on the beach, but meeting Mr. Andrew in his pony chaise drove with him. Strangely enough, he began to caution me as to eating oysters here, which he says constantly produce diarrhoea. The oysters

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found at the mouth of the Malabar rivers feed on the poisonous wood or roots brought down from hill forests. Came back to this strange abode and gave Giorgio, and took also, a quinine powder. Later, read *Punch* in Reading Room. What a wonderful queer life these out-post Indian-Anglos lead! The damp, hot climate, and the dull, leaden sky worry me not a little; and at times I wish I were away most heartily; but in this India one is always being screwed and fixed up in a hole.

October 21

Rain poured down all night long. Thank God, Giorgio continues better. Went out to try to sketch, but rain came on again, so I came back and began a long letter to Northbrook. They say it will rain on yet for some days to come. Came to the Club and wrote a letter to Lord Aberdare, not a bright letter, but time had gone on so, and it was necessary to write. Afterwards, I walked along the wonderful palmy roads, and drew as well as I could, but it is almost impossible to do anything owing to the curiosity of the people and their thronging about one; also from the constant movement of ox-carts, etc., and from the confusion of the eye and mind produced by the amazing vegetation on all sides. I wrote this at 9 p.m., sitting in drawers only: heat great.

October 22

Drew at the gate; the plentitude of palmery here is overwhelming! Those deep grey-green misty hollows full of endless vistas and series of palm leaves and stems! Came Mr. Barrow, Superintendent of Schools, who took me and Giorgio to see the Traveller's Friend—a wonderful sort of tree; a kind of plantain, but growing queerly enough in a single fan, or peacock's tail out of one stem only—26 leaves in all. An incision being made between the stalks of the leaves, out gushes a regular burst of water, from a tumbler of which, what I tasted was assuredly pure, and good in flavour, though, of course, I don't know what its qualities were. Altogether, the tree seemed *alquanto* miraculous. The amiable Barrow, a small man and lame, is full of knowledge, Greek, Latin, Tennyson, etc., and is a very cheery, interesting cove. Breakfast, and afterwards worked at yesterday's drawings. It is all but impossible to give any idea of these beautiful Malabar lanes, since their chief beauty consists of what cannot be readily imitated; to wit, endless detail of infinitely varied vegetation, and constantly changing variety of moving-figure-panoramic effect. The colour, too, of these scenes; the deep and

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vivid green, the red soil roads, and the brilliant white and scarlet dresses of the people, make all Malabar drawing a painful riddle. Wrote a bit, and slept a bit; then I and Giorgio went out again, but I found it too difficult to draw standing up in the middle of hot road, with crowds of people around. These Malabar folk stick like burrs or flies; you can't get rid of them, and on the 'one fool makes many' principle, you find yourself in a multitude. What can one do against the eternal rain? At this moment it is raining as if it had never rained before—cats and dogs.

October 23

Prickly heat rife again now-a-day. Mr. Barrow, cum bullock cart, came about 6.30 and we drove to a spot of rocks and site of an old Tippoo-destroyed temple, but not a drawable scene. Thence to Barrack Hill where I was greatly surprised by the beautiful view, so unexpected! Lines and lines of majestic mountains sloping to graceful hills, and fading away into mist, this was the remote distance. Then, endless undulations of wood and down; and nearer, a wonderful flat all of coco-tree tops, apparently endless, their bright and dark spottiness giving a degree of texture quite unknown to any other plain. I drew twice, but hurriedly; the fact of people, however good natured, waiting, destroys my soul. Anyhow, this Malabar river seems to me unique as a lovely landscape. Came away, and called on Mrs. Barrow, an extraordinarily handsome woman, both as to feature and to intellectual expression: the rollicking jollity of Barrow is great fun. Back towards noon and slept; on rising, endeavoured to arrange things in smaller compass for next journey, but failed. Then we went out but Giorgio, who has one of his most silent fits, adds a weight to this atmosphere already so overweighted, by never speaking at all, or by only speaking in monosyllables. Went with Barrow to the school, which seemed to me mighty strange in some respects. Some 300 scholars in all; heard upper class read *Henry V*, and they were examined in *Ivanhoe*. Is there, or is there not time thrown away in this sort of learning? I am not able to perceive the value of this kind of education for Indians.

October 24

This excessive hot damp is the worst thing possible for some of my complaints! heavy rain all night. The palms are in a pale blue smoke-like mist. Giorgio, after a small lecture last night, is *allegro* again.

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I have fixed to start for Tellicherry on Tuesday, but somehow do not like the programme—eight hours in a boat!

October 25

Went in a bullock-bandy to the Beypore backwater, the picturesqueness of all the scenery about which no pen can give the least idea. Here, after walks along the road, I inspected one of the usual passenger boats, a long caique or canoe, the whole affairs so queer and rolly-polly that I decided not to go in that, but in a bullock cart, to Tellicherry. I never certainly could draw at all in that machine, nor should I like to risk eight hours (and some say it may be fourteen) in such a boat. Heat always great here, stuffy, puffy, muffy.

October 26

Pouring rain again; torrents! Wrote all day and did not go out, except to the post. No mail at all is come from Madras, whereby fears are rife lest the great tanks may have come to grief, and a total stoppage in the railway thereon consequent. Passed the rest of the afternoon and evening, nearly always raining tremendously, in reading *Punch* and in taking leave of the very kindly and gentlemanly members of the Malabar Club. Ow! the extraordinary depressing and enervating nature of this climate!

October 27

Rain all night but fine early, and off in a good bullock bandy; slow movement, but all the better for seeing the scenery. Tanks with crimson lotus, others pink, also white, large and small. Lovely glimpses of mountains, pure broad colour; red bright soil; tallipats, banyans, creepers, and pepper vines: pale blue ipomoeas and yellow altheas. Coco-trees and nuts; green bundles of betel leaf, carried by men. It took six hours and 40 minutes to reach the travellers' bungalow at Quilandi, not at all too long for such bad roads, and with a heavy load. It is sad enough to pass through lovely country and not be able to draw it, except by foolish scratches and snatches; but I am convinced that in the boat I should have seen far less, if that be any consolation. To my surprise, the bungalow is very decent, though of the empty and rustic class; and we get over breakfast of cold mutton, bread, claret and water—quietly enough. The "Maty" (so they call butlers or khamsamahs hereabouts) seems capable of making some tin soup, and perhaps curry.



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TELLICHERRY—November 4, 1874

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Lots of crow-pheasants all about, as makes a pheasantish noise. Went out with Giorgio, but to little purpose, except that we saw two Singless men, beings never beheld by us hitherto. The roads everywhere are utterly picturesque, chiefly with banyan trees; very little of the distance eastward is visible, and that little clouded. The people about are wonderfully picturesque; some of the women wear no end of white bone ornaments and necklaces. We tried all four streets of the bazaars, but all were *zitzo*: pepper the principal object for sale. Then I sate quietly finishing a drawing, till it was time to wash in the deep and only basin this Malabar *hospitium* possesses. The "Maty" brought the tin soup, good in its way, but I don't like tin soups. After this, only curry and rice happened, tolerable and far better than I expected. One may be thankful also for the comparatively dry condition of the bungalow, and that it don't rain hard. But it does seem queer to stay in such a place, so bare, unprotected, and remote from help, in the midst of strange native population, and where there are no Europeans—or perhaps only two or three half-castes, and yet not to feel at all anxious, but to address oneself to going to bed with the hope of a calm night's rest! Very little has been got out of Malabar today; yet the mere sight of these immense palm forests is a matter to remember and doubtless the more distant scenery would be lovely were it more free from cloud. Hot as it is here, it is far less so than at Calicut; for there, while writing at night, I sate in my drawers only, unable to bear a shirt; while here, I am not too hot in trousers, shirt and waistcoat.

October 28

Slept well, barring jackals now and then, till 3.30 when people, I suppose the cartmen, are making a row outside the bungalow. Beautiful Indian Claude-landscapes might be made out of Malabar scenes, palms and any sort of vegetation for near and middle distance. Devonshire-red soil and wonderful figures in foreground, with pure, pale-blue heights beyond; but the pictures must be long-shaped. Luggage goes on before in the other cart, because we stuck for an hour to give me time to get a view. After mounting a low hill, our driver, who had perceived our ineffectual endeavours to get across irrigated rice fields, having shown us a damp, red, snake-like path, I drew for half an hour in peace. The view towards the sea is very characteristic and beautiful. Reach the bungalow at Badagara; a large, queer, rambling, ramshackle house close to the bazaars, if one is to give that name to a few houses beyond some fine banyans. The bungalow, however, is decent enough,

but it is well there is a cane sofa in each room, for the charpoys, or bedsteads, have wide irons fit for mattresses, of which we have none. Got plates and water from the butler, and finished the cold mutton: it is too long to go from 5.30 to 1.30 without food, and so when the opportunity happens one eats and drinks too much. Slept. Afternoon went in making part of a drawing from the window, of palms, etc., a space left for mountains tomorrow, for they are all clouded now.

October 29

Rose very early and got the outline of those mountains. Tea, and pay. Walk with a half-caste boy through Badagara village to the sea. First part of the walk picturesque, all the rest new, ugly, brick and thatch buildings, several being Moplah (Malabar-Mohammedan) churches. Crows; lepers; tin-pot birds. Return to bungalow: pack and load, but along of irrelevant bullock, make no progress. Apparent universal leprosy. At 8.45 the fooly boy-driver would run at a great rate down a steep hill and, into a side ditch, happily not a deep one; two feet further on would have landed us against a tree trunk, and split the bandy. Always sandy hills to ascend and descend; the side-views are generally shut in by palm groves, now and then a bright green level of rice intervening, with, as it were, screens of cocos and blue tops of hills afar. Many women hereabouts delightfully pretty and well made. Road—side housestop—police-man. I put on my hat, exhibits Tellicherry letters, and go on. Road now very hilly, and less picturesque, and continuously up and down, till near the sea were breaks of palms, and sand, and then—fish—O, fish!—burned or cured in sand and most horribly stinking! Next, long bazaars, quite surprising to me in these remote Malabar places, for their length and populous importance. Lastly, Tellicherry, where we came to a semi-green sort of esplanade, and a lone bungalow, the travellers'. One room of it was occupied by a youth sitting with his legs on the table; the other was dark and queer. So I went to the Club with my letters, and found a pleasant welcome enough, but on examining the upstairs room, decided on staying and taking the youth's room at the travellers' bungalow when he goes tomorrow. So I got everything into the bad room, making no end of row about dirt, and then, having washed, went with Giorgio to the shore, which is very picturesque. I draw on the rocks but the afternoon was all grey and cloudy, and drawing all but impossible. At 7.30 jackals begin and howl no end; dogs answer, tom-toms drum, and lots of noises break the still calm of the night. I shall not think about the next step to

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be taken in this Indian mess till tomorrow, but it is an awful bore, and I don't see my way out of it.

October 30

Thinking over the problem of progress along the west coast, I am coming half-way to the conclusion that it is better to give it all up for the present. After tea and moving into the opposite and large room, went out with Giorgio to the edge of the shore, and worked at the drawing I began yesterday; a difficult matter as the subtle intricacies of multiplied lights and shades of palm-coco-palmery are almost impossible to represent without a long and hard study. The coast rocks, low and picturesque, add a pretty feature to the scene, but there is no grandeur, and very little novelty or grace. Many idle natives crowded about me, and I was glad to finish. Perhaps the calm of the sea, and the absolute quiet before me, atoned somewhat for the noise of the rabble behind me. Went to the Club and got a fooly-boy to go with me to the steamboat agent's Office, his house, and the Post; but had small success at each place.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

October 31—November 27

October 31

Slept ill along of crookedy-creaky bedstead, also of jackals; also of the sputtering and squishing of the lamp; also, latterly, of the crows. Rose at 6 and walked to the cliff's edge; the scene is beautiful, of its class, at this hour. Coming back from the post I met one Mr. Hayden who said, "Let us go to the Brass Pagoda if you want to draw fine sights!" So I said "Let's go," and we set off going along lanes for a mile or more, and frequently asking our way of school boys, who generally said, "Not know brazen temple; other fellows coming, perhaps know." Always delighted by the exquisite lane-foliage scenery, and by the pure bright green rice grounds, backed by distant palms and far blue mountains, we came at length in sight of a hideous barn-like building, which I took for some sort of stable. Several natives were about, and I said to Giorgio, "These do not look as if they could speak English?" "Why not?" said a fat half-naked Brahmin, "I can speak English for one." "Well, is this the Brass Pagoda?" "No, it has no such name, unless among you English." "But," I said, "it is evidently known by that name as two or three of you told me this lane would lead to the Brass Pagoda." "Well," said the Brahmin, "it is the temple of the Holy Vishnu; but why do you want to see it? I should not like you to think me impertinent or inquisitive, but at the same time I should be glad to know your name, and who you are, and in what station of life, and why you come here, and where you come from, and where you are going to, and all your previous history, and all about you!" Says I, "I am an English gentleman and that is enough; I only want to see the outside of your temple and have no wish to go into it." "But you can't, if you did wish ever so much!" said Fatty triumphantly. These people hereabouts are sharp enough, and *alquanto* dis-



Maldhar Hill, Bombay, January 6, 1875

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agreeable. Malabar fool-staters will always be remembered by this child: they stick by you like flies and are impossible to get rid of.

November 1

Walked to a near hill, or rather rising ground, whence, to my great surprise, the view was something fabulous. So very remarkable an oriental view I have never seen nor even imagined: for, although the infinite lines of the low hills and higher mountains are all quite à la Claude Lorraine distance, yet the texture of coco-nuttery is something quite unlike what can be seen except in this, and other, extended tropical coast scenery; myriads of small, white flashes and as many myriads of deep, shady dots, caused by the light and shade of the great, innumerable palm fronds. The rivers in this view are wonderfully beautiful while the sun is low; and all the colour-changes of gray and misty lilac and palest opal shade (not opal, though, for that is clear whereas here all is misty and damp), makes a world of divinely exquisite beauty. The hills, too, are elegant in form, and in truth the whole scene is a perfectly magnificent specimen of eastern landscape, most difficult to reproduce on paper, but wonderful to contemplate. Nevertheless, I believe all Malabar and S. Canara and Travancore are much the same, and such scenery may be compared to eating rich plum-pudding continually, so little is it adorned by anything but its coco-trees, rivers, and hills. The days of architecture are gone. I left off drawing (and wasn't it hot?) and came back to the road leading to Capt. Baudry's, where I have to breakfast, luckily meeting his bundy at the very corner of the junction. Soon at that hospitable Frenchman's house, where I was received most warmly. A fine house, in some respects one of the best I have seen in India, inasmuch as there were open arches all round the large dining room, and a gallery outside, so that plenty of air came in, without those direct draughts of wind which prevail in rooms of the tu-door fashion. Breakfast a peculiarly good and well-ordered affair; wines, ditto. Capt. Baudry told the head man particularly to look after Giorgio, and during breakfast ordered him to take him fish, salad, etc. Conversation robust and facetious. After breakfast a bit of rest, and then had to see all the estate, apes, pigeons, cinnamon, coffee machines, O lord! etc. Old Giorgio, who I perceived was out of sorts, confessed to a *zitzo* breakfast, after we had all done; a small piece of cold beefsteak and four slices of cold fried potato, some cold curry, and half a cup of cold tea, at which Giorgio asked for a glass of cold water, and said, "Before all things you had better bring a tablecloth," for it seems they had put him

into a dark room where there was only a table and a chair. What a bore these Indian servants are as regards their dealings with European domestics; as if they could not have cut him a good slice of cold meat or turkey. Later I had to go all about the estate again ad wearisam, and then more Sauterne, and a deadly difficulty to avoid, first, coconut milk and, secondly, a bullock-bandy; finally, in defiance of rules I set out sturdily on foot with old Giorgio, and walked by shady lanes of palm to the dak bungalow. Here a fresh disgust, my Delhi cap, given me by Lord Mark Kerr, is lost; nor could I get my bill for the Club or for this place. 60 rupees, or £6 for four days is not very fierce, all liquors included.

November 2

After drawing a good bit near the bridge, got to Mr. Baudry's house in Mahé at 10.30. The view from near the bridge is full of charms, but they are all too like those of the other places hereabouts, and pall from repetition. Gustave Baudry then took me, with much good nature and good manner, to a ruined fort of Tippoo Sahib's (now called Fort St. George) and certainly the view thence is a stunner. As a river scene can any other equal it? The mountains, however, were not clear, though enough so to enable me to draw them correctly. As I noted in making the drawing near Tellicherry, such a scene is wondrous and wholly unlike other landscapes if only from the inconceivably curious and rich texture of the myriad multitude of coco-trees far and wide. These deep gray-green with touches of light, those in the nearer foreground bright green, gold, and orange, melt away into infinite spaces of lilac green coco-forests, beyond which suddenly rise beautiful smooth downs and detached hills, standing out, though remote, from the pale mist beyond, and below the farthest range of mountains that stretch along the horizon in pallid, clouded pearliness. Wasn't it hot on that fort, and its red, iron soil? Perspiration prevailed predominantly, but soon we were down the hill, and at Capt. Baudry's house again, where a cold collation was ready, which rather untowardly was all of salt articles save eggs, bread and claret. Yet I enjoyed the breakfast extremely, and looked well that poor old Giorgio was fed. Took leave of young Baudry and called on the Resident Governor of Mahé, a jolly good, pleasant man, with a jovial little wife—pretty once. At noon, take leave and go on in the bandy, and at 12.40 are out of la belle France and once more in British India. Stopped by customs; immense row and not to be appeased or arranged, for they insisted on the smallest things being opened, drawings and all, which I

knew they had no right to do. Neither would they let me turn back to Tellicherry, insisting that beer was French wine. Eventually they came out everything, whereon I left patient Giorgio in charge of all and hastened back to the Governor. That functionary was particularly obliging, and not only sent his *Chief de Police* and a peon, but wrote a certificate that I had nothing but personal goods, and was besides a "person of distinction". With these I hurried back to the main scene of action and had no end of bother, but eventually got the better of the enemy and were allowed to proceed. Very exciting, particularly in such heat! So we jolted onward, by the characteristic Malabar banyan-edged road, or by rice fields shut in by high walls of coco, or bits of road through detached coco woods where you saw really lovely and well-made women on each side. At 4.40 we reached Badagara, and were "just as we were" on Wednesday night last; not before 7.30 could we get a tin soup warmed, and some very queery chops, and a quite uneatable curry. Small amount of sleep is to be got at this by no means nice or pleasant Badagara bungalow. Jack the would be no great annoyance, could one but get rid of howling dogs, and chattering natives below the rooms. O green and leafy Mahé!

November 3

Beautiful clear sunrise: mountains like purple crystal, and the featheriness of coconutism exquisite against the bright pure sky. The sinful old butler confessed to not having deducted the rupee I had advanced when last here, so I did it now, and thus had only three annas to pay besides my two rupees bungalow fee. Reached the backwater ferry and had to wait a long time for previously-arrived carts to be crossed over, and it was 8.40 before I was on the opposite shore. The boat loads ferried over were vastly picturesque. All through the morning (hot sun but pleasant breeze) I enjoyed the exquisite foliage on each side of this lovely road, every part of which is full of interest. Many of the women here are truly lovely, like beautiful statues. The last two miles we came over very rapidly and reached the dak bungalow at Quilandi. Then as soon as possible, breakfast; consisting of a tin of what was named roast beef, but was far more like boiled; bread, and two bottles of soda water with a faint dash of cognac. At present, I have written thus far, and am wishing I were asleep, as a dull, deadening melancholy overpowers me, owing to my inability, I don't know why, to resist memories of the past, and those sad ones; a thousand painful gleams of days when there were transient or lasting lights of happiness, now all darkened. To believe that none of these

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we loved are to be met with again is too horrible, and I will not think so. Wrote half a letter to Northbrook but grew sleepy. Whether these fits prevent other ills, I cannot tell; but they are sadly worrying. Am now going to draw again; walked out in search of those tree-ferns or palms, which are like odd-looking dwarf date trees on very date-palm-like stems: only these divide into two or even three trunks, and have as many heads. Several beggars about, dressed in the holy saffron colour, but not very dirty. These Malabar road scenes, both equally as to vegetation and as to picturesque people, beat all I have ever seen even in India. The gold colour of the sunshine on the umbrellas and their dark spots of shade, when reversed, against the luminous orange or white lights, ever changing, as the people pass through the deep gloom of the tree shadows, or come out into the sun-set light. Came to the bungalow; whatever its faults it has, anyhow, the great merit of being quite quiet: the cooking house is opposite, and a huge peepul tree stands near; where our patient bullocks graze, and no other animals intrude, nor men. So I could very well work out my Pre-Raphaelite ideas of the tree fern, a branch of which I had brought back. This occupied me till 6, or dark. Dinner by no means a success; but as it was not expected to be so, there was no disappointment. Alas! a most unpleasant incident! My bed, after I had been in it two or three minutes, suddenly collapsed and broke down, and I was shunted unpleasantly. Pass the rest of the night half sitting up.

November 4

The bullocks went on well, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour and the greenness and freshness of morning were delightful. Left the bandy to draw two outlines of those very Claude-like views and at 11.40 reached the domestic-crow-be-bothered club at Calicut. Three letters. After breakfast, read English papers; and by inquiries of other men who came in, resolve to give up the "backwater" route to Cochin, and go thither by next steamer, expected tomorrow. Meanwhile, at 5 p.m. comes another letter from Evelyn Baring, Mrs. Henry Baring died on October 21st. This is very distressing. I think now I will go on at once to Ceylon.

November 5

Worked hard till 10 at repacking, having decided to go to Ceylon by today's boat. After breakfast, sent a telegram to poor Evelyn Baring, and posted letters. Then went to the British Indian Steamer (B.I.S.) Agency, and found to my disgust that the steamboat papers had



Approaching Hyderabad, August 3, 1876

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been already sent off, and the ship was about to start, whereas the Vice-Agent had said, "I myself will take you on board at 4 p.m." Hence, no end of fury and fatigue: signals to steamer to stop; rush to club, pay bill, coolies take away luggage; get to shore, and after immense confusion, get off in two boats, I and Giorgio in one and kit in t'other. Happily, water smooth, but a long pull. Reach *Ava* B.I. Steamship at 1.30; passages free, fine ship. Walked and vaguified for some hours, and examined the ship's anatomy, vastly clean, and apparently comfortable. Then it turned out that after all the row and howling therewith, there was no need of hurry at all, as there had never been any intention on the part of the B.I.S. to sail before 4 p.m. ! and accordingly at 4 p.m. we did sail. Slowly, slowly we move on, but there is little of interest to occupy the mucilaginous, mournful mind, barring jumping fish. Ice in beer once more !

November 6

After midnight, awaked by thunder and lightning, and later, hard rain for two or three hours. No more regular sleep. Great noise begun and continued by loading off Cochin. Read Augustus Hare's *Memoirs of a Quiet Life* with great delight, a book which would have given me extreme pleasure, even had I not known a multitude of the persons referred to; how much more so, knowing as I used to do, Leycesters, Penrhyns, Stanleys, etc. No book has done me so much good for years; yet it is a trial, and perhaps not altogether a timely one, to be set thinking so much of past days, when inclined to be so depressed as I always am on shipboard, even if the ship be at anchor. Dinner oppressive, but better than yesterday as to food, though still far from good. Also cold, covers being all off before anyone sits down, and punkahs always going. Casual, transient visits to good old Giorgio, who has now gone to bed. Crowds of coco-boats are come and loading going on, and I suppose will do so all night. Nice little poodle terrier, Vic, eight years old. Servants attentive.

November 7

Going on calmly over a gray, polished sea. We are nearly opposite Quilon, but though the Travancore line of mountains beyond seems tolerably fine, the monotonously long stretch of coconuts troubleth the eye, albeit at four miles from land one can't judge much, after all. Breakfast—O ! dreary dullness ! The Captain, who has plenty of sense, won't speak hardly and the officers never at all. The sunset was the only really fine one I have seen in India during twelve months, but I was too

late on deck to draw it; and besides, they are always making a fuss and changing things here.

November 8

Reached roadstead of Tutikorin and taking in cargo of cotton, brought off in big sailing boats. Reading Bunsen's *Memoirs*. Long lines of Cape Comorin, but partially blotted by cloud, Dinner ow! how nasty and cold!

November 9

Nothing clearly visible ahead, only dim line of distant misty hills, but at 6.30 the engine having stopped I thought something was wrong, whereas we had arrived at Colombo! It seems a pretty place, but no more. The Captain offered to take me ashore, so perforce I said Yes, though he is far from pleasant. After breakfast, gave six rupees in tips and was ready to go, but no boat was there to bring Giorgio and the luggage. So Capt. Peterson proposed that Giorgio should go on the loaded boat with the luggage: the boat being just ready. This I agreed to and saw all my fifteen objects in the barge and Giorgio on the top of all, when lo! it was shunted, and as I set off with Captain Peterson I could see that the steam-tug was never the nearer to moving, and poor Giorgio alone on the hill of coco-bags below a burning sun. So, after I had overcome the sharpness of disgust and rolling, for there was a horrid swell, I said to the Captain, "I don't see the steam-tug moving." "Ow, but she ain't likely to go yet." "Well," said I, "I don't like my man to be sitting in this sun for an indefinite number of hours." So, on landing I wrote a paper to the first officer, but some eight or ten men seized it, and in the struggle destroyed it quite. So we wrote it again, Captain Peterson meanwhile knocking down two men who attempted to get it, and finally sent it off with a boat. Then I continued to walk up and down rabidly in the midst of a rabble (and I must say this first encounter with Serendibbians by no means prepossessed me in their favour), the heat being fearfully great, till Giorgio and baggage arrived. Then to the custom house, and then with one of the sailors to the customs-collector, where I had to wait for the signature to the declaration of the collector, and until I made a great row and showed my letters to the Governor, and threatened to go to him at once, could not get it at all. At length, we got back to the customs, where nothing was opened; but then no carriage could be got, so I and Giorgio had to go behind the cart to the Galleface Hotel, apparently a very nasty,

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second-rate place. Obtained two downstairs rooms and was busy in looking out washing, when to my dismay, I found Giorgio laying down and complaining of his head, and I thought suddenly *coup de soleil*? But happily, he is pretty nearly himself again. Walked along the beach, not very unlike that of Nice, and almost immediately met Governor Gregory's secretary, who (how had they heard of my arrival?) had called on me at the hotel. So I went to the Queen's House, where Governor Gregory was thoroughly good natured and pleasant, but does not press me to come and stay with him, doubtless being aware that it would not suit me to do so. The Queen's House seems to me a very queer place, galleries endless; but one may remark on the lovely matting. Came back slowly by the seaside; vast piles of cloud (monsoon? says Giorgio) and the *Ava* just coming out of the port. Light and pretty vehicles of the Ceylon swells. Passed an hour or two rather wearily, before dinner which, at a long table d'hôte, was numerous. Dinner not so ultra abominable as might have been expected of this place, but fearfully worrying from noise and number of slaves. From 6 to 9 rain of the most absolute sort fell, frightful! O sea! what a noise!

November 10

Bought Giorgio a dozen pairs of sox for ten rupees; caps not to be had; boots to be made by Chinamen. Little enough of interest seems there about this place. Tired and faint: heat immense; no sun, sky cloudy over.

November 11

Completed maps and notes from Sir E. Tennant's *Ceylon*, lent me by Governor Gregory. Breakfasted at Queen's House and later was driven by him all about the place, but saw little enough topographically worthy or pretty. Cinnamon groves are bosh.

November 12

Resolve to go to Galle tonight, and set to work to pack. No places in tonight's coach, so must go tomorrow. After breakfast, A.D.C. sent to know about the coach, and whenever I appeared restless, said, "O! the answer is coming directly!" Wearying for two whole hours in the A.D.C. and Secretary's room, I grew wild and rushed out, finding at the coach office that the original order was before the "Manager" who

said mildly "Answering coming by-by." But I made a row, and got two places for tomorrow: by jingo, be they what they may, Govt. House atmospheres are ever too detestable! When I came back at tiffin time, the spectacle of some fifty or sixty people just arrived by the Wilson boat *Eldorado*, amazed this child: but for dinner only forty-four covers were laid, many parties having already started for their highland homes. (Alas, alas, alas! my dear sister Sarah! Her song of 'They are gone all gone to their mountain homes, where the wild bird sings and the wild deer roams', now my ears seem to hear clearly.) At dinner, young Harris, who drinks "more than is good for him" (as dear Sarah said to meeself years ago) was next to me; and the queer-ugly-lively table d'hôte was an odd contrast to the sad quiet life of these latter days. This Ceylon part of the Indian journey goes on wearily! wearily!

November 13

Little sleep; waves outside, tipsy gentlemen inside. The drive from Colombo to Bentota was generally uninteresting, the coco-trees not particularly fine, and only a considerable amount of breadfruit trees were a novelty. Nearer towards Bentota were beautiful shore-bits, so characteristic of this island that I should well like to glean some of them. The Resthouse there is certainly a delicious spot, whether as to the sea outward or as to inward Palmerism. At Galle the coach stopped at the Oriental Hotel, inside the old Dutch fort. Here I find the ADC has ordered rooms, but though mine was tolerable, the other downstairs was damp and bad, and I wouldn't have it for Giorgio. So I had to go to another hotel, where I took a room for him for the night, hoping that the crowd of people who will go hence tomorrow, will leave room for Giorgio to come here.

November 14

All night long, hideous torrents of rain, and holes in the roof being numerous, discomfort therefrom; and when morning came, injury to books and letters discernible. Took a carriage to go to the cemeteries, but both though but a few minutes walk from the hotel, were closed. Disgust: and again ditto at finding there is no road round the Port. The coco-palms here are, I fancy, the loftiest I ever saw, and the roads are intensely picturesque. So are the people, but also odious, and bully one out of all patience. After trying in vain to draw several times, I gave it up in a rage.

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November 15

Went with Giorgio to the Port, and waited till 8, when the Viceregal party landed. Miss Baring looks well and good and A.I. always. Frank thin.¹ They have had a very uncomfortable passage, in many ways. Talk and breakfast; Giorgio with his acquaintance, Miss Baring's maid. Came back to a noisy and disagreeably *tiffin*, and soon we are all going to some place. There were so many adieux to make to the "outward bound" that it was with difficulty I could get the party to start. Road full of beautiful vegetation, exquisite; people and dogs odiously tiresome. Five miles out of Galle, walk up a hill $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour; though now getting dark, the view is beautiful, but not nearly so fine as those near Tellicherry, though of the same coconutty character. But the mountains are all hidden, and they are but comparatively low. Got the party away fussily, and drove back to Galle. Dinner: champagne, etc., for which I am none the better.

November 16

Great fuss to get the Viceregals to move, the harbour master wanting their luggage, but none being ready. Whereon I wished them good-bye, and set out with Giorgio up to Wakwalla. Extraordinarily lovely view! Drew three times; what profound depths of green foliage. The vast amount of varied and definite vegetation here is simply amazing, beyond all or any imitation. The brown people of this island seem to me odiously inquisitive and bothery-idiotic. Heat always immense. Flowers, trees, colours, indescribable. Later, read *Home News* and *Saturday Review* of October 1; no news at all.

November 17

Off in a one-horse trap with Giorgio and a driver. Endless beauty of coconut roads, still water and seashore; some scattered roadside villages, and every now and then long, pale blue waves, foam and silvery sand. Reached Belligam, a clean Resthouse in a compound where vast breadfruit trees congregate, one of which I drew. Breakfast was highly decent: mulligatawny soup, fish and rice, chicken and cutlets, fish and banana curry and bananas, cum four glasses of feeble brandy and soda water. The great charm of these places is their calm and quiet, for here one only is conscious of the blue sea, and the wonderful shore vegetation. But the heat! The drive from Belligam to Matara was very unenlivened

¹Frank Baring, Lord Northbrook's son.

by any variety, coconuts ever. And if there were ever-so-little a break in the road-bordered wall of coco and bread fruit, all beyond was *nondimeno*¹ coconuts. It is well, however, to have seen this coast, even if the utmost that comes of it is to say that it ain't much worth seeing. Matara seems a place full of bazaars, and swarming with children to a strange degree. Surely these women (who, by the by, are particularly modest and nice looking, wearing short white calico spencers) must have "litters" of children. The multitude of infants cannot otherwise be accounted for. The men are by no means interesting as to costume, and when they wear their hair long behind, have a very womanly look.

November 18

The drive to Dondra, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, was, as all hereabouts, beautiful from its vegetation, but otherwise too monotonous. Lakes, or rather marshes, with palms reflected in them—but no distance; long roads between lofty coco-trees with breadfruit and plantains, over and over and over again and everlastingly continual. The only exception to this was once or twice near the sea, when the road led close to the shore, and there were clear long rollers and surf, more like those of Cornwall on a fine day, though the coco-trees were not Cornish. Close to the sea are very old remains of temples, but only the bases of columns are left. At certain times, and under certain effects, this same scene would be impressive, but as it now was, and with 60 or 80 people about me, I could barely finish one sketch, tho' the granite rocks might guarantee a charm to any drawing. A peon kept some of the staring people at bay, but not many; "too glad he be see English gentleman, so come all him rounding." The deep greens and blues are wondrous. *Datura* shrubs abound, all in flower, also hermit crabs.

November 19

Extreme beauty and richness of green foliage after the rain at this early hour! Golden lights on stems of cocos or on houses in the wood. Levels of rice, with innumerable paddy birds. Effects of misty light among distant trees precisely similar to English summer morning lights and shadows. What large iguanas! Nice, neat, white-dressed women with gold chains. The morning drive was delightful, for before 10 the excessive heat is not much felt. Certainly the lofty, lofty coco-lined roads of South Ceylon are wonderful and so, on all sides is the crammed

¹Nevertheless.

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luxuriance of a thousand sorts of beautiful vegetation; but beyond these, and now and then a brilliant space of shore and sea, nil. No varied rocks, or shore undulating lines, or coves; no buildings except shed-like native houses, and here and there a mean vulgarly-shaped Buddhist temple; no distance whatever; assuredly I am greatly disappointed by this coast scenery and its rich monotony of greenery. We reached Galle, the paltry and ugly, and got the same rooms as before. Walk around the ramparts, or partly; a hideously mean set-out of fortifications in low walls, and outside, surf and rocks, with a harbour cum ships, and low lines of hill beyond, altogether *zitzo*. Came back in a muck sweat, the heat here being absolutely inconceivable, yet I can't say that it annoys me, otherwise than by wetting me through and through. Worked at drawings; tried to sleep; sherry and water; thunder and lightning.

November 20

Not over well, as is natural. Morning fine, though it rained nearly all night. Morning drive from 5.50 to 10.10, when we reached Bentota, delightfully fresh and pleasant. Breakfast ditto and most excellent: 3s. each for Mulligatawny soup, two sorts of first-rate fish, roast fowl, devilled and stewed and fried, with two capital curries and cheese. A bottle of good claret brought the bill up 10s. and they seemed delighted with 6d. baksheesh! Finally we reached the broad sea ground of Colombo at 4.45 and set down Giorgio at the Goldfish Hotel with orders to get what rooms he could while I went on to the post; seven letters, but not one from Europe; disgusted.

November 21

Talk with the fooly new manager, who lamented that Giorgio may not dine in or near the *salle-à-manger*. I reply, "I don't care where he dines, so long as he gets his dinner, good and plenty." Fooly manager was in the police at Madura. Dinner more than usually odious; first, all the places taken by turn-down chairs were taken by "ladies" so we had to go to the other side; second, the waiting was simply insufferable; eight times potatoes were brought to me, six times coffee, and hardly anything else, and so on in all cases. Lastly, the slavies snatch away everything from you, and you have to hold your plate, knife, and fork tight, and all the while the "savages" go on grinning, and chattering to each other in a howly keg. Verily! Ceylon the long-looked-for is a bore of the

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first quality and as disgusting a place, at least in the phase I see of it, as I have known in any part of my travels.

November 23

Distant view of Adam's Peak at sunrise. Crowded and very uncomfortably small coach; racing, nearly upset. Bad horses at one or two changes, and at third change, nearly upset again. Then a cart ran into us, and the boy had to stop to take the erroneous cove to a police station. At 34th mile, partially upset, but just saved by milestone; and once more this occurred later. Heavens! what beastly vehicles, also drivers, also horses! Far more beautiful vegetation; and views, though mostly hidden of the Adam's Peak range. Threatening storm of rain, though very little fell. At 56th mile, Ratnapura: Hugh Nevill's house, and Hugh Nevill coming to meet me. Nice large living rooms, but bedrooms fearfully ultra-uncomfortable, doorless, etc. Sherry and quinine. My visit here is a duty to the memory of dear William and Mary Nevill, but I fear it will not be a pleasure. Animals, apes, porcupine, hornbill, squirrel, pigeons, etc., and figurative dirt! Washed, and had to go for a bath half a mile off, but couldn't face the steep marble slippery steps. Long and tiresome waiting for dinner. Some talk with Hugh but, naturally, all his interests are here and not there. William and Mary Nevill are gone, and "none remember thee—none remember thee—weeping bitterly, as I", as dear Margaret, Duchess Sermoneta used to sing in Frascati days long ago. Dinner good, insofar as no light on table bother me; beer plentiful. I do not like the dampness of the place at all.

November 24

Mish-mash nature of things in general here; nastiness and laziness of servants; awful scatteraciousness! After tea, walk out but a thick mist covers everything beyond what is close to the eye. Drew on the banks of the Kalaganga, beautiful bamboo and palmy scenery but no more. Then went to the fort, where a good scene may be made with care. Now, 10.30, when one really wants breakfast, Hugh has had some ten bales of all sorts of goods opened in the verandah; no sort of arrangement as to time and punctuality seems possible here.

November 26

Could only by patience and hard labour make any advance towards finishing the drawing I had begun. All or any effects of mist may



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be used in drawing these places, and possibly they may make a lot of effectively good subjects after all. Read *Remarkable Trials* and *Emerson Tennant* at times, and between rains tried to draw a young areka palm in the muddy-miserable back garden. The gloom, and the continual damp here are too wretched! Towards evening what torrents of rain fell!

November 27

Adam's Peak range quite clear, but we had to go as far as six miles when I got an outline. Yet it is all but impossible to make true and characteristic sketches hereabouts, because the only peeps whereby you obtain outline, are accidental breaks and nowise natural to the scenery, which is all and absolutely chokafull of vegetation, and stuffy beyond belief. The sun was blazing hot, but rain kept off. Breakfast welcome at 12; haddock, mutton, etc., with five sorts of curries—all good. Afterwards, overhauled sketches and slept hard, for rain prevented all going out. Hugh is always and altogether very nice, though I dislike his house, and loathe the climate generally and Ratnapura especially.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

December 1—December 31

December 1

Noise and bother all night; hardly any sleep; it seems to me that Ceylon planters are a rowdy lot, more or less. Rose, tired out by being constantly disturbed. This Colombo-Kandy Railway is a singularly comfortable one, and the carriages clean and good. Coolies took luggage to the Oriental, instead of the Queen's Hotel, as it promised more quiet. Four Parsees, however, came there also, but we got two very tolerable and clean rooms. At 12, breakfast, but Giorgio ate nothing, complaining of *dolore di panza*;¹ he had not been well since staying at that horrible dump-hole Ratnapura. Afterwards, walked out but the scenery disappoints me; *petite* and pretty, but not at all remarkable. The streets are wide and clean, and the population less odious than those of Galle or Colombo. The Government House gardens are the most exquisitely beautiful as to foliage of any gardens I ever saw, but they command no distant view. Sat a long while with Frank Baring and his sister. They go, alas! tomorrow, and leave Colombo on Thursday. I wish I could go with them and see Northbrook again! Walked round the lake with Giorgio, but it came on to rain hard, so we had to get back and change thoroughly. Took, and gave Giorgio, some quinine and strict orders to keep warm. A really good dinner; and it is great fun to be in this quiet and pleasant house, after the disgusting hotel of Colombo. BUT—the damp!

¹Indigestion.

December 2

Somewhat alarmed by Giorgio, who is still suffering from pain in the abdomen; this looks like dysentery. I gave him an anti-diarrhoea pill, and he seemed better, and would go out with me to the lake, where

December 1—December 31

I drew various times. Then we walked up Lady Horton's Walk, when I sent him back to the hotel with strict orders about his breakfast. Then to Government House and talked a good deal with the two Barings. Saw them all off at 1, and could but just, and only just, keep from crying. Bought photographs. Then wrote a note to Dr. Rudd, and walked to his house. He is a most kindly and delightful man, and at once volunteered to come down to Giorgio. It is dysentery, and baddish; brought on by damp and cold taken at Ratnapura, as was my bad throat. Difficulty in getting broth and rice from these people; one, a Madras boy, is a jewel, the rest fools.

December 3

Drew on Lady Horton's Walk, but could not do much, along of mosquitoes; and when I got back my first leech was visible on my middle finger. Salt disposed of him, but no end of blood flowed. Then came Dr. Rudd, who says Giorgio is not worse, but orders mustard and linseed plaster, and more powders; with ipecacuanha wine and liquorice for my throat, which is bad enough, only one can't think about it. I had but little will for dinner, and soon came back. At 8 they brought some arrowroot, but he would not touch it. I tried to re-hash the former mustard-plaster, not understanding these things.

December 4

Dr. Rudd called, and was not at all pleased with the appearance of poor Giorgio. People who have arrived by the railway are passing, all holding umbrellas, for torrents of rain are falling. Yet against this horrible climate I have to weight the certainty of discomfort in the Colombo hotel, and the uncertainty of finding a doctor there as good as Dr. Rudd; so, sad as it is, I must remain here. Mooned about miserably enough, and finally read papers at the Library, and returned to find Giorgio sleeping. I pray to God he may recover, for his family's sake. I myself am extremely far from well. Throat bad, and generally depressed by the climate, and by the damp situation of this house; but I must not think of this.

December 5

Dr. Rudd's kindness cannot be sufficiently recorded. Giorgio is better for the present; yet Dr. Rudd tells me frankly that there

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are still very ugly symptoms not yet got under. He advises removal to Colombo by 7 tomorrow if Giorgio is not worse, since, in cases of dysentery, change from inland to sea air is very frequently beneficial.

December 6

Of course I feel all the danger of this, yet believe I am right to risk the moving, for the sake of what the change of air and position may do. Pray God he may amend. Giorgio very calm and without pain. My throat still very unwell. I had no end of fuss to get tea, and the things to the rail, besides lots of little packings, etc. Giorgio was quiet enough, poor fellow, but it afterwards proved to have been a mistake that he sat up, instead of lying down for so many hours. No one else being in the carriage, I was able to study the beautiful scenery below the railway, though much of the distance was far too misty to be drawn. Certainly, the vegetation of Ceylon is wonderful! At Colombo by 11, and got the same large room as once before. Giorgio, naturally tired out, lay down (though he *would* sew on a brace-button first, which he perceived my trousers wanted). Then to the Queen's House where Governor Gregory and the rest were all very kind. Wrote a long note to Dr. White, describing all symptoms, and asking advice.

December 7

Waiting for Dr. White, a kindly good rough sort of fellow, but not like Dr. Rudd for interest and inquiry about details, attention, etc., says, "Not impossible that Giorgio may be got away on the 12th," but for my own part I fail to think so.

December 8

The night is passed; its noisy sea, and noisier soda-bottle-popping planter, and the early dawn with crows and cocks. Thank God, Giorgio has slept pretty well, and seems rather better. Met Dr. White who, in his indifferent manner, says, "Giorgio is going on as well as can be expected." On reaching hotel, found a note from him to the same effect, which proves that it is only his manner that is "indifferent".

December 9

Rose in time to get Giorgio some tea at 5.45 and a pill at 6. Thank God he really seems better. Drew at the palms on the beach till 7 and then wrote journal; Dr. White came at 9; he says Giorgio improves.



1000 1891
 1000 1891

in water "Curtis" a pale blue
 and (small) made into the black of the sky

1000 1891

1000 1891

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Afterwards, looked at Ceylon photographs and bought 50 rupees worth. Walked out and listened to the band. Sunset much finer than is usual in these parts, a world of scarlet and gray crenulations.

December 10

Morning fine; Giorgio slept *all night* and Dr. White says he is going on well. Drew palms.

December 11

I drew in pen and ink till Dr. White came, and he says that Giorgio may go tomorrow safely. Breakfasted at Queen's House, pleasant in its way, but converse local and colonial, naturally. Went to the B.I.S. Office; the steamer *Asia* is come, and is to go tomorrow as soon after 8 as may be. They give a free passage for me and Giorgio to Calicut. Came to hotel, and wrote all afternoon; to Gov. Gregory, who had sent me his *Egypt and Tunis* and six bottles of port for Giorgio; Le Mesurier, Dr. Rudd, Dr. White, etc., etc. Dinner odious above and beyond all ordinary odiousness, tipsy fools and rowdies everywhere.

December 12

By degrees, I and Giorgio were on board. I have a good cabin; but Giorgio, second class, has not: but if no "Femmel" comes after starting, he is to have a better one. Heat great, very. Thankful I am to have got poor Giorgio even thus far, and I trust things may go on still better. Breakfast good and very pleasant; our Captain being much more genial than he of the *Ava*. Off after a long and placid wait for cargo-taking, and a lot of half-naked passengers. "Coolies?" said I to a native near. "Coolies! No, Sahib! All gentlemen! No cooley, too much money got!" Giorgio seems brighter, though very weak; I hope I am thankful that a great calamity has been spared me. Gloriously clear sunset; thankfulness for serene sea, popply but quiet. The kindly steward got a basin of mutton broth for Giorgio, and a good sago pudding, to which I added half a glass of sherry, and some lean cognac and water. So! I am already far from Ceylon, for so many years the end of my landscape painting aspirations! May I remember to be thankful when I recollect the griefs of Kandy and Colombo! Fine clear small moonlight.

December 13

We are off Tuticorin; drew loading coolies, some of them astonishingly fine; powerful men and nearly all, if not all, Roman

Catholics. Sea like a blue mirror; the last boatload of cotton comes off, no wind, and thus late. Giorgio keeps improving.

December 14

Travancore mountains all over cloud, and cloudier and cloudier still as we go onward, till gusty squalls and rain ensue. I *do* confess surprise at this 120th monsoon, as poor Giorgio calls it, sky and sea all leaden, with cool, not to say cold, winds and showers of rain! Somehow I think I shall give up my Travancore and Madura plans, for such weather as this would make the tour useless, if not odious.

December 15

Slept pretty well; and after midnight we were anchored off Aleppee. Rose at 5, and at 6 saw Giorgio, who always says "*Meglio*".¹ Morning beautiful, calm and bright; long flat shores of Travancore and low flat hills. Reading Bombay papers: also *Margaret and her Bridesmaids*.

December 16

Now we are about to anchor opposite the ancient home of Calicut. Got off with Giorgio, and in less than three quarters of an hour reached the beach, and found the Club butler there. Before 11, was fixed in the same two rooms as of old. Giorgio is stronger and altogether better; but I am anxious as to what I must do now. How pretty and orderly all this part of Calicut looks! Palms, certainly not so fine as those in Ceylon, yet Malabar road and lane scenery is exquisite! Bought some envelopes, and looked at some flannels, etc., for clothes. Gray tweed 6 Rs./12 a yard—four yards for me; 4 Rs./8 making up; lining and buttons 2 Rs.; three days. Blue flannel, 2 Rs./12, requires eight yards for me. Gray cashmere, 1 R./14 a yard; five yards required. Plum-coloured flannel 3 Rs./8 per yard; requires five. Later, got my 1,000 Rs. order changed. Mr. Cole, the collector, however, frightened me horribly by saying that this coast is the very worst possible place for dysentery, and that whoever had had it once was nearly sure to get it again here. Thunderbolts! What can I do? So I came back and wrote to Evelyn Baring and, going out to post the letter, fell in with Dr. Roberts, who laughs at Cole's croakings and, seeing Giorgio, says "Strong soups, puddings and some port wine," whereat I became somewhat consoled. How beautiful are the plantains here. Surely no leaf is lovelier!

¹Better.

December 17

Did not sleep well; snakily-cockroachiously-dream-dozily. Went with Giorgio to the Basle Mission; bought a book about Coorg, and ordered two suits of clothes. Giorgio bore the walk well, walking slowly. I wrote and read, and enjoyed the bright sun and broad shadows and lovely air. I remember I disliked many things in Malabar on my first visit here; but now, after Ceylon, Malabar seems elysium. Dinner: Mr. Nicholas, a pleasant and gentlemanly companion, but verges always on spiritualisticalosities, so that I can't talk long with him on any subject, as converse is sure to creep round to Swedenborg or Mr. Home.

December 20

Morning perfectly lovely. Arranged clothes and papers for a move somewhere; much divided as to what to do next. The crows here *are* a bore! Walked with Giorgio along the shore; great fishing villages and no end of lovely nets, anti-sparrowy. Beautiful colour, calm sea and bright sunset, all more or less qualified by the odour of stinking fish.

December 21

The tailor, Francis Pereira, brings two suits of clothes made up, the cost of both 45 Rs. Giorgio brought my folio: he is evidently much better today, yet I am not clear if I ought not to put aside all my own plans for the greater chance or certainty of benefiting his health by going away north. The Beypore road is undoubtedly one of the model wonders of beauty in this world; nothing can be lovelier than that river scene with the far hills.

December 22

Went out and bought twelve tins of soup and meat at Hirjee's. Then to Mission Shop where I bought twelve more tins, and four bad flannel shirts, about which had a row with the people because mostly the shirts were moth-eaten and worthless, yet they wished to prevent my opening them before purchasing. Then set off alone to try to get some more ideas of that most wonderful Beypore road, and walked nearly to the third mile, sketching frequently, yet I fear gaining little by my trouble.

December 23

Packed and arranged, and then had to go through a severe unpacking and repacking to prevent beetles and moths by camphor. The

days of Malabar Club life go by happily; the quiet, bar the crows, is delightful and the bright calm sea. There are worse places than the Malabar Club. I have at length decided on adopting a medium course: to go by steamer to Cochin, and by boat to Alleppey and Quilon; always by the sea so that if Giorgio were again unfit to travel, there is always one (at least) steamer a week to fall back on. If, on the contrary, we get on well, Travancore may be reached, and we may get by Madura to Trichinopoly, whence rail is easy.

December 24

In the *Arcot*, smaller steamer than any of the B.I.S.N. I have been in yet. I trust I am doing right in setting out on this new tour; thinking over and over again all the pros and cons, I think it the best plan for both me and Giorgio. The afternoon passed slowly by; the low shores of Malabar a mile and a half away; with the Western Ghats more or less clear beyond; splash, splash, popple-popple, very sleepy work. Dinner very ill-cooked; soup frightfully peppered, or pepper water; vegetables, spinach, etc., simply abominable; but the stewards in this boat are very asinine. Wound up the day by a glass of sherry and soda water. The heat in these cabins is simply oven-like, fearful.

December 25

The steamer is close and stuffy, and not as nice in some other respects as the two others I have been in. Hustle and bother to get a boat, but got off with Giorgio and the *roba* in a canoe, a long pull but the water was calm and it was 8 a.m. before we landed at Cochin. The *row* ashore was tolerably smooth, but the *row* made by the men, horrid. Many very pretty bits about the place, which is flat as 50,000 pancakes. I and Giorgio walked out, and were surprised at the clean streets and neat houses of Cochin, nearly all exceedingly white, with thatched roofs, but some with an abundance of glazed verandah. From the lighthouse there was merely a wide sea view, so we walked back by the other roads, and saw many well dressed *mezzi-mezzi*,¹ and a general sentiment of quiet and order; but the fact being that Xmas Day caused all shops, Catholic and Protestant, to be closed, and Friday all ditto Moslem, I suppose I saw Cochin in an exceptional form. We returned to the bungalow and awaited dinner

¹Half-castes.

con pazienza;¹ came the tin beef tea soup, and that, thank goodness was good, though there had been a frightful dispute between the butler and cook as to the mode of making it. After that, came a leg of mutton, but absolutely *raw* whereon a burst of horror from butler against "bad cook". Mutton sent away, and I and Giorgio sate calmly, talking of nineteen Xmas Days he had been with me. Then came the mutton back, but wholly uneatable, as being utterly smoked. Potatoes, brought an hour ago, cold and hard. Lastly, a baked rice pudding, of which we both could eat somewhat. My wonder at Giorgio's perpetual patience, where so many convalescents would be fretful, is ever great. Finally, the butler rushed wildly in, declaring "wicked him cook he drinksy drunksy, and go off with keys of cooky rook and forky room. Go tell principality, but now too late." It appears to me that the butler may be right, but I can't understand him. Certainly the queerest Xmas Day I have passed in years.

December 26

Giorgio snored amain but I hadn't the heart to wake him. As I lie awake, depression seizes me, and I think I will turn back from Aleppee, for last evening it rained hard. At 6.30 we went into the boat, a large affair with twelve rowers and a markan, or chief. The Cochin shores, which stretch a long way, do not present much interest: rooify warehouses, piles of wood, boats, sheds, fishing-spiderly-bamboos and nets, with the usual profuse palmery of coco-trees. The chief peculiarity lay in the many bright, white Roman Catholic churches. We go ashore close to a barny-looking place, the Rajah of Cochin's palace, and are at once into the Jew's town, where the white Jews live; the black Jews, it seems, are a cross, or lower caste, and only act as servants to the others, who are white and fine men, and some of their women are perfectly lovely. The service at the synagogue or tabernacle was a most beautiful sight, and I sate out the whole function; all were attentive, even the little children, some of whom were beauties. The blaze of coloured silks of every hue, and of the gold ornaments, was splendid, and the closing ceremony of parading and kissing the Book of the Law most interesting. Then I proceed to hire a new boy, one Samuel Christian, with a good character and apparently intelligent; he is to have 10 rupees a month, as he cooks well. Certainly his breakfast of fish, fowl, and poached eggs was excellent. For the first time I gave old Giorgio some Beaujolais wine; he seems stronger and better daily, thank God. We, I and Man Friday, are glad to get to our beds, short as are the

¹With patience.

chances of sleep. Does anyone know or anyone care how vast a quantity of beer, sherry, and soda water this child drinketh?

December 27

Giorgio called me at 2.20 and wisely set about making tea. The new boy got things off, and the boatmen ditto. Moonlight; beds not opened out, so bed and board. Now the shores are golden, and we go along quickly, as in happy Nile days. Stop for breakfast; hot sandy place but with trees. We sit on a topsy-turvy canoe in the shade of a mango tree. Men ask for toddy—refused. The backwater banks here are a thick jungle to the water's edge, the lowest part screwpines; then above them dense yellow or deep green foliage some twenty feet high; then a belt of young coconuts, with tall cocos above all. Just here it is not so much like a lake as a very broad river and, barring that the palms are taller, it is Ceylon scenery over again. All at once we turned into a very narrow canal overhung with palms, full of boats, moving and stationary, and more exquisitely and beautifully picturesque than any canal I ever saw. The coco-palms and other foliage hang quite over it in places. At 5 we stopped, after an increase of boats and canal-side bungalows had for some time shewn that Aleppee is a populous place, if nothing else. The travellers' bungalow was close to the landing, but seem nothing else than a set of bare, barn-like rooms, and the butler a most extreme owl. (O, blessed dak bungalows of Bengal!) After this, semi-settling though by no means well, am dreadfully tired, having strained my back and side in getting into the boat. A "peg" saved my life, and afterwards I walked to the seaside. Doubtless, Aleppee is a place full of picturesque bits; but there is nothing in it equal to those visions in the narrow canal, the like of which I have really never seen. The great heat here is certainly very hard to bear and, for a recovering invalid, weakening I should think. Would I knew what to do! Meanwhile, it is hard that there seems no chance of drawing these beautiful canals and boats. Yet the voyage of today has left its impressions, though perhaps not material for practicable drawings and pictures.

December 28

I have quite decided to go away tomorrow by the B.I.S.N. steamer; the heat here being simply difficult to bear, and four or five days farther south would be so much the worse. Nine days in a bullock cart would not pay, either for Giorgio or myself, and besides I have hurt my

December 1—December 31

back and side badly, and also have a boil. "Upon your honour?" "No, upon my —". So I shall go. Spent some time in drawing boats on the canal, they are wonderfully picturesque and brilliant. The heat is frightful—shocking! Came young Morrison, the B.I.S.N. agent, a good specimen of an Englishman in so out of the way a place and drove me along the canal banks, and walked also at times, waiting while I drew; certainly no lovelier canals than these can be imagined. Later, we drove by the beach, but that was *not* beautiful. Then he gave me two free tickets to Calicut, and cashed a 20 Rs. note, which was good-natured and satisfactory, for one can't get small tin easily here in these heathen Chinese lands. It is now 7.45 p.m. and I write this, greatly suffering from strain in back and side, which the shaking in good-natured Morrison's one-horse shay *didn't*, and the hard bed of tonight *won't*, benefit.

December 29

Heat immense and perspiration preterpluprofuse. On board the *Assyria*; water bright and smooth. The breakfast was but middling but the captain is a cheery fellow. Wonderful how differently one feels in this fresh sea air!

December 30

Not over well; sleep bumpily screw-broken. Sea like glass; porpoisses galore. The old pleasant shores of friendly Calicut spread out all along the coast; the high mountains beyond mostly hidden, whereby the clouds portend the usual evening storm. Morning passed quietly if slowly. Read *Jane Eyre* and *Old Mortality*, and dawdled. Heat still great, but not so distressing.

December 31

Slept pretty well but hurt my back and side again badly, by some strain in or out of the upper berth. By 6 a.m., drawing the Coorg Mountains above the low hills and pretty coast incidents of Tellicherry. At 7, in administering to the wants of Peter, the tiny ape, hurt my back still more severely, and now don't know what to do. Still getting out cargo at Cannamore; big barrels; still the clamour of savagery, the poppling of the sea, the grinding of the machinery, and the rising and falling of the cargo boats. A strange, foolish calmness of beautiful colour and sunshine

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over all. Thousands of seagulls sit on the waves; scores of bright red-brown falcons with white heads soar aloft. At 4.45 we go off, and the land of Coorg fades into pale lilac distance. My back is so bad I am hardly able to go downstairs. I am by no means well, and have caught cold and lumbago by the land wind last night, towards which my cabin window was open. Nevertheless, I must needs be thankful, and greatly so, that 1874 ends as it does, and that I have had such a year of active, constant pleasure, with so little suffering.



CHAPTER SIXTEEN

January 1, 1875—January 9, 1875

January 1

Sprain of back somewhat better, but not much: it is evident I could not have gone on travelling. Going on deck, saw the coast of south Cannara, and Mangalore, not at all as I had expected to see it, a bay among lofty rocks, but a broad endless line of low ground; a long, flat, coast like that of Malabar, though pretty, owing to some marked heights, ochry coloured and parky—downlike, rising above the coco-nutted shore. Far beyond, there is a range of well formed and cut mountains, perhaps some 6,000 feet high; pale opal in early morning light; these sink down gradually to nil, north and south. They are but a single range, far away back, and very pale. All along the coast stretches a pallid line of sand, and on this a perpetual surf beats; everywhere there is a very considerable swell, though the wind is trifling. Nothing could be made of the coast scenery except by means of boats as foreground. The menagerie here, a goat, two cats, three apes and a parrot—thrive, and are good company.

January 2

On deck by daylight and going into Karwar Bay. But it don't seem to me worth much screaming about, and is not very unlike a bit of Devonshire coast; low, woody, detached knolls or heights, with a long line of broken mountains towards Goa. After well-considering the matter, I decide, although I had packed everything in readiness, on not stopping at Karwar. If I could stay one, or two, or even three days *va bene*;¹ but eight! No. I therefore give up the long heard-of Karwar, the much praised; like many other places in India, it is evidently beloved because of its un-Indian qualities. One of our geese gets loose, and dodges

¹All right.

all the boat's efforts, also rifles, and finally lands in exulting triumph and makes for unknown rocks and wildernesses. After breakfast, I sit writing this, rather disgusted at having to cut out and dismiss ten of my possible twenty-four undrawn subjects; but so it must be. Now we are near Goa; the inland line of heights or Ghats are incredibly lean and long, but pure and good in outline. Then came a gorgeously bedecked Portugal-pennanted boat, and one or two more. Certainly nothing that is outwardly visible of Goa leads me to regret not having landed there; yet one knows that the chief interest is far away in the dead city, which I am never likely to see. My back still very painful at times, and I am glad I decided not to undertake what must be a rather trying journey.

January 4

When I came on deck, we were near Bombay and its islands, but it was nearly 8 before we could get off in a boat. To be again, for the third time, at Watson's was a pleasure, and a still greater was to find Henry P. Le Mesurier there and in wonderfully better health than when in Hyderabad. A windy world! Posted letters, then went to Shepherd & Bourne's and looked over their book of photographs and bought embrocation for my back. Later walked about with Giorgio but I grew tired.

January 5

Back somewhat better, but pain from lotion intolerable. Miserably cold, the draughts in this hotel are too terrible. Life generally a bore. Having bought some oxgall, tried to pen out a little, but found no worthy pens.

January 7

Drew variously, but not too well; the sun blinding me. Walked out alone, ill at ease. Afterwards, pulled all the big tin box to bits and re-arranged everything. Nevertheless it seems to me very doubtful if I go farther or not. Two letters were brought me and the second was a dreadful one; I had to send on Giorgio in order to read it alone. Nikola¹ has gone all to the bad, and Tatiane's illness is owing to her bad conduct. It is a wordy letter, yet not without certain marks of sincerity and truth. The letter says, too, that Lambi has also gone wrong, and ditto poor little Dimitri. It was a bitter hard lines to tell my poor old Giorgio this, but

¹Giorgio's son, and Lear's servant at San Remo.

January 1, 1875—January 9, 1875

he heard all, except what I came to the last: the Greek Consul at Alexandria had written to say Janni is dead. As yet I have only told Giorgio that Janni is very ill.

January 9

Wrote to Evelyn Baring, telling him I had drawn on the Viceroy for £200 and why: also to the Viceroy telling him of my decision to go back, which I know I have been in the right to make. Got my 120 photographs from Shepherd & Bourne, and paid £24. Got my eighth hundred cashed at the Treasury and have taken my two places to Brindisi. So much, therefore is decided. I go.

THE END



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